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The Poets & Poetry of Münster, 2<sup>d</sup> series,  
was issued toward the close of 1857.  
It has become very scarce. Indeed,  
as far back as 1876 Dr Sigsbee told  
me that he had not seen a copy for  
sale for many years.

John O'Daly, the publisher of the work,  
edited the 1<sup>st</sup> series. It was issued in 1849  
& revised in 1850. (see my copy).

Alfred Woffat.

2 June 1926.

To  
Mr. W. Knight  
with the Publisher's  
kind regards

Dublin

Decr 31. 1859

Chap. 10. of the  
Life of John the Baptist  
written by John the Evangelist

John the Baptist  
written by John the Evangelist



THE  
POETS AND POETRY  
OF  
MUNSTER:

A SELECTION OF IRISH SONGS

BY THE POETS OF THE LAST CENTURY,

WITH METRICAL TRANSLATIONS,

BY

ERIONNACH.

*(Dr George Sigerson)*

Second Series.



DUBLIN:  
JOHN O'DALY, 9, ANGLESEA-STREET.  
1860.

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TO MY FATHER

I DEDICATE

This Little Volume.

CRIONNACH.



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## APPENDIX.

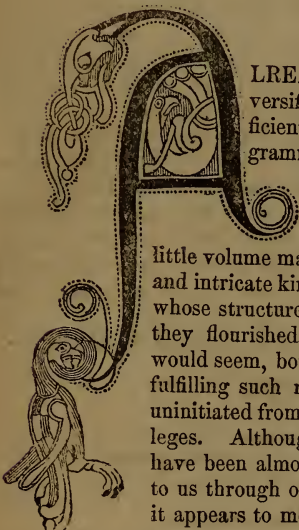
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# THE POETS AND POETRY OF MUNSTER.

---

"Like some old Irish song  
Brimful of love, and life, and truth."

*Thomas Davis.*



ALREADY has the subject of Irish versification and poetry been sufficiently examined in essays, grammars, and introductions, to allow me to spare the reader a disquisition upon it. Nor will he find in the the present little volume many examples of those varied and intricate kinds of verse, the difficulty of whose structure it pleased the bards, when they flourished, to increase—in order it would seem, both to show their own skill in fulfilling such regulations, and to deter the uninitiated from encroaching on their privileges. Although these more learned styles have been almost the sole kind transmitted to us through our ancient manuscripts, yet it appears to me that there may have been poems of easier flow and simpler measure—songs and ballads, in fact—circulating among the people themselves.

It is true, that the bards recited before the chieftains and their clanna the lays of their heroism, or the chivalrous actions of Finn, and Oisín, and Oscar, "the gold-deeded ;"



but had not the young men and maidens their own private loves, and joys and sorrows, to tell of beneath the many-columned green forest domes of ancient Erinn. Had they not, therefore, emotions powerful enough to stir them to song,—ay! and a language soft and flexible enough, in all truth, to give to the natural poetry of the peasant's heart a voice the most sweet and seductive of the whole world!

Grateful, indeed, should they have been to their mellifluous mother-tongue, and gratefully has a bard expressed himself in later times. The following is the production of O'Lionan, a man who could appreciate how much beauty and tenderness might be lost, having the opportunity he had of hearing the inflexible, un-endearing language of the "porker" Saxons jarring upon the ear of his country. How the Irish people clung to their language with a love, increased by their knowledge of that harsh and un-sonorous tongue, may be judged by the answer of O'Neill's interpreter to a London citizen. When Seaan "of the Pride" went to the court of Elizabeth, some of the courtiers asked his interpreter why it was his prince spoke not the English. "Think you," was the scornful answer, "it would become The O'Neill to writhe his mouth with such barbarous jargon."

This is the lay of O'Lionan in praise of the Gaelic:—

### UILLIANN O'LIONÁIN RO CHÁN.

Níor éanad a n-dhéactaib nuair,  
Teanga ir uairle mar éile luair;  
Cairc ir glé-glaine ag ceact mar íneab,  
Na fuil raon leam, na faon am.

Níor labairt hómair ba éad nann,  
Na glé Oibid nar baot zneann;  
Cairc ir rruic-lionta mar ear zan trág!  
Zut-bínn ceól nar teb ar trác.

Da binnne zuit na d-téad m-bínn,  
'S glór aodarda na n-éan mīn;  
Duó caonm-zile lionta a fuaim,  
'S a ppar-ppotai duan na b-fid uair.

Never was heard a strain so sweet,  
 A language so noble—a flood rolling fleet,  
 A speech so pure-bright, so warm and chaste,  
 Like a nourishing stream from a mother's breast.

Never spake Homer, the old and grand,  
 Nor brilliant Ovid the gay and bland,  
 In speech so full-swelling—a cascade that ne'er  
 Dryeth up—a music that floats on the air.

Than melodious tones of the golden chords,  
 Than airy notes of the tuneful birds,  
 Thy thrilling voice comes to my soul more clear.  
 And thy songs to my heart more nobly dear!

In our own days an anonymous but sweet singer, to  
 whom doubtless the Irish was the language sung by his  
 cradle, thus affectionately remembers it in his manhood:—

"The language of old Erin, of her history and name—  
 Of her monarchs and her heroes—her glory and her fame—  
 The Sacred Shrine, where rested thro' sunshine and thro' gloom,  
 The spirit of her martyrs, as their bodies in the tomb;  
 The time-wrought Shell, where murmured, 'mid centuries of wrong  
 The secret voice of Freedom, in annal and in song—

\* \* \* \* \*

The olden Tongue is sinking, like a patriarch to rest,  
 Whose youth beheld the Tyrian on our Irish coasts a guest,  
 Ere the Roman or the Saxon, the Norman or the Dane,  
 Had first set foot in Britain, o'er trampled heaps of slain.

\* \* \* \* \*

The glories of old Erin, with her liberty have gone,  
 Yet their halo linger'd round her while the Gaelic speech lived on,  
 For, 'mid the desert of her woe, a monument more vast  
 Than all her pillar-towers it stood—that Old Tongue of the Past.

Ah! magic Tongue, that round us wove its spells so soft and dear!  
 Ah! pleasant Tongue, whose murmurs were as music to the ear!  
 Ah! glorious Tongue, whose accents could each Celtic heart en-  
 thrall!

Ah! rushing Tongue, that sounded like the swollen torrent's fall!  
 The tongue that in the Senate was lightning flashing bright,  
 Whose echo in the battle, was the thunder in its might,

That Tongue, which once in chieftain's hall poured loud the minstrel lay,  
As chieftain, serf,<sup>1</sup> and minstrel old is silent there to-day!"

The language had indeed been sinking "like a patriarch to rest," but of late years it has arisen "like a giant refreshed," and there is every hope that now our ancient literature will be preserved to the glory of the country, by publication. "The language of a nation's youth," said Thomas Davis, "is the only easy and full speech for its manhood and for its age. And when the language of its cradle goes, itself craves a tomb. What business has a Russian for the rippling language of Italy or India? How could a Greek<sup>2</sup> distort his organs or his soul to speak Dutch upon the sides of Hymetus, or the beach of Salamis, or on the waste where once was Sparta? And is it befitting the fiery, delicate-organed Celt to abandon his beautiful tongue, docile and spirited as an Arab, 'sweet as music, strong as the wave'—is it befitting in him to abandon this wild liquid speech for that mongrel of a hundred breeds called English, which, powerful though it be, creaks and bangs about the Celt who tries to use it?—Even should the effort to save it as the national language fail, by the attempt we will rescue its old literature, and hand down to our descendants proofs that we had a language as fit for love, and war, and business, and pleasure, as the world ever knew, and that we had not the spirit and nationality to preserve it." And again in his "Lament for the Milesians," the poet recurs to the same ever-cherished subject:—

<sup>1</sup> The author must either have allowed the exigencies of metre to compel him to use a wrong word, or else mean the Saxon slaves which the noble Anglo-Saxon fathers and mothers sold to the Celts—for "serf" and "vassal" were creatures unknown among the ancient Irish. It is curious what immense sympathy there is now among the descendants of those noble (children-selling Anglo-Saxons), for the Slaves in the States. True, the ancient Irish freed their fathers at the call of the Christian missionaries, and this example dwelling for hundreds of years in the dull Anglo-Saxon brain, has produced its aloë-like flowers at last.



mere plagiarisms, the one of the other, rhymed in different metres to suit other tunes. This is the case especially with the Jacobite relics—the frame-work of most being the vision of a beautiful impersonification of Erinn. The minor bards, also, were too much attracted (like many of the present day) by smoothness of versification and fine sonorous words, and being able to produce such, many have had their lucubrations preserved, which ought to have been cast away.

Where the heart was the cause of the song, the result, as this little volume will, I hope, show, is very different. There were, indeed, many to be cast aside, which never would have attained popularity, but for the music to which they were linked. Ireland has not, however, so many of these as other countries; yet, as there are few things which have more power over the human mind than song, any one who has an influence in popularizing it, should carefully remember, if he be not a mere collector or speculator for gain, that what he sends forth may be fruitful for good or for evil. It is incumbent upon honourable men to place nothing before their country which might deteriorate the aspirations of its citizens, and more especially of its youth.

Of craft-songs, or songs adapted to various occupation, it is proper to say a few words. A few of the following specimens are extracted from a work of rare excellency, the Petrie Collection of "The Ancient Music of Ireland, Vol. I."—in which the research displayed upon the history of Irish tunes, has thrown much light upon a subject hitherto very obscure. As the tunes of the various occupations had certain peculiarities, so had the songs, which were sung to these airs.

Thus in the Ploughman's song, a part of which we give here, it will be seen that there is a dramatic form adopted, a dialogue being sustained by the ploughman and his assistants. In the old-fashioned ploughing, three persons were necessary; the ploughman properly so called, who held the handles of the plough, the driver who guided and urged on the horses, and lastly, the director, who pressed with a forked stick upon the beam of the plough, so that a

sufficient and uniform depth might be had, the direction of forces being to lift the plough out of the earth, and this he counterbalanced.

### THE PLOUGH SONG.

Ḃḡḡḡ ḡḡ Ḃḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ,<sup>1</sup>  
 ḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ—  
 Ḣḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ,  
 'S ḡḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ.

Ḣḡ ḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡ,  
 Ḃḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡ, ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ, ḡḡ.  
 Ḣḡ ḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ,  
 Ḃḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ, ḡḡ.

“Goad and strike and urge on  
 The small red mare of the bad woman—  
 Put foot on the plough, O Brother,  
 And see if our dinner comes forth ”

“ It is a-cutting,  
 Goad and strike and urge on, &c.  
 It is a-threshing,  
 Goad and strike and urge on, &c.”

In the first two lines the ploughman addresses himself to the driver, in the last to the director. His instructions to driver, questionings of the director, and the latter's answers form the composition. These responses vary according as the director sees the progress of the dinner. It is first “ a-cutting,” then “ a-threshing, a-winnowing, a-drying, a-grinding, a-sifting, a-kneading, a-baking,” but not until he announces “ it is a-coming,” does the ploughman change the style of his injunctions. Now, however, he says :—

“Hob and hein and urge on,  
 The small red mare of the good-wife—  
 Unyoke the horses, O Brother !  
 Now, that our dinner comes forth.”

This song may have been sung about meal-time, when

<sup>1</sup> These words were sung to the second part of the air only ; to the first part *Hobo-bobobo*, words of cheering to the horses, were repeated.



the men were employed in a place where the housewife was dilatory in culinary affairs. Her little mare is not spared the whip and goad, until dinner appears, when the driver is directed to *hob* and *hein*, that is, to cheer her on by the sound of the voice alone.

As the plough-tunes differed in the different provinces, so, doubtless, did the words which were adapted to them. It would be of great service to the better knowledge of the customs and literature of our country, did those who have the opportunity of research in the various counties, exert it and forward the results to some of those periodicals (such as *THE NATION*, *Irishman*, *Ulster Journal of Archæology*, and *Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society*) which either possess a fount of Irish type, or are able to print the language correctly in Roman characters.

The second specimen of craft-songs, which I am enabled to give is termed "The Smith's Song." The tune is peculiar, as the reader will see who can refer to the work, already mentioned, in which somewhat similar words are given; but it seems that words and tune are now generally sung, *not* by the smiths, to the ring of whose hammer the time is well suited, but by nurses to lull irritable children. The nurse adapts the motions of her foot to the time of the tune, and thus imitates, with toe and heel, the sound to the hammer and sledge of the smiths.

#### THE SMITH'S SONG.

Ḑḡḡ ḑḡḡ ḑḡḑḡḡ,  
 ḑḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḑ ḡḡḡ,  
 Ḑḡḡ ḑḡḡ ḑḡḑḡḡ,  
 ḑḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḑ ḡḡḡ,  
 Ḑḡḡ ḑḡḡ ḑḡḑḡḡ,  
 ḑḡḡḡ ḡḡ, ḡḡḑ ḡḡḡ,  
 'S ḑḡḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḑḡḡḡ  
 ḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḑ-ḑḡḡḡḡḡ ḑḡḡḡḡ.

ḡḡ ḡḡḡ ḡ ḑḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡ,  
 ḑḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḑḡḡḡḡḡḡ,  
 ḡḡ ḡḡḡ ḡ ḑḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡ,  
 ḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḑḡḡḡḡḡḡ,



O b'innéig uairn  
 Mho rtaíne mha  
 le saíse tnuáig,  
 saí bualb saí rporaí.

Ding dong didero,  
 Ding dong déro,  
 beaí an tairlíra,  
 'S beaí an tairnéára,  
 buairre é Sheaíáí saí<sup>1</sup>  
 eadrom, eadrom,  
 buairrí é, buairre é,  
 'S buairlí saí léirí é.<sup>2</sup>

Ding dong didero,  
 Strike this, blow this,  
 Ding dong didero,  
 Strike this, blow this,  
 Ding dong didero,  
 Strike this, blow this,  
 Away went my wife  
 With the airy<sup>3</sup> tailor.

Not well do I make  
 A hatchet or a hook,  
 Not well do I make  
 A spade or a hoe,  
 Since went from me  
 My darling wife  
 With a coxcomb-fool  
 Without gold or kine!

Ding dong didero,  
 Ding dong dero,  
 The tailor's wife  
 And the tinker's lady!

<sup>1</sup> This version (as internal evidence partly shows) was the favorite song of no less a personage than long Jack Farrell, better known by the cognomen of "Sheaíáí saí," i.e., *Jack the Blacksmith*, who kept his forge at Lickoran, in the county of Waterford, early in the present century; and who, aided by a choir of the Farnane boys, chaunted the song in full chorus whilst hammering into shape with their sledges the red-hot iron on the anvil.—J. O'D.

<sup>2</sup> This chorus is sung when the iron is at its full heat, and the smith calls all hands to strike along with him, as may be seen in country forges.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. flighty.

Strike it, Jack Smith,  
 Lightly, lightly,  
 Strike ye! strike ye!  
 Strike it all together.

A very good picture of the unfortunate man's desolation is simply represented above; the frequent-recurring burden, the monotonous metre, and the uncheerful rhyme-sound of the broad vowels in the original are all well suited to that grief which spread a veil of tears between the mournful man and the objects of his toil. In other times, indeed, the smiths were a mighty race and highly honoured in ancient Erin; they were even feared, for were they not cunning in charms and incantations? In the olden hymn attributed to Saint Patrick they are placed in the same category to be guarded against as the druids and (wise) women—"ἔνι βῆρετᾶ βᾶν οὐρ ζοβανδ οὐρ δῖουαδ"—"*contra incantamenta mulierum et fabrorum ferrariorum et druidum*"—"against the incantations of women, and smiths, and druids." In the case of the author of the song, however, the powers seem to have departed from his kind; perhaps grief or love prevented him from using his mystic weapons of might, or perhaps the woman had arms superior to his own. The woman takes precedence, certainly, in the last quoted Irish line.

Next comes the domestic class of craft-songs, if we may elevate to that rank the "spinning-wheel" songs and the lullabies. The first, assuredly, deserves a high position, for besides that the occupation requires a great deal of skill and delicacy of hand-work, it also gives an opportunity of lightening the labour into an amusement by the singing of cheerful songs—a high recommendation, surely, to a writer and admirer of such things! Truly and sadly, the grating cough of consumption is oftener heard than the song from the stooping votaries of shirt-making—a trade that now in Munster and glennfull Ulster replaces overmuch the pleasant spinning-wheel. However, any home-labour is better than factories.

## A SPINNING WHEEL SONG.

“Luirín ó lurtha, lurtha lartha,  
Buair coir abadh aḡur tabairt mo ḡnaḡ cúḡam.”

“Luirín ó lurtha, lurtha lartha,  
’Sé Conn O’Caoín do beirín ar laín duit,”

“Luirín ó lurtha, lurtha lartha,  
Céad bo bairḡe aḡe, reairḡaḡ ’r lairḡ.”

“Luirín ó lurtha, lurtha lartha,  
Buair coir abadh iḡ tabairt mo ḡnaḡ cúḡam.”

“Luirín ó lurtha, lurtha lartha,  
Sé haḡḡaḡ fada do beirín ar laín duit.”

“Luirín ó lurtha, lurtha lartha,  
’L céadh a ḡ-Connair ’ra cora a b-ḡorclairḡe.”

Luirin o lurtha, lurtha lartha,<sup>1</sup>  
Go by the river, and bring me my lover.

Luirin o lurtha, lurtha lartha,  
’Tis Conn O’Keeffe I’ll bring to you over.

Luirin o lurtha, lurtha lartha,  
He has hundreds of kine, but never my favor.

Luirin o lurtha, lurtha lartha,  
Go by the river, and bring me my lover.

Luirin o lurtha, lurtha lartha,  
’Tis Harry the Tall I’ll bring to you over.

Luirin o lurtha, lurtha lartha,  
His head is at Cork and his heels are at Dover.

It will be at once visible, that, to carry on a ballad so constructed, there must be two songstresses at least. There

<sup>1</sup> Pr. *Looreen o loora, loora laura*. This specimen was kindly communicated by that bolḡ of song and anecdote, Sergeant John L. Hart, 2nd battalion, 18th Royal Irish, Aldershot Camp. Another specimen is given in Petrie’s Music, commencing—

“Maileo lero and imbo nero,  
I went to the wood when day was breaking,  
Maileo lero and imbo ban!

may be a whole group of them, as when the young girls of a neighbourhood assemble in one house for an evening's spinning. In the latter case the duty of responding to the command to the first speaker, "to go by the river and bring her her lover," would devolve upon the company in succession. Each answers until, by her excluding or disparaging answer, they gradually narrow the circle of their eligible acquaintances, finding out at last her lover, or the lad she had chosen in sport.

The first line of the above is merely a burden line, thus rendering the composition easier for the young maidens. For they need only rhyme to the first line, to the word "lartha" (*laura*) and this is not difficult in Irish. Because, although there are poems in Irish rhymed as perfectly in every sense (especially in these latter days) as can be found in any language, yet it is generally sufficient to cause the vowels alone to have similar sounds. 'This vowel assonance is common also in Spanish, because in these languages the softer vowel-sounds predominate over the consonantal.

The following is a specimen<sup>1</sup> of another spinning-wheel song, slightly different from the above, by which the young ladies who were to be married that Shrove-tide were discovered.

Óró, a cumadháil áil ! 'r íoró a áil áil,  
Cé hÍ an bean ós do pórtar an níl reo,  
Óró a cumadháil áil, a uail ! 'r a áil áil !

"Oro, O darling fair ! and ioro O Fairness fair !  
Who's the young maid will be wed upon Shrove-tide there ?  
Oro, O darling fair ! O lamb ! and O love !"

"Oro, O darling fair ! and ioro O Fairness fair !  
Mary Ní Clery I hear will be wedded there,  
Oro, O darling fair ! O lamb ! and O love !"

"Oro, O darling fair ! and ioro O Fairness fair !  
Who's the young man upon whom fell this happy air ?  
Oro, O darling fair ! O lamb ! and O love !"

<sup>1</sup> For the entire of this and the following see "Ancient Music of Ireland"—the Irish being from the able care of Professor O'Curry.

The name is communicated, and, in answer to another doubting stanza, the enumeration of the wedding *trousseau* is given, which, of course, places the matter beyond doubt.

Of lullabies there is a numerous muster. Dr. Petrie considers that the music of the Irish lullabies approaches much to the oriental in character, and gives it much praise.

The following is a stanza of a "fairy lullaby":—

A bean úd fíor an bhuac an t-riochtán,  
 Seotó leó ! Seotó leó !  
 An d-tuigean tuar fad mo ghéarúan ?  
 Seotó leó ! Seotó leó !  
 'Sgúir bliadán 'ran lá 'nna fuadaig me om' leanán,  
 Seotó leó ! Seotó leó !  
 'Sdo nuagad ardeac me a lóir an Chnocán,  
 Seotó leó ! Seotó leó !  
 Seoicín, reoicín, reoicín, reoicín,  
 Seotó leó ! Seotó leó !  
 Seoicín, reoicín, reoicín, reoicín,  
 Seotó leó ! Seotó leó !

O maid that standest down by the rill,  
*Sho ho lo, Sho ho lo,*  
 Or dost thou know my grief and my ill,  
*Sho ho lo, Sho ho lo,*  
 A year and a day I was snatched so still !  
*Sho ho lo, Sho ho lo,*  
 From my love to the *lios* on the little green hill,  
*Sho ho lo, Sho ho lo,*  
 Shoheen, Shoheen, Shoheen, Shoheen,  
*Sho ho lo, Sho ho lo,*  
 Shoheen, Shoheen, Shoheen, Shoheen,  
*Sho ho lo, Sho ho lo.*

This ballad represents a newly-married young woman who has been taken away by the fairies from her husband, and whose occupation in the *lios* or fort was to nurse a fairy child. She is supposed to sing the song on the anniversary of her capture, when she is permitted outside the *lios*. She has a fairy child in her arms, and espying one of her own kind afar off tries to inform her of her desolate situation, and the way to break the spell, while she carefully caresses and hushes the child to sleep.

For "The Boatman's Lay" see Walsh's "Popular Songs."

Such are some of the domestic songs, which are always the truest mirrors of the home-habits of a people. This being the case, it matters not much whether prejudiced foreigners, looking at the squalor in which their iniquitous laws have placed some of our people, and exaggerating basely and lyingly that misery, publish abroad their derision or blame upon our country. So long as the mind of the people is chivalrous and refined, as the songs which they love most, because these possess noble, tender, and patriotic sentiments, show that the mind of the Irish people undoubtedly is, squalor will not debase them, nor will their misfortune be their fault.

The reader will find many a love-song in every language ; the following fragment will appear to him, perhaps, in its simple heart-lovingness, equal in feeling and expression to the most delicate. Yet, it is evident that it is (in the Irish) the production of an untutored peasant.

#### UNDER THE GREENWOOD.

Air :—" *The Maid in Bedlam.*"

Naç doibhinn do na h-éinínnib,  
 D'éinnígeadh go h-ainn,  
 'S bídeadh a3 ceileabair le céile,  
 Zhi aon éiríobh ainnínn ;  
 Ní mar rin dom féin,  
 'S dom céad míle zhiad,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ir eada ó na céile oinnínn,  
 D'éinnígeadh zác la.

Ir bainne í na'n hile  
 Ir deire í 'na'n ríéinn,  
 Ir binnne í na'n beibhínn  
 'S ir roillreice í na'n zhiéinn,  
 Ir fearu 'na rin uile  
 Zhi h-uairleacht 'r a méinn,  
 'S a Dhí! ea ir na flaitir,  
 Fuair zhi dom péinn !

How pleasant, sweet birdies !  
 To wake in the dawn,  
 And sing to your true-loves  
 The same bough upon ;

<sup>1</sup> *Sho céud míle zhiad*, literally, *my hundred thousand love*, i.e. *my hundred thousand times beloved*. Hardiman said it was impossible to translate this little song.

Ah, not thus can I whisper  
 To my darling one,  
 'Tis far from each other  
 We wake in the dawn!

She's whiter than lily,  
 More fair to gaze on,  
 She's more sweet-toned than violin,  
 More bright than the sun!  
 But better than all, is  
 Her mind high and free,  
 And, O Lord! take this absence,  
 This anguish from me!

It is true, that subjoined is an epigram which shows that the author had no very high opinion of the stability of woman's affection. He must, however, have been some very ill-featured wretch who could not attract them, or some sad churl who lost them on his nature being appreciated. He was in earnest, at all events.

Յօ ըհարկած աղ լաճա լե կող ծօ ըդան,  
 Յօ ըհարկած աղ եալած լե դա շւրմիյն Բան,  
 Յօ ըհարկած աղ մածրա լե քրթնող դա Յ-քդան,  
 Ո՞ր ըհարկած աղ չանչւսծ լե Կ-ողոցողոց տղա!

When cease the ducks upon the lake to go,  
 When cease the swans to sail in plumes of snow,  
 When cease the hounds to gnaw the bone, we know  
 Deceit will cease in woman's heart to glow!

Having quoted a verse so derogatory to fair ladies, there is no choice left me but to insert stanzas justificatory. Harken to their admirers and defenders, a host against one foe!

'Տի Բլաճ չեալ դա ըմբար ի!  
 'Տ Բլաճ Եար դա ըսծ-ճրաեծ ի!  
 'Տի ըլանդա Բ'բարր մէլող-մարտ  
 Լե Կ-ամարտ ծօ ըլ!  
 'Տի մօ շւրլե! 'րի մօ ըն ի!  
 Իր ի Բլաճ դա Կ-սպառ շւրմիյն ի!  
 Իր ըմբար Եողր աղ քաճճ ի  
 'Օրր Ոսկալ ըր Շարճ,

She's the white flow'r of the berry!  
 She's the bright bloom of the cherry!  
 She's the noblest—fairest maiden  
 That ever saw the day!



She's my pulse ! my love ! my pleasure !  
 She's the Apple's sweet bloom-treasure,  
*She's Summer 'mid the storm-time,*  
 'Tween Christmas and the May !

Surely no poet has ever expressed more delicately or poetically so beautiful praise! Yet the Irish seems to have been the out-gushing of an unlearned mind—not, remember, that it is at all ungrammatical, the peasantry speak with wonderful purity—but because of its simple construction. The following are clearly the productions of more educated men, they have not the gushing simplicity of the above quoted.

2 Dhe ! ɜan me am aballin,  
 Nō am nōnin beaz ēizn ;  
 Nō am nōr anar a nɜanin,  
 ʒnar a nɜnauɜean tū ab anan.

Պար իմ յո յ-բաղնբաժն ծիօն  
 Եւստանի ինչի;  
 Ծո ինչ աշած ած ծար ինչ,  
 Ո՞ր ա յ-բողաճ ծո ինչի.

Would that I were the apple,  
Or wee daisy only,  
Or the rose in that garden,  
Where thou walkest lonely.

For, of leaflets or flow'rets,  
Thou surely wouldst choose some,  
To bear in thy bright hand,  
Or wear on thy bosom !

Perhaps the most triumphant refutation of that calumnious epigram is this :—

AN BLÁT AIRNE.

Da m-bud dub an farrige,  
 Ir calam beir 'na parréan ban,  
 Cleirige mjne zeala  
 U'r an alad beir an tonn az rnam.  
 Da m-bionnfarrde dam Eirne 'r Sacramma,  
 Alba, an Fhinnne, 'ran Sban,  
 Tréirge, O mo éalín dear!  
 Ní tiorcad lom do rymobad zo bnae!

Had I for ink the ocean wide  
 The broad land for white paper,  
 Each wing that e'er in motion hied  
 For quills so smooth and taper—  
 For guerdon, got I Eire's self,  
 And Europe of the bright air,  
 The half thy virtues—Fairest elf!  
 I never could indite there!

Such praise seems rather too energetic to be heart-felt; indeed, the Irish title “*an blaí ainne*” sounds very like *Blarney*. If ever it were written as a serious compliment, the gallant must have been a lover of the old courtly type—in periwig and powder. More probably it is one of those blythe outbursts of extravagance, intended to indicate slyly real feelings under an unblushing mask of hyperbole.

On the subjects of richness and poverty there are many epigrams, circulating among the people. In fact, in every rural district where the Irish is spoken, curious gems of quaint humour, flashing wit, and a keen knowledge of men and morals adorn that golden casket—a Celtic peasant's heart. Persons conversant with the people would do well to catch these up from oblivion, and give them to the world through the press. Some of the following have never before seen the light, others that have been printed by Hardiman were either without translation or linked with very free ones.

An cé a b-fuail íoélaíó go t-riom  
 'S a éruaí ari fóir,  
 'S a m-ualla rille, ime  
 Aíur mór-áirí bó,  
 Aí áol hí áiríóí go b-fuailí  
 A b-fuaíó áirí lón,  
 'S bíad ná ceiríe hí áiríá  
 Do'í éruaíó áirí éreíir.

The rich man whose grain-barn is brimful,  
 And thousands his stooks,  
 Whose table is sumptuous, and many  
 His herds and brooks,

His kindred—he never will know them,  
 If in need they stand,  
 Nor fuel nor food to the wretched  
 Will he command.

Ոյոն շուշ աղ բաժնի բան աղ տօբնի բան,  
 'Տ որ բան բան զան շնորհի բան զան զան;  
 Ոյ ինչ շնորհի աղ զան զան զան զան զան  
 'Տ որ բաժնի աղ զան զան զան զան զան.

No Lazy Well-fed to the Hungry's kind,  
 Yet Lazy always leaves a lack behind,  
 No love from maiden woos decrepit age,  
 And Death stays not for Beauty's equipage.

In the following stanzas, which seem to me highly poetical, the stricken bard essays to persuade Misfortune to depart awhile to dwell among the rich; but is answered that, stricken though he be, there are yet greater miseries to come.

#### ON MISFORTUNE.

WILLIAM MAC GEARALT SANG:—

Հա՛ն զորն, ա ծոհար! շարքե շարքե ծոհ,  
 Ու ինչ ա ծոհար զան զան ա ծոհար զան զան,  
 Ընչն ա ծոհար—բե՛րն ծոհար ա ծոհար զան,  
 Ուն ա ծոհար ծոհար ծոհար ծոհար ծոհար զան.

Աղ ծոհար.

Ոյ հա՛ն զորն, ա ծոհար! որ ծոհար ծոհար ծոհար,  
 Բե՛րն ծոհար ծոհար ծոհար ծոհար, ու ծոհար ծոհար ծոհար;  
 Բե՛րն ա ծոհար ծոհար ծոհար ծոհար ծոհար,  
 'Տ Բե՛րն ծոհար ծոհար ծոհար ծոհար ծոհար.

THE BARD.

“Pass on, O misfortune! I am weary of thee,  
 Dwell not longer on misery's straw with me,  
 Rise forth to the down-beds, O Leveller, see!  
 Thou'lt find the red wine and sweet beoir<sup>1</sup> flow free.”

MISFORTUNE.

Not I, O my cousin! I will not flee!  
 The pang to dart through each limb I'll be,  
 I'll guide, through thy hut, the rain's grey sea,  
 And the keen thorns of sickness I've yet for thee!”

<sup>1</sup> Բե՛րն must not be mistaken for *beer*, though seemingly the same as the latter, and possibly its root.

Here are words from an elevated and upright mind—they would not be ill guides for a life.

Ні єаіиіи дуйіе, 'р иі єиѳаіиіи мо і'лан ґаоі аоі,  
'S ма єаіиіи іиіе иі иіеаґаіиіи ѳиі єаіи оиіи є,  
Ѱи єиіає іуіѳиіи роііиіи, иі роііиіиіе єає иа ме  
'S иі' єаіі а и-дуйіе иає дуйіе дои єаіі іиіи ме.

I traduce no man—my honour to none confide—

If I am traduced, I feel no stain abide,

While men sit merry none merrier is than I,

Who in differing minds still find some common tie.

The “blunt, bluff honesty” of Englishmen has been so truly appreciated by the people, that there is no proverb in Munster looked upon as more an axiom than this:—

ѳаіиіе Sаєґаиіаіѳ,

Диаиіеає мадиаіѳ,

Ѱаєи єо,

Но єиіи єаиііі.

Smile of a Saxon,

Griming of curs,

Horn of oxen,

Or hoof of horse.

The “Englishman’s smile,” it will be seen, leads the van—it being the most destructive.<sup>1</sup> The next epigram was made on seeing an Englishman hanging on a tree. Hideous must the perfidy have been to wring so bitter words from a generous-hearted people, as these are:—

Ір маіє до єоиає а єиіаіи !

Рає до єоиає аи ѳає аоі єиіаіиіѳ;

Ѱио іеаи ! ѳаи єоіііе іиіиіи ґаіі,

Іаи деѳ' єоиає ѳає аоі іа.

---

<sup>1</sup> Hardiman gives another with translation to the same effect—indeed they are nearly as plenty as their causes.

На деаи єиіаиіи іе ґеаи ѳаііа

Ѱи а ѳиідиіи, иі ґеиіиіе дуйіе,

деиѳ' єоіѳе аи єі до иіеаііа.

Ѱѳ іиіи єоиаи аи ґиіи ѳаііа іиіи.

With one of English race all friendship shun,

For if you don't, you'll surely be undone,

He'll lie in wait to ruin you when he can,

Such is the friendship of the Englishman.

This has been pithily done into Latin, by one who, (remembering the Pope's pun on seeing the Saxon children—“*non angli sed angeli*.” “They are not *Angles* (Saxons) but *angels*”)—thought the English were certainly angels—of the torrid zone!

Anglicus angelus est cui nunquam credere fas est,

Cum tibi dicit “ave,” velut ab hoste cave!

Good is thy fruit, O Tree!  
Plenty of such to each branch of thee;  
I only grieve that the forests of Erin  
Are not daily full of the fruit thou'rt bearing.

Djibint a3ur djanr3mof an a3ur an,  
Bianca 3an ice an f33t ir an 3na3  
An an t3 3d le'n mjan luc3 b3anla be3t flan,  
Do djibin r3o3t ln a3ur 3nean3an!

Banishment and bondage, ruin and remorse,  
Pangs incurable thro' each bone and sinew's course,  
Be his lot, who'd wish well to England's faithless clann,  
That exiled the noble race of Ir and Ereaman.

Do 3nean3an an rao3al, 'r f33b an 3ao3 man rmal,  
Allar3nom 'r S3aran ran m33b rin a b33 na b-p3aint;  
Ta an Tean3an na f33an, ir f333 an Tmao3 man a3a,  
'S na Sacran3a3 f33n do b-f33b3n 3o b-fu3333r bar.

Empires have fallen and decay swept, like a blast,  
Caesar, Alexander, and their like into the Past,  
Tara is but grass, and lo, how Troy is ghast,  
So England will surely die the death at last.

I shall now conclude these specimens with:—

#### CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FOUR PROVINCES.<sup>1</sup>

- Ir alun r3a3t 3a3 flaj3 a 3m3an,  
33 coraint c333e 3a3 an3ean,  
Ir t3n l3onta j de m3l ir de be33n,  
33 f33n-d33ean 3a3 d33-le33n!
- Ir 3om3a 3ut, a 3-clan la33ean, 3o mean,  
St333 l3a33an a3ur t333an-f33an;  
Ir 333-bean 33nean3a f3a33 3e33l,  
3onta h-3om3a3 u333le 'r on33n!
- N3 l3a3ta33 f3m333n a3 f3ar an f3a3  
'Na ma333ean alun ir an3-flaj3,  
33 3-c333333 Ulla3 na lan3 mean  
Na r3a3t, na n-ea3 ir na d-t3333n-f33an!
- Ta Con3a3t m33ta33 d3 m-be333n3 mo 3333,  
Con3a3t a3333n3, 3an aon lo33,  
Ta 33 le f3a3a3! an3 a3 luc3 a333r nan3,  
33ur 'r3 Con3a3t c333333a3t 3nean3!

Each Munster chief is a stately Flower,  
The weak one's dauntless defending power;  
'Tis a land o'er-flowing with honey and beoir,  
And shelters and succours The Poor evermore!

<sup>1</sup> This has been kindly communicated by Professor Connellan, who received it from the lips of a Donegal peasant, *O'Gallacher*, in 1825.

On Leinster's plains what voices of revelry,  
 What fleet-footed steeds ! what Columns of Chivalry !  
 How musical, mirthful and modest each maiden,  
 Whose soul is with honor and truthfulness laden !

'Twere easier to reckon the leaves of the lea  
 Than the beautiful maids and high chieftains that be,  
 In Ulster !—Grand home of stout steed-mounted warriors,  
 Thy shields and thy quick swords are Liberty's barriers !

Dear Connacht were praised, tho' hushed in the tomb I lay,  
 O Land without fault !—thou never look'st gloomily !  
 For the Children of Song gold and honors flow therein,  
 And 'tis Connacht's the wheat<sup>1</sup> of our green pleasant Erinn !

Thus terminates a desultory but not, I hope, an unreadable preface. Throughout—the Irish and arrangement have been under Mr. O'Daly's care. On me fell the choice, translation and versification of the poems. The English I have tried to make more faithful to the original in meaning, metre, idiom, and order of ideas than is usually the case. Where I have departed from the metre (as in "The Slight Red Steed") it was in order to give another which, *in English*, sang better to the air. If it be objected, as has been the case, that the Grecian and Roman deities are carefully excluded from the few Jacobite relics herein, I cheerfully acknowledge myself to be alone the delinquent. If the opinions I have expressed above and through the body of the work, seem too favorable to these Celtic compositions, as peasant-ballads, they cannot be attributed to a Celt's or Momonian's partiality. For, the translator is an Ulsterman and of Viking race, deriving from their publication no other gain than an increase of respect and love for the delicacy, devotion and chivalry of a much-maligned people. That loving, ever-young loyalty to Erinn, which they tenderly and manfully cherished through the most tempestuous ragings of persecution, and to which they devoted their heart's blood as nourishment, appears to me inexpressibly noble and beautiful. It was the prototype of that young Frenchman's conduct, who,

<sup>1</sup> This very flattering allusion to Connacht might give a clue to the anonymous poet's birth-place.

having obtained in the Holy Land a scion of a cedar of Lebanon, watched over it carefully on the voyage home. Who, when that voyage happened to be protracted by adverse winds, and the allowance of provisions reduced, watered it with part, and when that did not suffice, with all of his own curtailed allowance of water—and who, when the irresistible tempest came and wreck followed, swam ashore with it in his bosom, and died exhausted upon that shore. The little scion, however, has itself grown and increased, till it is now capable of giving a home to many singing birds and a shelter to a multitude of men—a stately cedar of Lebanon, in the *Jardin des plantes*, in Paris.

Courteous Reader!—Farewell.

ERIONNACH, M.D.

### ERRATA.

The following errors occurred in the hurry of printing which the reader will kindly correct with his pen:—

<i>Read</i>		<i>for</i>		<i>line</i>	<i>page.</i>
Thro'	...	O'er	...	2	5
Ullad'	...	Ulla	...	15	5
Stalk	...	Stalks	...	7	17
Till	...	This	...	4	19
Live	...	Life	...	23	21
Gloaming	...	Gleaming	...	2	25
Growing, and misfortune		Growing misfortune		9	25
Big	...	Pig	...	14	27
ḃ'jarrarḃ	...	ḃjarrarḃ	...	3	44
Caol each	...	Caoleach	...	1	64
aco	...	ca	...	7	78
rḃaople	...	rḃaople	...	4	92
Cut	...	Out	...	7	93
Ile-yeen	...	Ne-yeen	...	32	173
Sick is	...	Since sick	...	13	189

The song of the Caravat at page 16, ascribed to James O'Donnell, is by John O'Donnell of Athlacky.

There is a verse omitted in "Drooping Heart," p. 59.

After the 14th Sheet was printed off, we were informed that Slady Castle referred to at page 214, *n.* is on the estate of James O'Keeffe, Esq. of Mountain Castle, and not on Mr. Chearnley's.



THE  
POETS AND POETRY  
OF  
MUNSTER.

## AN BUACHAILL BÂN.

SEASHTHAN O'COILEAIN<sup>3</sup> RO CHÂN, A.D. 1782.

Fonh—"An Caillín Donn."

Mairdion laoi zíl fá duile crainn zlaír,  
 Dhoirne am aonari coir imholl tráza;  
 A b-éior tmem' néalta do dearcas rpeiribean,  
 Az teaçt ô çaoð dear na mara am ðaíl :—  
 Ba çeirte a bpaorçe ná buille nín çuiri,  
 Tanuðe caoil-þín buailte ar þáir;<sup>4</sup>  
 Jr é dúðairt le ðiozraír, "Oç! uaill mo çnoðe-rí,  
 Nô b-feicfead çoiðçe mo Bhuacáill Bân!"

Ba çaoín a ðéirðínion,—ba inín a h-aolçnoð,  
 'S a ðlaoi na þlaoda mar ðri zo ráil;  
 Ba zîle a h-éaðan ná znúir ná néaltan,  
 Bheirí rólur zléirneac do'n t-çaozál moín lá :—

<sup>1</sup> The literal translation of the heading of this song, An Bhuacáill Bân, signifies *the Fair Youth, the Darling One*. The present poem is one of these Jacobite reliques, whose beauty has forced me to translate them, although I am far from admiring the conduct of the Stuarts. Yet, I do think it would be wrong to consider these songs purely Jacobite (in the Scotch sense), for the Irish cared less for a king than for a deliverer of that land, which they loved with an intensity beautifully shown in this ballad, but perhaps more so in that of *Síle Ní Choinnealbáin* in this volume.—ER.

<sup>2</sup> Those, whose rage for anglicising is great, have made this John Collins; now, the Irish family of O'Coilean, or O'Cullane as written in Munster at present; or Cullion, as in Ulster; or Cullen, as in Leinster, has not the slightest affinity with the English family of Collins, and consequently no right to usurp the name.—ER.

<sup>3</sup> John Collins, author of this poem, was born about the year 1754, and descended from the O'Cullanes, an ancient Irish sept, who were formerly lords of Castlelyons in the county of Cork, and the surrounding territory. But having lost all their possessions by

## AN BUACHAILL BAN.<sup>1</sup>

JOHN COLLINS SANG.<sup>2</sup>

AIR:—" *Cailín Donn.*"

With crimson gleaming the dawn rose beaming  
On branchy oaks, nigh the golden shore ;  
Above me rustled their leaves and, dreaming,  
Methought a nymph rose the blue waves o'er !  
Her brow was brighter than stars that light our  
Dim dewy earth ere the summer dawn,  
But she spake in mourning :—" My heart of sorrow !  
Ne'er brings a morrow—*mo Bhuachail Ban !*"

Her teeth were pearlets, her curling tresses  
All golden flowed to the sparkling sea,  
Soft hands and spray-white, such brow as traces  
The artist's pen with most grace, had she !

the turbulence of the times, his tribe and family, like most of the Irish, were thrown on the world for subsistence. Collins, showing early symptoms of a disposition for learning, was destined by his parents for the priesthood ; but after he had made considerable progress in the classics, untoward circumstances, or perhaps his own wishes, prevented the carrying out this object. At the age of manhood he took a wife, and soon became the father of a family, and was obliged to turn schoolmaster for their support. He taught at Myross for a long period ; and, while thus occupied, composed several beautiful compositions in his native tongue. His poem, entitled " *ḂhacḂhail an Donn*" (see *Hardiman's Minstrelsy*, vol. 2, p. 234), surpasses anything in the modern Gaelic for sublimity of thought and elegance of expression. His translation of the *Exile of Erin* is equally beautiful. Mr. O'Grady, late President of the OSSIANIC SOCIETY, has in his possession a large collection of his manuscripts, written about 1774, and among which is a history of Ireland, but left in an unfinished state. He died at Skibbereen, in the year 1816, at the age of 64 years.—J. O'D.

<sup>1</sup> *Ḃpail*, i.e. parchment.



Like crimson rays of the sunset streaming  
 O'er snowy lilies, her bright cheeks shone,  
 But tears down fell from her eyes, once beaming,  
 Once queenly seeming, for *Buachaill Ban*!

I lowly knelt to the nymph of glory,  
 The fair and gentle, the beauteous flow'r,  
 And sought the lay of her gloomful story  
 The kinel<sup>1</sup> owning such lustrous dow'r.  
 "Art thou a fay of the azure sky, is't  
 From royal ranks that thy race is drawn?  
 O, name this Highest whose fate thou sighest,  
 For whom thou diest—thy *Buachaill Ban*?"

"Art thou that star of the maids of Erinn  
 Whose heart is bearing such burning grief,  
 Since Ulla's dolor, when fell, unfearing,  
 Thy Naesi prey to a faithless chief?  
 Or plaintive fairy who, o'er Moyle's waters,  
 Sent Lir's fair daughters in form of swan,  
 A red-branch knight who lies low in slaughters,  
 Was he thy darling—thy *Buachaill Ban*?"

"O, none of these," said this wondrous maiden,  
 "For I am Fodhla<sup>4</sup>—Queen of the Gael!  
 With chains o'er-laden my clans are fading,  
 And chiefs are bondsmen in Innisfail!  
 In wasting woe I've been long a griever  
 For One—the heir of victorious Conn,  
 The knightly scion of royal Eibhir,<sup>5</sup>  
 My darling ever—my *Buachaill Ban*!"

<sup>3</sup> *l̃j̃ñ c̃l̃ãññ*, the children of Lir, who were transformed into swans by their stepmother, and spent seven years in that form in the British channel. Vide MS. *Õj̃z̃r̃ c̃l̃ãññẽ l̃j̃ñ*, announced for publication by the *Ossianic Society*, also Griffin's *Tales of the Jury Room*.—J. O'D.

<sup>4</sup> Pr. "Folla." An ancient name of Erinn.

<sup>5</sup> Sometimes written Heber, pronounced Eiver.

Szuir do' h zair rin a bhuinziill araid,  
 A' r b' zo rarta, zé rada atá;  
 Do phionnra nábač, clúnaíhuil, laidiu,  
 Trípač, zárdač, ar reacrán!—  
 'Ta 'hoir zo cróda, 'r buidean na h-Éirpa,  
 Ar an z-córda zo h-iomlán;  
 A' z t'izeačt ad pórtaib le neart zan teórad,  
 'S buaidirb Fódla do' h m-Buačail Bān!

Ar clor an rzéil rin do rzair a claonta,  
 'S do záb a caom-éruic órda blač;  
 Do fíuinn a zéaza zaoil a h-dreáčtač,  
 A' r a m'ioza aorba ba m'ór le náč:—  
 Na h-éin, na m'iolta, na choic, na coillte,  
 Aibne, 'r líoza, a h-iomairbád,  
 Do b' az mairce ir na zleanna t'íméjoll,  
 Le zneann d'a laoičib do' h m-Buačail Bān!"

## PÁTRAJC MHAC ZEARÓJT<sup>1</sup> RO CHUAN.

Fonn—"Oč! Cairlean na blarhann mo mhúinnín."

Ceó draoižeačta fíeol o'đče cum fážain me,  
 A' r ar m'ín t'ir do čarlad cum ruain;  
 Am' f'ior-čarad a z-coillte zan ačtíob,  
 Zo draoi-loč na Blarhann do čuadar:—  
 Do f'inear coir craithe zlar na m-blač,  
 A' r taoib liom do čainiz rí ruar,  
 An čaom-bean bač m'íne a' r bač breážč,  
 D'ar f'iolmáid ó Adam anuar!

<sup>1</sup> Mac Gearoit was a native of Blarney, county of Cork, and composed this song about A.D. 1744. He must be an obscure

"Rejoice ! Rejoice ! tho' long thy slav'ry,  
 At last, O Bright One ! he comes—thy Chief !  
 He comes—thy Champion—with hosts of brav'ry,  
 Whose hearts are burning for thy relief.  
 With armies bearing the flag of Erin,  
 On tall barques steering thy seas upon,  
 Soon shalt thou crown with thy hand victorious  
 Thy lover glorious—thy *Buachaill Ban* !"

Her sorrows fled—she struck the golden  
 Sweet-ringing harp with her snowy hand,  
 And poured in music the regal, olden,  
 The glorious lays of a free-made Land !  
 The pebbly brooks in the vale seemed springing  
 With brighter sheen on that sunny dawn,  
 And birdful woods with delight were ringing,  
 So sweet her singing for her *Buachaill Ban* !

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## THE SPIRIT OF BLARNEY.

PATRAIC MAC GEAROIT SANG.

AIR :—" *O Blarney Castle my Darling.*"

Night robed in a mist of enchantment  
 The slopes and the glade-arching boughs,  
 As, tired roaming where mansions were scant, went  
 The bard by the fay-lake to drowse.  
 The branches of blossoms drooped over  
 Which, sudden, a brightness illumed,  
 And a Fay of all fairness did hover  
 Where shadows druidic had loomed !

"*ollamh na dan*" among the bardic profession, as this is the only effusion of his we ever remember having seen.—J. O'D.



Bíodḡan mo cḡoide 'nam le h-ácar,  
 D'a ḡhaoi cúgar lan-ḡean ḡo luaic̃;  
 Da bḡaoic̃e, dá mḡn-morḡ, dá ḡaine,  
 Da caoiḡ-leacaḡ aluiḡ ḡan ḡruaim:—  
 Da dḡaoi-folt tḡub, buide-cárda, fáinneac̃,  
 Da cḡoc̃ cruinne, blaḡmḡa, cruaid̃;  
 A'r dá fḡoi-fada í 'h oḡḡe ḡoi cār liom,  
 Bheic̃ aḡ fḡoi-amḡaic̃ aḡlneac̃t a rḡuad̃!

A caoiḡ-bean na mḡn-ḡlac 'ré madaim leat,  
 An tu Aoiḡill ó'h m-bán-cḡaḡ a d-tuaḡ?  
 An tu Clíodḡa ó'h rḡc̃ lior no Aḡne,  
 No Mḡoiḡar fuaḡi báiri maḡre an t-rḡuaid̃:—  
 Nó 'h bḡiḡdeac̃ mḡḡ Naoir leir tar fáile,  
 Nó'h iolc̃roḡac̃ cḡaibḡeac̃ fuaḡi buaid̃;  
 Nó 'm cuibe leatḡa a iḡriḡt a d-tḡac̃ dam,  
 Cá tḡi ar a d-taḡḡaḡ ar cuaiḡd̃?

D'fḡoi clanna Mḡleac̃ le mād mē,  
 Ce dḡrḡe mo cāiḡde cum cuaiḡ;  
 A'r fḡoi aḡ Ban Aoiḡiḡ do ḡnāc̃aim,  
 A'r le dḡoiḡar ḡo d-taḡḡad̃ anḡr a ruaiḡ:—  
 Da iḡriḡ ḡo m-biaḡ Bḡocúḡt na Bláirḡann,  
 'Na ḡ-aol-bḡoḡaib̃ aḡne ḡo luaic̃;  
 A'r an Stḡobairt rḡi bḡ le real fánaḡ,  
 'Na mḡḡ aḡi cḡi h-áridaib̃ ḡo buan.

Aḡa ḡḡ eile ar m'iḡtiḡ le mād 'noir,  
 Mā'r bḡiḡ lḡbre tḡac̃t ar ḡo luad̃;  
 ḡo b-fuḡ Laoirac̃ ḡo buideamḡar'ran Spáinneac̃,  
 A'r a ḡḡoiḡde-loiḡḡiḡ lanḡar a ḡ-cuaḡ:—  
 Sḡaoirḡid̃ cum cḡic̃ Iḡir Fáilbe,  
 A'r ḡi rḡrioc̃raḡ dá ḡamḡaḡ ar cuaiḡd̃,  
 A'r ḡur ra mḡ beaḡ ro a b-fḡoi-deḡne an Mḡharḡa  
 Do mḡiḡḡid̃ ḡo h-áitḡic̃e an buad̃.

<sup>1</sup> The fairy of the white Rocks in the north was Aoiḡill (pr. Eavil.)

<sup>2</sup> Pr. Annia.

<sup>3</sup> Pr. Cleena.

<sup>4</sup> Pr. Deirdra.

My heart throbbed with rapture, and brightened  
 My soul, 'fore that nymph from Above,  
 For the smile from her brown eyes that lightened  
 Sent my bosom a-thrilling with love !  
 O, berry-red cheeks ! and O, cluster  
 Of curling gold hair to the knee !  
 I could gaze the whole night on your lustre,  
 And the night seem a minute to me !

“ The Brink of White Rocks<sup>1</sup> hath it been a  
 Retreat for thy beauty ? ” I said,  
 “ Art thou Ainne<sup>2</sup> or Miorras or Cliona,<sup>3</sup>  
 O gentle and snowy-palmed maid ?  
 Art thou Deirdre<sup>4</sup> whose wonderful fairness  
 Lured a crimson-branch knight o'er the sea  
 Hast thou tidings of sorrow or rareness  
 From thy wand'rings to whisper to me ? ”

“ For Mili's<sup>5</sup> high clann I am grieving,  
 Of that Flower of the Brave is my race,  
 And long—long I've mourned in Ban-aoibhinn<sup>6</sup>  
 And yearned their return to THE CHACE.  
 But know !—of the Viscount of Blarney  
 Soon the voice in your turrets shall ring,  
 And the Exile be victor in war, nay !  
 Three Islands will crown him their King !

“ These tidings thy clansmen to charm, or  
 To frighten their foes, bear away ;—  
 Our warriors in Spain d'on their armour,  
 And the barques of white sails fill the bay.  
 They'll wing to green Erinn their way—tide  
 And tempests shall scatter the foe,  
 O, Freedom shall gladden ere May-tide  
 The true-hearted Lordly and Low !

<sup>1</sup> Latinised Miliesius.

<sup>6</sup> Pr. baun-eevin—the “ pleasant plain or slope ” which lies beside the Loch.

Ա ինն-ինն դա տնէլ յե ար ան ծ-տած րօ,  
 Ա'ր տէաչնան հոմ ըյօր յօ Տին Եօչալն?  
 Պար և Ե-բաչալն շէած Երայնչիօլլ մաօրծա բօլ  
 ծրաօլչեաճտ ան,  
 Ա դ-ճաօր-Երաշալն ըյօծա Գար ընօլլ;  
 Եյծ' ըլննեաճտ յաճ Լա Գարն Գ'ր Գօլնեար,  
 Եյծ' ըբարտ, Եյծ ըանք Գար շեօլ;  
 Ա'ր շեյլե մա'ր մեյլն Լատ ըն օյճե,  
 Ա'ր և դ-եյլն Եյծ շրնոն Եյլն ծո!

Յեյլլն ծօճ' Երեյնն-ը և Երեյնչի,  
 Ա'ր տաճալն տնէլն ար ըբօճ մի ծան դօ ծօ?  
 Յօ ծ-տնչեաճ ըբալ Գ ըբաճալն մօ ճաօրն,  
 Ա'ր յօ դ-ճեանքաճ յաճ դիճ շն և յ-ճօլն:—  
 Պօ ըշեալտ ծան' շեյլե յօ դ-իյրիօճ,  
 Ա'ր մօ ճաօր-Եանքաճ շօյճե շն Լեօ,  
 Յօ դ-ճեանքալ մօ Լնն-շն ըա իօշալն,  
 Պա շրեյլն շա և ճաօր-Եանքալ մօ ճեօր!

<sup>1</sup> Tyrone, all Ulster, was anciently famous for its skill in druid power, and this reputation of superhuman art seems to have long adhered to it. This sometimes appears even yet under a modified form, in a manner rather flattering indeed, but also not seldom

“ And thou, wilt thou visit th’ entrancing,  
The beauteous green glenns of Tyrone,<sup>1</sup>  
Where a hundred bright maids, in silk glancing,  
Enchantment doth number her own!  
We’ll have festivals, dancing, and gladness,  
The harps shall light music outpour,  
The fairest fay love thee to madness,  
And thine age change to glad youth once more !”

“ O, fairest of Fairies ! so sweet are  
Thy words that I’ll fly to thy dell,  
Ere a month when I place my goods meeter  
And say to my kindred—‘farewell!’  
The beloved of my youth I must give her  
My kindest of blessings for aye,  
Then, from thee, gentle fay, If I sever  
May I swiftly go down into clay !”

astounding to Ulster families who may have settled in some parts of the south. Whenever a neighbour falls sick, or an animal pines away, to them come the persons most interested in the matter asking for medical advice, and discontented unless they receive it, believing the refusal to proceed from surliness of disposition, and not from want of power !—ER.

## LOCH LÉIN.

Fonh:—Bean an Fhinn Ruad.



Do ríúblar a lán zán rpar a d-torac mo raióil,  
 O'n t-Sionainn<sup>1</sup> zo Rač<sup>2</sup> a'r coir banta dainóina  
 an t-rléib;<sup>3</sup>  
 Ní fearac aon airt ba breaghta a'r ba deire na é,  
 An baile beag ban tá laim le baipia Loch Léin.

<sup>1</sup> Sionainn, the river Shannon.

<sup>2</sup> Rač, Charleville, county of Cork.

LOCH LEIN.<sup>4</sup>AIR :—" *Red-haired Man's Wife.*"

THE following song was supplied to us some years ago by Mr. Conor Mac Sweeny, a gentleman well known to Irish scholars through his edition of the "Songs of the Irish," &c., published in 1844, who took it down from the recital of his mother, an excellent Irish singer. It is very popular in the South of Ireland—more particularly in the locality which it commemorates. Killarney is the most attractive place of resort now in Ireland, being visited by tourists from all parts of the world. It has also been immortalised in Fenian poetry, as a place of general resort by the *Fianna Eirionn*, or Irish Militia, for hunting the red deer, with which the country then abounded. In one of these poems, published in the Fourth Volume of the *Ossianic Society Transactions* (see p. 201), it is stated that vast amount of treasures are buried under the waters at the northern and other sides of the lake.

The O'Cearbhuills or O'Carrolls, were ancient chiefs of this district, but the O'Donohues, ancestor of the present O'Donohue, M.P. dispossessed and reduced them, and erected a new territory, to which they gave the name of *Eoganacht Locha Lein*.—J. O'D.

I've roved thro' a thousand vallies when gay youth was  
mine,  
O'er Sliav's verdant slopes, and from Rath to where  
Shannon's waves shine,  
Yet never a spot—tho' fair, and fair without stain,  
Was bright as the white dear village by blue Loch Lein !

<sup>3</sup> *Sliað*, a district so called in the county of Kerry, where an annual fair is held, known by the popular name of *Δονηὰς Ἀγ* *τ-rléjbe*, i.e. the mountain fair.

<sup>4</sup> Now the Lakes of Killarney.

Nać aoibhinn an airt na b-fárait toiréuige go h-úr  
 An daire go ród breáḡ aḡur plana ar maḡaib na  
 Múhan ;

Craigh loingir a' r baib gan traict ar pluma na  
 aball,

A' r gur aḡ Ror an Charleagh,<sup>1</sup> bhon mha aḡ  
 reihim a d-tuigh.

A m-bun toirca na rloḡ bhon rródur aḡ raolcib da  
 feabar,

Bhon fion aḡur beoir ar bōid aca a m-bun toirca  
 a ngleann ;

Bhon an fad 'co cum rródur, cum ceoil an dhuib  
 a' r an cfeabar,

An lon dub ran rmōlac go ceolmar ar bairaoi  
 na ḡ-craigh.

Do ríublar Baoi Bhéarra,<sup>3</sup> coir Eirne,<sup>4</sup> a' r ar  
 ran t-roir tuaib,

Coir Mhainḡe<sup>5</sup> gan breáḡ, aḡur tréimre a n-arm a  
 d-Tuamhūn,<sup>6</sup>

Ní facar don ball de'n mēid cé gur b-fada i mo  
 cuaird,

Ba breáḡta na Loch Léin mar a m-bhonn an maḡ-  
 rluaḡ.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ror an Charleagh, Ross Castle on the lakes of Killarney.

<sup>2</sup> This mention of Ross Castle proves that a certain degree of antiquity belongs to this poem; for, in all probability, it was composed long before the siege of this stronghold by the English under the command of the "merciless Brochil" in 1653. Ross Castle belonged to the noble family O'Donochoe Mor, chieftains of the territory called the Eoganacht of Loch Léin. It is picturesquely situated on a jutting "ross" or headland on the eastern side of the lower Lake, and commands a beautiful view of the waters, the winding strands, the green and wooded islets, and the wavy outline of the mountains—boundaries of the horizon.—ER.



How beauteous that vale where berries blush on each tree,  
 And stateliest oaks overshadow the flow'r-starr'd lea!  
 O stately as tall masts are they, where apples gleam bright  
 And damsels from Ross-castle casements<sup>2</sup> pour songs of  
 delight!

Bontorra of hosts! thou gladden'st the children of song,  
 They've red wine and sweet mead ever thy valleys among,  
 They've deer for the chasing, woodcocks and starlings I  
 trow,  
 While blackbird and thrush, their minstrels, sing on each  
 bough!

I've wandered red Bearra and Thomond many times o'er,  
 Through 'Ulad'<sup>7</sup> the grand and by Erne's<sup>8</sup> bright green-  
 woody shore,  
 But never my eyes have seen, by mountain or main,  
 The peer of the fairy mirror of blue Loch Lein!

<sup>2</sup> *béarra*, a region, and now a barony, that of Bere, in the south-west of the county of Cork.

<sup>4</sup> *Erne*, the lake called Lough Erne.

<sup>5</sup> *Shannon*, a river in the county of Kerry.

<sup>6</sup> *Tuač Thomond*, Thomond in Clare.

<sup>7</sup> Ulster.

<sup>8</sup> Loch Erne is a most magnificent expanse of water, gemmed with green emeralds of islets, whose trees and shrubs look down over the very brink; it is situated at Enniskillen, the azure mountains of Connacht guard it on the west, and one of the most perfect of the "monarchs of time," an Irish Round Tower, raises its mystic head above its once sacred islet, and seems to rule the waves from the island of Devenish.—ER.

<sup>9</sup> *Shannal-lua*, the good people or fairies; literally, the host of the plain.

AN CARABHAT.<sup>1</sup>

SEAMUS O'DONNELL RO CHAN.

Fonh—"Taimre am' còdla, 7c."

Jr fada tà fuaim a3 zluajreadt eadruinn,  
 A3 tuar cum rparhuinne a 3-Clar Uj Néill;  
 O bailte na tuata 3o bhuac na fairge,  
 Uabair a'r eagla a'r ar ar 3aoideil;  
 Ta riorma3 nò mòi ran 3-cuan ro h-ai3ce linn,  
 An eagla3r buairta ar uair an airuinn,  
 A3 r3le na rúl tabairt comairle bui leara d3b,  
 A'r taimre am còdla nò 3r f3or mo r3éal!

A buacaill3de an c3oide na b333d a b-feair3 lom,  
 3r d3b do rpreazaim mo nà33te b3il;  
 Tazann orna3 am c3oide huair c3m na leana3 r3b  
 D333e na h-eazair3e 3r a3lne m3inn;  
 A3t a3 3m3ea3t le ba33r a3 d3ana3 a3m33r bui  
 n-anmanh,  
 Ma3 do be3t da33 3an na3a3c ar meairball,  
 3eallaimre d3b 3o b-fu3l bú3 na3mde a3 ma3a  
 fú3a3b,  
 Taimre am còdla nò 3r f3or mo r3éal!

Jr e t3azar3 na cl333e a'r n333r na h-eazair3e,  
 An t-r333e, ma3 m3eairaimre, b'feair cum De;  
 A'r n3 a3 dul cum an aona33 le faoba3 3o feair3a3c,  
 Tr33an faoi arim cum lamac na b-pl33ar;

<sup>1</sup> An Carabat, the Caravat. This song was composed about the year 1810, by James O'Donnell, of Laurencetown, Kilfinan, co. of Limerick, for two factions which started in Munster, who went by the soubriquet of *Caravat and Shanavest*, i.e. cravat and old waistcoat. Notwithstanding the exhortations of the clergy, and their denunciation of the lawless system pursued by these misguided men, they followed their nocturnal visits to the farmers of the infected districts, regulating

## THE CARAVAT.

JAMES O'DONNELL SANG.

AIR :—" *I'm Asleep, or the Truth I Declare.*"

Among us this long time a rumour in motion goes,  
 Foreboding dissent in thy land, O'Neill !  
 From towns of the inland to where the blue ocean flows  
 Stalks Arrogance, Slaughter, and Dread 'mong the Gael.  
 There are murmuring whispers abroad in my haven here,  
 That at mass-hour the Church seems in sorrow most grave  
 and drear,  
 That from you, for your own sakes, with tears it doth  
 crave an ear  
 Taimse am chodhla no is fíor mo sgeal ?<sup>2</sup>

O, friends of my heart against me bear not anger's wrath,  
 'Tis you, you—faraor ! whom my sad words wail,  
 I mourn that I see you tread only Red Rancour's path,  
 Exiled from that Church who for *you* did ne'er quail.  
 O men ! of the drink of Despair are ye quaffers mad ?  
 O blind men ! you see not the grief—the Hereafter sad,  
 Now ! now ! may the Saxons, your foes, look with laughter  
 glad !  
 Taimse am chodh a no is fíor mo sgeal !

Hear the voice of that Church which to heav'n is gratefullest,  
 The tones of our patriot priests which cry :—  
 "Go *not* unto fair-greens with anger-and-hate full breast,  
 'Tis friends and not foes whom you doom to die."

the letting of land, sale of buttermilk, &c., until many of them paid the penalty by sacrificing their lives on the gallows. James O'Donnell composed the present song on the occasion, which, if deficient in poetic talent, is at least highly valuable as containing a wholesome advice.—J. O'D.

<sup>2</sup> Literally, "I'm asleep, or true is my tale."

Nać dealb an rǵéal dá léaǵad aǵ Sallacoin,  
 Zup b' iad clanna ǵaodal tá aǵdéanað añaćanaionn,  
 Aǵ feallad an a ćeile faoi ǵné ǵac feana ćeipt,  
 Bherc aǵur carabat bán do ćrélǵ!

A duihe ǵan meabairn tá aǵ labairt ǵo ceanařac,<sup>1</sup>  
 Teann, ǵan eaǵla, an airt faoi an t-raoǵal;  
 Tuiz fearra nać cabairn duit a n-am an réana-bert,  
 Lom, ná an carabat bán do ćrélǵ;  
 Ir iad an dá ball ćuz búir ǵ-ceann faoi ćarcuirne,  
 A' r ćarriuirnǵ dliǵće na nSall a ǵ-cionn ǵac baille  
 aǵuib,  
 Ir eaǵlac liom ǵur fanh rić eatorra,  
 Táimre am ćodla 'r ná dúirǵ mé!

Ai ćairǵe ná an rćór, an óir ná an airtǵiob,  
 Mo b'róh! ni' l airt aco aćt b'riurǵean a' r plé;  
 A leabair 'ra m'óide a n-ól 'ra riǵuirne,  
 A' r m'óir-ćuir b'neacair do' n bán-páirpéar;  
 Aǵ teacć do' n t-r'iorún b'ion c'róh-puic bailǵće,  
 A' r eaćóira m'óir aco an *Roman Catholics*.  
 Aǵ ićead 'raǵ ól, a' r búir b-p'ócaide aǵ teanna leó,  
 Táimre am ćodla n'ó ir f'ior mo rǵéal!

Nać ionǵnad liom nać múineann d'ada rić,  
 Comairle raǵairt ná cúrra an t-raoǵeil;  
 Cá b-fuirl búir ǵ-caraid a ǵ-cúirt lá'n plé n'ó'n  
 aćairraionn,  
 Chum búir ǵ-cúir do ćaǵnad, n'ó búir ǵ-cár do plé:

<sup>1</sup> The poet repeats here one of those *arguments* which doubtless assailed his good advice in conversation before. His opponent menaces him first, and then taunts him with the fact that the law (which *he* had broken in the bard's neighbourhood) laid *its* penalty on the *bard*, I suppose in the shape of an extra-police tax.—*ER.*

How woeful the Saxon would look and sink evermore,  
 Did the Irish uniting once vow not to sever more,  
 And for sake of old Freedom resolve to cease never more  
 This Shan-vest and Caravat factions did fly !

“ O man without spirit ! who talkest so very meek,  
 Thy high, gallant courage can need no stay,  
 Understand, then, henceforth thou’st no aid on that merry  
 week,  
 When Shanvest and Caravat factions display !  
 These two arms have left thy friends powerless to squeak  
 behind,  
 And foreigners’ laws brought on *your* homes to wreak  
 their blind  
 Vengeance !—I fear that both leave thee but weak of mind.  
 Taimse ain chodhla ’s na duisigh me !”<sup>2</sup>

Alas ! you’ve no thought but for striving and quarreling,  
 You stay not for friendship, for love, or gold ;  
 Mid swearing on books and the black ale unbarreling,  
 With ink-horns prepared and the parchment unroll’d  
 What tales at the Sessions your foes will be setting forth,  
 The vile-visaged bailiffs will then spread their netting forth,  
*They’ll* drink and be merry while *your* purse is sweating forth  
 Its very heart’s blood in their wringing hold !

I wonder that nothing will teach you to mend your lives,  
 Clerical counsels or ways of men ;  
 At court, in the law-battle, where is the friend who strives  
 To plead for, or shelter or shield you then ?

<sup>2</sup> In the last line, he says, “ I am in my sleep, and don’t awaken me”—a very significant phrase. Pr. “ Taumsha mo hulla iss nee yoosa me,” or as it is often said especially in Ulster, Ta me mo hulla iss na doosi me, which a Sacsanach, when calling for that air, metamorphosed into, “ Tommy Maculla made boots for me !”—ER

Nā feicjon fēb nōmāib būri z-cōmārra ceanḡaite,  
 Faoi ḡlaraib zo dlút zān rúil le cara aco;  
 Dīol aīrḡid le būri aḡ tñúit le na z-caīrīdur,  
 Taimre am cōdla nō īr fīor mo rḡéal!

Da m-bīad clanna ḡaodāl ar aon toīl aīḡne,  
 Mō bīōn! ba deacaīr a z-claoid zo h-éaḡ;  
 Do bīonīfād mac Dē ran t-raoḡalra nač orīa,  
 A' r nīoḡačt nā b-flačar a z-crīoč a raoḡaīl:  
 Ir eaḡlač līom, rāraoīr! zūr meallād rīb,  
 Zo b-fuīl flāčar māri nīd cōm ruiḡtele Saḡrannaīḡ,  
 Zān amāric ar Crīorīd, nā' n Trīonōīd beannaīḡče  
 Taimre am cōdla nō īr fīor mo rḡéal!

A n-aīnīm mīc Dē do bēarīfānīn teaḡarḡ dīb,  
 Cōmāīrle būri leara dā m'āīl līb ē;  
 Zān beīč aḡ īmčeačt ar rīrae nā raoba a ačānta,  
 Nō īr baōḡal dīb earḡuīne nō cāīn ó' n z-clēīr:  
 ḡlacaīḡīde cīall a' r deīnīd būri nanmānna,  
 Tuīḡīḡīde fēīn zo b-fuīl an raoḡal ar lara rúḡaīb  
 Aḡ fealla ar a cēīle ar ḡač taob do' n t-reanna-  
 cēīr  
 Bherc aḡur Capabāt crīon zān rḡēīm!

## AN CHUAIḠHÍN BHÍNN.

Ir anīr an oīdče bīm fá bīōn!  
 Bīodānī mo cīoīde-rī a rīḡ am dōč;  
 Cīonī tuīcīm a nḡrād le blāč nā n-ōḡ,  
 A' r zān corī nā cīoīde nā aon cām.

Behold ! now already your neighbours in fetters there,  
 With no sweet hope of Freedom—till to Death they are  
 debtors there—

Paying boors for scant friendship—a breath of the better air  
 Their white money strengthens our foeman's den.

Did the clanns of the Gael but unite in sincerity,  
 What foeman could conquer or good man grieve ?  
 O Heaven would grant us long-living prosperity,  
 And glory of glories when life would leave.  
 That path, O my friends ! you are turning your backs on it,  
 Before you Disunion stands armed with his axe on it,  
 He flees from our foeman—he leaves the vile Saxon it !—  
 The sway upon earth and life divine !

In the name of the Highest—these counsels I speak then  
 forth ;

For *your* sake—for sake of our bleeding land ;—  
 Return to the fold, nor its mild orders break henceforth,  
 Lest on your brows be imprinted the brand.  
 O return and turn quickly !—we've but a short life of it,  
 This sorrowful wrath, sure the Low'r World is rife with it,  
 What fools 'mong their friends would make one scene of  
 strife of it,  
 Life to your GOD and for Liberty stand !

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### THE MELODIOUS LITTLE CUCKOO.<sup>1</sup>

'Tis night by night I sink in gloom !  
 Dim shadows around my sad heart loom  
 Since I've come to love youth's fairest bloom,  
 The pure, the true-souled maiden !

<sup>1</sup> *Ἀη* *cuatcín* *bínn*, literally, the melodious little cuckoo.



O Dhia zan iſe aſur mire aſ ol,  
 A d-tabaſiſne an f̄jona nō a d-t̄j̄n na n-ōz,  
 D'f̄aſf̄aiſn̄ f̄eſn mo c̄eſle a m-b̄rōn  
 Zan cōr zan lūt, zan cōiſc̄eſm r̄iúbaiſl,  
 A n-ōſlean f̄uar zan tear na cōiſn,  
 A'r zan aon neac l̄eſ d̄a ſaoltaſb.

Jr iad na h-éanlaſc̄ iſ ſeiſne iſ b̄iſne ſlōr,  
 Aſ b̄arſna ſ̄eaz aſ d̄éanaiſ ceōſl;  
 Jr ſaſiſd ſo m-b̄iadr̄a am̄ cōmaſſa dōſb  
 Aſ r̄iubal aſ a b-f̄uaiſd zan aon c̄iall!  
 O t̄aiſm ſe ſealad a b-ſiān nō m̄ōr,  
 B̄iaſaiſn l̄an-f̄ada aſur n̄aiſc̄e an f̄oſm̄aiſn,  
 Le tean̄eta cor̄a n̄ar̄ aſiſm̄iſdear f̄ōf̄,  
 A n̄iſ̄ na ſ-cōm̄ac̄t n̄a l̄eſ̄ me a d̄neōſ̄,  
 S̄iſ̄te a n-uaiſ̄ a'r mo c̄eān̄ f̄a'n b-f̄ōd,  
 A'r ſ̄eabad b̄ar muna b-p̄ōſſar l̄e me!

Ta aon d̄eſiſb-f̄iſ̄iſ̄ aſaiſn a'r m'ac̄aiſi beō  
 A'r b̄iaiſd ſo b̄iaſc̄ aſ t̄al na n-deōr;  
 Aſ t̄iſ̄all f̄am' d̄aiſl a'r mire aſ ſeōd̄,  
 Zan cōr n̄a lūt am' ſ̄eaza!  
 T̄riſd an ſ-claſn̄ naſc̄ n-dear̄naſd ſeac̄ad f̄ōf̄,  
 A cōiſm iſ ſiſle 'n̄a'n t-aiſiſzead beō;  
 Do c̄iob̄naſd ſolur̄ a n-d̄oſic̄adar dōſb,  
 A n̄glean̄etaſb ceō aſ ſabaiſl an nōd̄,  
 A'r ſur̄ m̄iſſe l̄iom̄ ō na b̄eſl̄iſn p̄ōz,  
 'Na ſiſc̄iſna a'r m̄iſl na h-ſiſſean̄!

T̄r̄e c̄uac̄ na ſ-c̄raob̄ m̄a c̄iſ̄iſm̄ c̄um̄ baiſr,  
 N̄j b-f̄aſ̄ad ſi c̄oiſc̄e ſear̄ n̄i'r ſeāſiſn,  
 ſo d-t̄uiſ̄ſeas̄ ſi f̄eſn f̄aoi c̄eān̄ beaſ̄aiſn,  
 ſur̄ ab olc̄ ac̄a ſi d̄éanaſd!

<sup>1</sup> "The Land of Youth." For descriptions of this beautiful clime the reader is referred to Vol. IV. of Transactions of the Ossianic

O Dhia ! that we were in the "Tir na n-og,"<sup>1</sup>  
 Or in streamy glenns where joys disembogue,  
 The suitors and sorrows aforetime in vogue,  
 The scornful tones and saddening sneers,  
 Looks brimming over and over with tears,  
     Some chill, far isle would be laid in !

The sweet voice of birds in leafy trees,  
 Would shed soft songs on the honied breeze,—  
 'Twere smiling to have such neighbours as these,  
     And wander with care unladen !  
 For long, long have I this crushing pain,  
 In griefs which could no solace obtain  
 Red Autumn passed—ere it blush again  
 My head shall rest 'neath the grass so green,  
 Or I'll win for my bride my bosom's queen,  
     This flower of Blossoms unfaden !

My father lives and my sistereen,  
 But they cherish tears, they grieve unseen,  
 For my strength is fleeting, and pale's my mien,  
     My arm—no vigour is therein !  
 Thro' the sinless bird of snowy white,  
 Whose brow is more fair than the silver bright,  
 O 'twould shed a ray of beauteous light  
 In the darkest glenn of mist in the South,  
 And I'd rather one kiss of her little mouth  
     Than the honey of Olden Erinn !

Ah ! if I die from my white cuckoo,  
 She never will find a heart so true—  
 And she will mourn, in a small time, too,  
     The deed she doth is so cruel,

Society ; the Voyage of St. Brendan, by D. F. M'Carthy, and the  
 radiant romances of my talented friend, "Feardana," of the NATION.  
 —ER.

3o rú3ac, rultman, 3o η-ér3eōð la,  
 Da m-biað a3am i 'd3n mo lamā,  
 Thlobra3n3 rocapact di 3an cā3m,  
 B'fú i fá3al de bre3r tar m3a3b,  
 Le feabap a t3e3te, a mē3n, 'ra cā3l,  
 'Sa cōm3u3e a 3-cú3t breā3 aolman!

23a'r ap t3 mo mēallta ap3r a tā3n,  
 N3 c3e3d3m leat a b-fu3l tú mā3ð,  
 Da m-biaðap3n3re boct a'r 3o b-fa3að m feap bap  
 3o η-3eōbta 3om 3an aon mað?  
 N3 dod' cū3ð do tū3 mē 3māð.  
 Act d3t3re fē3n a r3ē3nbeap breā3,  
 A cūac ηa 3-c3aob rlan leat 3o b3at,  
 A c3o3de 'ra 3māð 3r tú tam' c3māð,  
 Da mo 3om 3ac a3t a b-fu3l fēap a3 fap,  
 N3 3apfap3n3 feō3n33n3 r3p3e leat!

### AN CEARDJNEL.<sup>1</sup>

Ta catú3að mō3 ap m'ap3ne,  
 A'r dōlap le3r,  
 O c3m an 3ao3al a3 ačap3nú3að,  
 Le t3ē3n3re a'r bre3r,  
 Clap ηa d-tao33eac 3-ceap3apac,  
 Da d-taba33t ap3ap cūm tap3ap3ne,  
 A'r clap ηa lōpac ačap3pac,  
 3ao3 Cheap3nel!

<sup>1</sup> An Ceardjnel. This was an article of female apparel, much worn about the middle of the last century, same as hoops are at the present day. About the same time came into vogue the high-heeled shoes and high-cauled caps, which formed the fashion till

Might I press her to my breast for aye  
 I'd soothe her sighs in the gleaming gray,  
 With soft caress and sweet minstrelsy,  
 For in beauty of mien and mind more fair,  
 O, she's worth all the troops of damsels rare,  
 Who have mansion, gold and jewel !

“ If to deceive me once more you try,  
 I trust not half your bright words, I !  
 Had I *no* grass growing misfortune nigh,  
 Would you sing me then of your true love ?”  
 “ I've never loved your grass nor kine,  
 But your own dear self, O maid divine !  
 And now farewell ! my blessing be thine—  
 O bird of the wood ! you have grieved me keen,  
 Had I every spot where grass grows green  
 I'd ask for no farthing with *you*, love !”

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## THE CARDINEL.<sup>2</sup>

My heart is full of gall, to-night,  
 And sorrows swell ;  
 To see what changes fall, a blight  
 On hill and dell ;  
 Kindly clanns and valorous  
 Are sinking poor and dolorous,  
 And crafty clanns look tall o'er us  
 In the Cardinel !

about the year 1800 or a little later, when they gave way to a more becoming and tasteful mode of female attire.—J. O'D.

<sup>2</sup> This, the cardinal cloak, was a “new-fangled” kind of mantle for the female sex ; I think the word should be written cardinal, but not being deeply versed in millinery, I prefer retaining the original Celtic orthography so far.—ER.

Ան սալի շիջի՞ծ յօ ծշի՛ աղ արիւնոյն,  
 Ո՞ր աջ տիպօ՞ւտ արի ա թելծ;  
 Ո՞ր արի աղ դ-սալար տա ծ'ն Աւար-մազ,  
 Լե բաճարլ Լա աղ երելծ;  
 Ա'ր յօ Ծ-ժոյքաճաօրի ու արի-ժօրիք,  
 Եւ քիլլե քիօր ա յշարարիւն,  
 Լե քալի ա յ-ցիոյ աջ եւտարած,  
 Արի աղ յ-Շարժիւնը !

Եւ ծէր Տաճ Ո՞ր Շարժար,  
 'Շար Արիւն Լիւր;  
 Ո՞ր լ քիօճա աշարի ու քարիօնտ,  
 'Շար շարի յօ մ-թելծ;  
 Եւ քալի աղ շարարիւն,  
 Ա'ր ծիօքաճաօրի աղ շարարիւն,  
 Ա'ր շարարիւն լիւր քարիօնտ,  
 Ծօ'ն Շարժիւնը !

Ա իւտարի ու ի յ-արարիւն լիւր,  
 Ո՞ր շար լիւր ա թելծ;  
 Եւ 'Շար լիւր քարիւն քարիւնիւն,  
 Ա'ր քարիւն Լիւր,  
 Եւ լիւր լիւր ի յարիւն լիւր,  
 Ա'ր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր,  
 Ա'ր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր  
 Ծօ'ն Շարժիւնը !

Աղաճ լիւր 'Շար լիւր լիւր,  
 'Շար լիւր լիւր;  
 Ար լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր  
 Ա Շարժիւնը !  
 Ու լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր,  
 Ծօ'ն լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր,  
 Ծօ'ն լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր,  
 Ա'ր լիւր լիւր .

O when they go to hear the Mass  
 They mind not Hell,  
 Nor think what wages drear may pass  
 At their Last Day's knell.  
 For 'tis they—themselves!—would raise the Dead,  
 Who're folded deep in daisy bed,  
 With noise from every crazy head  
 O'er the Cardinal!

“*We've* no silks nor fashion new,”  
 Saiv<sup>1</sup> and Annia tell,  
 “But sure, each has a passion to  
 Be just *such* a swell!  
 Let's eat the praties wee and wet,  
 And sell the pig—till we can get  
 The fashions! faith they'll see us yet  
 In the Cardinal!”

“Och, mother, don't be hot at all,<sup>2</sup>  
 It doesn't suit yoursel'  
 My whole week's hire you've got it all,  
 And more as well.  
 We've two white kids, none fatter play,  
 We'll sell them both on Saturday,  
 Themselves will, for that matter, pay  
 For the Cardinal!”

The Pope's curse and the Church's too,  
 With book and bell,  
 'Light on whoever clutches you,  
 O Cardinal!  
 Who will not, as their mothers would,  
 Wear dyed frieze and the other hood  
 Which every change of weather stood  
 By wood and well.

<sup>1</sup> This has been latinized Sabia, (it is pronounced Sive).

<sup>2</sup> The mother, it seems, would not agree to the selling of the good potatoes, so they devise another method of raising the funds.—ER.

Fuač mo čmojde a' r m' aɹɹne,  
 Dho' n Cheaɹɹɹnel!  
 O čonaɹc ɹillte aɹ čaɹllɹɹ ē,  
 'S mé aɹɹ ɹabaɹɹ tɹe ɹhleann Fleɹɹɹ<sup>1</sup>  
 Do ɹɹeab mo čmojde ɹe h-aɹɹɹač  
 Ba čoɹmúɹɹ ɹ le h-aɹɹɹɹɹɹɹaɹɹɹ,  
 Do buaɹleaɹ a' r do leaɹaɹ ɹ,  
 Aɹ laɹ na ɹleɹɹc!

### ɹaɹɹɹ ɹáɹɹɹa.

uɹɹɹaɹɹ ɹɹɹc caɹɹaɹɹ aɹ dúnna ro čan.

A članna ɹaol ɹáɹɹɹɹɹɹ búɹ laɹɹa le čéɹle,  
 Cuɹɹɹɹ *huzza* ɹuaɹ, čá' n baɹɹe aɹ ɹaočaɹɹ,  
 ɹaɹɹɹɹɹɹɹe ɹo dɹúɹč  
 A n-aɹce lučt aɹ čúɹɹ,  
 'S ná tɹeɹeač a luč aɹ aɹɹɹɹeaɹɹ,  
 Tɹeaɹɹaɹaɹɹɹ ná búɹɹ 'r tɹaocaaɹɹɹ,  
 Čɹa ɹaɹa dɹɹ ɹúɹččaa a n-daɹɹɹɹɹɹɹɹɹ,  
 Aɹ ačtanna čúɹɹte,  
 Bhúɹ ɹ-caɹɹta 'n búɹ n-dúčaaɹɹɹ,  
 Ačɹaɹɹe a' r ɹúɹɹt ɹač ɹéɹle!

Na tuiɹɹɹɹ a čaɹɹɹe a ɹač ɹuɹ *Treason*,  
 Do duiɹe dá d-tɹaččtač aɹ dála aɹ t-ɹaɹɹɹɹɹɹɹeɹo,  
 'Sa d-tuɹaɹaɹ čúɹɹaɹɹɹ,  
 Do dɹɹɹčte buɹɹɹɹɹɹɹɹ,  
 Le mɹɹɹaɹɹe dá d-tabaɹɹɹt ɹa n-éɹčeač,  
 ɹɹɹɹɹ nár b-ɹú aɹ coɹɹ ɹaomčaa,  
 A b-ɹoɹɹɹ aɹ ɹɹɹɹɹɹɹa ɹaɹɹ ɹɹɹɹ,  
 'S ná ɹaɹb aɹ ɹɹuɹɹe do bɹɹɹɹɹ  
 Ačt aɹ oɹɹeač le mɹaɹɹɹ,  
 'Sɹɹ duiɹe ɹaɹ čɹɹč do ɹéɹɹɹɹoč!

<sup>1</sup> ɹleann Fleɹɹɹ, Glenflesk, or the river *Flesk*, in the county of Cork; for an account of which see Windele's *Historical Notices of Cork and Killarney*, p. 424.—J. O'D.



My hearty curse and loathing tear  
 The ugly shell!  
 Since I saw a hag this clothing wear  
 In Glen-flesk's dell.  
 My heart leapt up in sudden wrath,  
 She looked an old ghost on my path,  
 I struck—she got a muddy bath  
 In her Cardinel!

---

## GRASP HANDS !

WILLIAM MAC CURTIN OF DOON SANG.

Be your hands, Irish clanns, with each brother's united,  
 And hurra! on the goal of our labours we've lighted!  
 So stand on your guard,  
 O'er your country keep ward,  
 Let none be enslaved or affrighted!  
 One bold blow will soon end the matter,  
 Dash down your harsh foeman and shatter;  
 Tho' long was your slav'ry  
 Great was your brav'ry,  
 And the spoilers of homes we will scatter!

Believe not, good friends! that 'tis treason  
 Of the world and its changes to reason,  
 We've far better cause  
 To name thus the vile laws  
 They impose without justice or reason!  
 They blaspheme the high might of Lord JESUS,  
 Who loves us—who guards us—who frees us  
 Full soon from their guile,  
 And they basely revile  
 Sweet Mary, the purest who sees us!

Da d-tazajð a d-trac ð'h Sbajh Invasi<sup>1</sup>,  
 So calajc Fhijh Traza<sup>2</sup> no'h bas rjh Béarha,<sup>3</sup>  
     Ba calma ah trúp,  
     Do macad ð'h Múmhajh,<sup>4</sup>  
 So h-acamajh úmhal da b-féacajh,  
 Fijh Biorha<sup>5</sup> azur dúlce Uí Néill<sup>6</sup> rjor,  
 'S Conacta<sup>7</sup> ah rúd ar réide,  
     O Ijir na m-Bó<sup>8</sup>,  
     So Doirne<sup>9</sup> na reól,  
 Nuajh clujhfidjir geojh a rzéalta !

Ba tújce do cac ar rzál na réilteah,  
 Nó ar ah rzamalra d'fár zo h-ard aji Poebur ;  
     No ar ah z-cuajcjh bjh,  
     Do bj az labajht ran z-coill,  
 Nó ar ah larajh do bj ahj na rféarac ;  
 Sur ab acarac rjz bj hzari dúljh  
 D'fujl ajhneah dijir t-Séahujr,<sup>10</sup>  
     'S Sur ijlð ah hjð rjh,  
     Do teactujh cum crjce,  
 Sur majc fejciom le díol uajh éljh.

Jr iomða Szranhað lajdjh lah do raozaltact,  
 'Ja b-fujl beacá zo ráh 'r breaztact eadaiz ;  
     Na z-cajcfjd rjud rtrjoca,  
     Zah ajciot zah aoihneah,  
 Zah cead aco ruije ah ah d-téarha,

<sup>1</sup> *Invasion*. Want of self-reliance is the never-failing characteristic of the Irish. In the chief part of the compositions of the last century, Spain and France are invoked for assistance to rid Ireland of English dominion ; but these great powers, although France made two or three efforts, and Spain one, only smile at the folly of a people divided among themselves, and lack courage when the opportunity presents itself.—J.O'D.

<sup>2</sup> Fijh Traza, Ventry Harbour in Kerry.

<sup>3</sup> Béarha, Berehaven, the bay of which the poet points out as a safe landing place.

<sup>4</sup> Múmhajh, *Munster*. The poet calls to mind the victories

If Spain of her arm'd men should spare a  
 Battalion to Ventry or Béarra,  
     How Munster would shout,  
     How her swords would leap out  
 With the gallant O'Neill' and Clan Biorra!  
 Right gladly would brave Connacht lead them,  
 And drain all her vallies to speed them;

From Innis na m-bo<sup>11</sup>

To Derry would flow

The conquering billow of Freedom!

All know by the light stars have given,  
 By the clouds o'er the sun which were driven,

By the cuckoo's sweet song

Speaking green woods among,

By the flame that hath flashed in high heaven,

That of kings we shall soon have a changer

In our chief's heir so long a world-ranger.

O, 'tis time that he come,

To his Land—to his home,

And our welcome is warm for *that* Stranger.

The Saxons so sensual and greedy,

Full of riches and gold—yet still needy,

Living all for this world,

From this Land shall be hurled

With a thundering shock and a speedy!

obtained by Ceallaí an Cháiri against the Danes, by Brian Boru at Clontarf, and by Sarsfield at Ballyneeta, over the Williamite troops, in 1690.—J. O'D.

<sup>6</sup> Fíu bhíorra, the men of Birr.

<sup>6</sup> Uí Néill. The Ultonian chiefs of that name are referred to here.

<sup>7</sup> Connaught.

<sup>8</sup> Inis, i.e. Inis-Bofin.

<sup>9</sup> Doire na réol, Londonderry.

<sup>10</sup> Séamur. This is James II. the most dastardly poltroon that ever set foot on Irish ground. He lost Ireland at the Boyne rather than leave his daughter, who was married to William, a widow, just as if she could not get another husband among the Irish chiefs to replace the old Batavian veteran.—J. O'D.

<sup>11</sup> Pronounced *Innish na mo*, i.e. the isle of the cows (possibly Inis na m-bo fíor, the isle of the fair cow.—E.R.

An fearð mairfid na roillre a5 ðoebur,  
 Na uir5e ran ligh rin Tétir;  
     'S clanna mhc Mhílead,  
     A b-fearian a rihrean,  
 Le fearcta ðil doirid an aon mhc !

---

### UILLIAM JNGLIS<sup>1</sup> RO CHAN (1740).

Ta ðig-bean ran tír,  
     'Sir eðlaç dam í,  
 Ir trom a folc, ir namhan a por5  
     Ir modaíl 'rar mairfeac í.

Le na méarab feineann rí,  
     Ar téada puirt 5o bínn;  
 Mho léan! mo çreac! naç b-feadaim teacç,  
     A 5-céin tar leam a'r í.

Ta rtaid-bean çoir ran tír  
     5rad 5aç ðig-fíir í,  
 Réaltan eðuir, 5rihan an bóçan,  
     Baibín ðrda an 5rínn!

Ní'l claon ní, clear na croidé  
     Açt tréite maíte 5riinn,  
 Mho léan! mo çreac! naç b-feadaim teacç,  
     A 5-céin tar leam a'r í.

Ta h-ðr-folc búclaç ban,  
     O ç'móin a cinn 5o ráil,  
 Le'ir feðlað rinn, mar leoince o'n n5aoitç,  
     A 5-corn5ar tríd an t-ríaid.

<sup>1</sup> For an account of William English, see *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, first series, p 27, INTRODUCTION.

While the sun-flame above us burns ever,  
 While water fills ocean and river,  
     Our green Father's-land  
     Shall no more bear the brand,  
 And a tyrant shall enter it—never.!

---

## THE EXILE'S FLOWER OF LOVE.

BY WILLIAM ENGLISH.

A maiden I did see  
 In this pleasant counterie,  
 With tresses bright, with looks of light,  
 All beauteous grace is she!

She strikes the soft harp's notes  
 And her voice most sweetly floats,  
 My woe! my loss! I may not cross  
 With her, the brine of boats.

A stately maid, I've seen,  
 Of all brave youths the queen,  
 Our star of Love, our sun above,  
 Our blithesome, gold *baibin*.<sup>2</sup>

Her heart's a very shrine  
 Of qualities divine,  
 My loss! my woe! 'twere joy to go  
 With her across the brine!

Her hair of curling gold  
 That to the grass is rolled,  
 Doth make us move where'er she rove,  
 As to sails the breezes hold.

<sup>2</sup> Pron. *bau-been*, an affectionate diminutive, "*my little baby*."

Le na béilín bín, tair, clac,  
 'Sead léigean ri 'n Bjobla an clár,  
 'Sgac aic do'n tír, 'na ngeabad mo maon,  
 So d-tógbad Cnóird léi lám!

Ta rzaíl na z-caor na zruad,  
 An bairn-chnéir t-réim zán zruaim,  
 Njor beaz an raozal, d'aoir fear faoi'n rpeir,  
 Zheabad cead ruiže léi zo buan!

Jr fada réid mo cuaird,  
 Az éalód léi coir cuairn,  
 Da m-biadair zán aon, az zol tar m'éir,  
 Na neac do déanfad buairt!

Racadra anoir a hún,  
 Tar rairle zlar na d-tonn,  
 A'r fagfad mo zmad zeal,  
 San' aic-reo zo dúbac!

A Zhuipe fórtailz dúinn,  
 Réiz anoir an z-cúir,  
 A'r nac fagfairnri an bairn-chnéir,  
 Da m'ail léi teaet liom!

Zha éizim-ri a hun tar toinn,  
 A'r zo d-tiofad cúgad zán moill,  
 Da d-tiofad liom zo caom-díl, ciuin,  
 So d-tógfad an rmuic om' émoide!

Cuirfiod rúzat zán moill,  
 Zillín rúzac zmoide,  
 Do beairfuirn liom tú b-fad od' dúitce,  
 Ainziir éuirn-tair m'ín!

With little red lips, bright,  
She reads, so sweet and right,  
The Book of Heav'n—where'er I'm riv'n,  
May HE shield her round with light!

The berry's crimson glows,  
Amid her cheeks' pure snows,  
O fair's his life who wins as wife  
This brightest flow'r man knows !

O long would be my way  
With her by dell and bay,  
Were there none behind to weep, or find  
Some means their hate to pay.

But now upon the brine  
Of barques, is floating mine,  
And I must leave my love to grieve,  
My Flower of Love to pine !

Sweet Virgin! ah, bestow  
Some solace on our woe,  
For, sure, I'd ne'er forsake my dear  
White Love, if hence she'd go !

If now I cross the sea,  
Yet, soon, I'll turn to thee,  
And then thou'lt come,—thou'lt surely come,  
And drive this cloud from me !

Soon, soon, I'll guide unseen,  
A poney, swift and keen,  
And we will rove from Erinn, love,  
My gentle, maiden queen !



# AN WHAIGHDEAN CHEANNSA.

PÁTRAIK O'CONCHUBHAIR RO CHAN..

Fonn—"CAITOLL MÚMAN."

Atá aighiú áaoi le real am élaoidéam,  
 Ní plár ná bréag!  
 Do bradaíḡ ḡaoiḡe táirirna tríom,  
 Lé ḡrad dá rḡéim!  
 A ramuirl díob níor éanḡmad linn,  
 O éarlad me;  
 Aḡ cairdrol tíorḡa a b-pad óm' ḡaoiḡealta,  
 Le fan an t-raoḡail!

Ní h-íonḡna í do rlad mo émoiḡe,  
 Le ḡrad dá rḡéim;  
 A'r ḡur ḡile a cuim ná rneacḡa ar cmaoib,  
 'Sa bráḡaid mar ḡéir;  
 A fhiotal caoiḡ ir binne laoiḡ,  
 Ná ḡáir ná d-téad;  
 Do ḡoiḡ me tríom le fuinneam ḡrín,  
 Dá raíḡe réim.

A folc ḡo ríor aḡ feaca ríor,  
 ḡo fáinneac, réiḡ;  
 ḡo rraḡac ríim, ḡo duallaḡ buiḡe,  
 ḡo h-aluinn ḡnéi;  
 A dearca ḡrín do rad me ar baor,  
 A'r d'éaḡ mé faon!  
 Le taíḡhoim cmoiḡe do'n aighiú áaoiḡ,  
 Ir ḡradmar méim.

## THE GENTLE MAIDEN.

PATRICK O'CONNOR SANG.

AIR:—" *Cashel of Munster.*"

My heart is o'erladen  
With trouble and care,  
For love of a maiden  
Sweet, gentle, and fair !  
I've strayed among strangers  
Full many lands o'er,  
But the peer of that dear one  
I ne'er met before !

Her beauty so rare is  
That love her I must,  
The snow not so fair is,  
And swan-like's her breast !  
And her word's gentle measure  
Rings tunefully clear,  
O, it wounds me with pleasure  
The voice of my dear !

Her yellow hair streaming  
Soft-curling and free,  
Like liquid gold gleaming  
Is beauteous to see ;  
The sweet smile of her glances  
So joyous and bright,  
All my reason entrances  
With love and delight.



' Her pure brow most fair is  
Mid maids young and meek,  
The snow-circled berries  
But shadow her cheek !  
Her breast has the whiteness  
That thorn-blossoms bore,  
O, she shames all the brightness  
Of Helen of yore !

Her soft, queenly fingers  
Are skilful as fair,  
While she gracefully lingers  
O'er broideries rare.  
The swan and the heath hen,  
Bird, blossom, and leaf,  
Are shaped by this sweet maid  
Who left me in grief !

Tho' long proud and stately  
From women afar,  
And 'mid chiefs strong and great, lay  
My revel and war,  
Yet, humbled I yield me  
To this gentle maid,  
For travel can't shield me  
Nor sweet music aid !

Then, dear one ! since Heaven  
Did guide thee to me,  
And since all see me given  
In love-bonds to thee,  
And that pledged from this hour  
I am thine evermore,  
O, cursed be the power  
That would part us, *a stor !*

ʒɪnʒɪɪ ʔaɔɪɪ ɲa ɲaɪðte ʒɪɪɪɪ,  
     Do ʒɲaðar tar bɛɪt;  
 O leat aɲ ɲɪð reo ʔaɪɲɪɲʒ tɪmɔɪoll,  
     O Chlaɲ zo lɛɪɪ!  
 Pɲeab le h-ɪɲɪɪɪ aɲɔɪɪ am ʔɔɪɲðeaɔt,  
     Tar ʔaɪt a ʒ-cɛɪɪ,  
 Nô do beaɲnaɔt bɪoð ʒaɲ ʔtað am tɪmɔɪoll,  
     ʒɪɲɪ ʔlaɲ leat ʔɛɪɪ!

---

### SEAZHAN O'DJ3HE.<sup>1</sup>

ɲAɲAS ɲAC ʒHEAɲAɪɪɪ KÓ CHAɲ.

Nɪɔɪ ʒɛɪɪɪɔɪ ɲaɪm do ɲaɪðte,  
     ʔɪle, ʔaɪʒ, ɲa ðɲaɔɪ;  
 Zo b-ʔuaɪɪ aɲ Bhulcaɲ ʒɲaɲa,  
     Bhɛɲuɪ bɲeaʒ ɲaɪ ɪɲaɔɪ:—  
 Nô zo b-ʔacað ʔɛaɲlað aɲ baɪɲ-ɔɲɛɪɪ,  
     le toɪl a caɪɲðe ʒaɔɪðɪl;  
 Na caɲɪɪɪɪɪ ʔɲeaɔta ʔaɪʒte,  
     ʒɪ leabað Sheaʒaɲ Uɪ ʔhɪʒe!

Nɪɔɪ ʒɛɪɪɪɔɪ ʒuɪ ʔɲɪɔɲað ɲeaɲða,  
     Do ʔaɔaɪʒ ðlút aɲ ðɪɪ;  
 ʒɛt coɲpóɪɪ ʔeaɲað ʒhɪaɲɔɪɪ,  
     ʒɪ ʔaɲɲ taɪɪ ð'aɪɲɲeóɪɪ ðɪɪ;  
 ʒhɔɲɔ ɲɪɪa ʔaɪuɪɪ,  
     ʒɲɔɪɪ ɪɪ ɲaɪðte ʔɪɔɪ;  
 O tuʒað ʔɛaɲlað aɲ baɪɲ-ɔɲɛɪɪ,  
     ʔ'ʔeaɪ ɲaɲ Sheaʒaɲ O'ʔhɪʒe!

<sup>1</sup> Sheaʒaɲ O'ʔhɪʒe, John O'Dee, the hero of this song, was a blacksmith by profession, and resided at Knockadoon in the parish of Ballymacoda, about four miles to the south-east of Youghal, in the county of Cork. He paid his addresses to a farmer's daughter, who was looked upon as the handsomest woman in the parish, and

Sweet maiden ! sweet maiden !  
 My own love, so fair,  
 Since far this is spreading  
 From Leim unto Clare  
 O, fly with me kindly,  
 O'er ocean's wild swell,  
 Or give me thy blessing,  
 And love fare thee well !

---

SEAAN<sup>2</sup> O'DEE.

PIERSE FITZGERALD SANG.

I ne'er believed the story  
 Prophetic bard ! you sung ;  
 How Vulcan, swarth and hoary,  
 Won Venus fair and young,  
 Till I saw my Pearl of Whiteness  
 By kindred forced to be,  
 In her robes of snowy brightness,  
 The bride of Seaan O'Dee !

I ne'er thought God, the Holy,  
 A bridal would allow,  
 Where Mammon spurs them solely  
 To crown her drooping brow.  
 "The Richest weds the Rarest,"  
 That truth, alas ! I see  
 Since my sunny pearl and fairest  
 Is bride to Seaan O'Dee !

eventually got her parents to consent to their union, much to the astonishment of the surrounding country. Pierse Fitzgerald, the well-known poet and wag, who resided at Ballykennely, the adjacent townland, and whose house still stands there in fine preservation, took up the subject, and composed these stanzas on the happy occasion.—J. O'D.

<sup>2</sup> Pr. *Shaun*.

Da mo fear mar c  c m  ,  
 'S   ur m  it mar c  ard liom   ;  
 Do   in  inn real mar   h  ar l  i,  
 'S n   c  ir  inn c  r ran maol:<sup>1</sup>—  
 Or    do b  e  daiz 'rdo c  adaiz m  ,  
 A'   buain mo   l  ante d  iom;  
 Do m  ma zeala  , b  ea  ta,  
 A leaba   She  a  ain U   D  h  e!

---

###      E N          N.<sup>2</sup>

A d-  oc  a   a   buaint an a  inn liom,  
 A   h  ine N          ?  
 Do   oc  ainn 'r da c  an  al leat,  
 A c  id do'   t-  aoiz  al 'ra r    r!  
 Ra  ainn      c  m a    inn leat,  
 'S n   le   na   dam a  am   ,  
 A  d d'  on   a beit   a n-a  a  c o  t,  
 A o  anaiz d  iz!

A d-  oc  a   an  r a n    nd  n liom,  
 A   l  r na m-ban d  ?  
 C  ea   do beid  mao  r a d  ana   an  ,  
 A c  id do'   t-  ao  al 'ra r    r?  
 A   buaint a  la   do b    r   ea  a  ,  
 A'   b  ic a   lo  a a   l  ime  d  
 A'   ca  l  n de  r le b  ea  a  d  
     r   h  ine N          !

<sup>1</sup>   aol, i.e., a bald or hornless cow; probably the only stock Seaan O'Dee possessed.—J. O'D.

<sup>2</sup> This dramatic ballad, from the analytical form of the verb in the original, seems to be of Ulster origin



Were I like most, ere morrow,  
 A dire revenge I'd take,  
 And in his grief and sorrow  
 My burning anguish slake ;  
 For gloom o'ershades my lightness—  
 O, woe's my heart to see  
 Her form of snowy whiteness  
 Embraced by Seaan O'Dee !

---

### MAIRE NI MILLEOIN.

" Will you come where golden furze I mow  
 Mo Mhaire Ni Milleoin ?"  
 " To bind for you I'll gladly go,  
 My Bliss on Earth, mine own  
 " To chapel, too, I would repair,!"  
 Tho' not to aid my soul in prayer,  
 But just to gaze with rapture where  
 You stand, mo b'uac'aill b'an !<sup>3</sup>

" Will you rove the garden glades with me,  
 O Flower of Maids, alone ?"  
 " What wondrous scenes therein to see,  
 My Bliss on Earth, mine own ?"  
 " The apples from green boughs to strike,  
 To watch the trout leap from the lake,  
 And caress a pretty *cailin*<sup>4</sup> like  
 Mo Mhaire Ni Milleoin !

<sup>3</sup> Pr. "Mo vohil vaun," my white or fair youth ; this term is often used as an expression of endearment, See that intensely touching scene in Carleton's "Valentine M'Clutchy," where the widow laments for her youngest son, her "darling Torlach, her white-headed boy."—ER.

<sup>4</sup> Pr. "colleen," a young girl.—ER.

A d-tiocfáð cum an teampaill liom  
 A Mháire Ní Milleoin?  
 Creáð do b'admaoir d'illairiad agh  
 A cuib do'n t-raoḡal 'ra rṑir?  
 Aḡ éirṑoḡt le canṑaireaḡd,  
 Na m'irṑirṑide ḡallḡa ro,  
 A'r ḡo ḡ-crṑoḡnḡcamaoirḡ an cleamṑar,  
 A plúir na m-ban oḡ!

Thuḡ mé cum an teampaill í  
 Mho cuib do'n t-raoḡal! mo rṑir!  
 Thuḡ mé cum an teampuill í,  
 Mho creáḡ! mo m'le b'ṑn!  
 Do ṑairiaṑḡ mé mo rḡiaṑ amaḡ,  
 A'r cuḡ me raḡad na cliaḡ arṑeaḡ,  
 A'r léiḡ mé fuil a crṑide léi 'maḡ,  
 ḡo bairi iall a b'ṑḡ!

Creáð é rṑiṑ tá tú déanaḡ  
 A cuib do'n t-raoḡal, a rṑir?  
 Creáð é rṑiṑ tá tú déanaḡ  
 A ḡḡanaṑḡ ḡiḡ?  
 Léiḡ m'anam liom do'n rḡirṑiḡ reo,  
 'S nṑ f'airṑead ḡoṑḡe airṑiṑ tu,  
 ḡo rṑubalṑad na reaḡd rṑoḡaḡḡa,  
 Led' leaṑḡ beaḡ oḡ!

Do cuḡ mé ar an mṑiṑ, í,  
 Plúir na m-ban ḡḡ;  
 Do cuḡ mé ar an mṑiṑ í,  
 Mho creáḡ! mo m'le b'ṑn!  
 Bhuaṑiṑ mé ḡiom mo ḡṑṑa,  
 Mho rṑocaiḡḡe 'ḡur mo b'ṑḡa,  
 A'r d'éaloṑḡ mé aṑṑar an ḡ-ceḡ,  
 O Mháire Ní Milleoin!

“ Will you seek with me the dim church aisle,  
O Maire Ni Milleoin ?”

“ What pleasant scenes to see, the while,  
My Bliss on Earth, mine own ?”

‘ We’d list the chanting voice and pray’r  
Of foreign pastor, preaching there,  
O, we’d finish the marriage with my fair  
White flow’r of maids alone !”

She sought the dim church aisle with me,  
My Bliss on Earth, most fair !

She sought the dim church aisle with me,  
O, grief ! O, burning care !

I plunged my glitt’ring, keen-edged blade  
In the bosom of that loving maid,  
Till gushed her heart’s blood, warm and red  
Down on the cold ground there !

“ Alas ! what deed is this you do,  
My Bliss on Earth, *mo stor* !<sup>1</sup>

What woeful deed is this you do,  
O youth whom *I* adore !

Ah ! spare our child and me, my love,  
And the seven lands of Earth I’ll rove,  
Ere cause of grief to you I prove  
For ever—ever more !”

I bore her to the mountain peak,  
The Flower of Maids, so lone !

I bore her to the mountain bleak,  
My thousand woes ! *mo b’ron* !<sup>2</sup>

I cast my *cota* round her there  
And, mid the murky mists of air,  
I fled, with bleeding feet and bare,  
From Maire Ni Milleoin !

<sup>1</sup> Pr. “ *mo store*,” my treasure.

<sup>2</sup> Pr. “ *mo vrone*,” my grief.

## ṬÁIJḐ AṢ ṬEALHṬ.

ḐAIBHÍ O' H-ÍARFHLAITHÉ<sup>1</sup> RÓ CHÁIN.

A ṡaoiṡ a' r mē am aonari,  
 Coiṡ ṡaoiḐ Fhlearṡa an ṡaoiṡa,  
 Fa ḏion duille ṡéarṡ-ṡlar am luṡe :  
 Lem' ṡaoiḐ ṡur ṡuḏ rṡéiṡbean,  
 Ba ṡní bṡnne ṡaoiṡ-ṡuṡ,  
 Na caoiṡ-ṡruṡ, ṡuṡ éanlaṡṡ, a' r ṡíḐ :—  
 Da coṡmdeacṡ bṡ caoṡ-ṡiollaḏ,  
 Do ṡéar mē 'rḏo mēiḏ!  
 Le ṡaṡṡeadaṡḐ dá léiṡ-ṡur,  
 Ṭrēm' ṡaoḐ dear ṡo cṡuiṡn,  
 Do ṡuṡṡ' mē ṡan ṡaoṡam,  
 Le ḏioṡṡaiṡ ḏo'ṡ ṡéalṡan,  
 Dob' aoṡbṡnne rṡéiṡm aṡur ṡṡaoi!

Lṡiṡr aṡur caoiṡa,  
 Bhṡ aṡ coṡmearṡaiṡ 'raṡ pléiṡneacṡ,  
 ṡo ṡíoṡmari na ṡéiṡm-leacaṡn ṡiṡnṡ :  
 Na cṡiṡ mṡona, déad-ṡaṡlce,  
 B'ṡiṡ dear a m-bealṡaṡa,  
 A bṡaoiṡe 'ra claoiṡ-moiṡṡ ṡan ṡeṡmēal :—  
 A cṡuiṡn mṡama ṡéariṡa,  
 ṡan claoṡlóḏ aṡ a clṡ,  
 A ṡíḐ a' r a h-aol-ṡmoḐ,  
 Mṡari ṡéiṡr aṡ an ḏ-toiṡn,  
 Ba ṡníṡneacṡ ṡaiṡ ṡiaṡṡiacṡ ṡiṡb,  
 Buṡḏe-ṡarḏa ṡéariṡaṡ,  
 A ḏlaoiṡ-ṡolt ṡo caol-ṡmoiṡṡ aṡ bṡiṡ.

<sup>1</sup> The O'Herlihies, from whom our poet descended, were chiefs of a district in the barony of Muskerry, county of Cork, and were hereditary wafdens of the church of St. Gobnait, at Ballyvourney, in that county. In the notes to Connellan's edition of the Four

## THEY ARE COMING!

DAVID O'HERLIHY SANG.

The eve-dews were weeping,  
And by Flesg I lay sleeping  
'Neath the green leafy boughs of the wood,  
Till I heard sweeter singing  
Than bird's song or harp's ringing,  
And beside me a bright damsel stood.  
O Love tarried nigh her,  
On my peace making war  
With his arrows of fire,  
Till my heart did unbar,  
Till he left me a capture  
To wild-throbbing rapture  
In the ray of that bright-beaming star!

The Lily of whiteness,  
The Berry of brightness,  
In hot combat her fair cheek contest;  
Her teeth seem'd the rarest,  
Her small rose-lips fairest,  
And her blue eyes made heaven their guest!  
Her bosom, soft beaming,  
Was snowy and free,  
Her neck was, in seeming,  
The swan on the sea;  
Her hair bright and pearly  
Fell in golden curls, fairly  
To her small, twinkling feet on the lea!

Masters (p. 199) many interesting details concerning this family will be found. Smith (see *Antient and Present State of Cork*, Vol. I. p. 193, ed. 1750), says, that Ballyvourney means the town of the beloved; and that the church is dedicated to St. Gobnate,

Ba túirreac me am daon-rppear,  
 Sur rmuairnear trém' néaltaib,  
 Ar cúrraib an t-raozaib clearaib élaoin!  
 An trác múrslar do léimear,  
 Le rún-earc do'n néaltan,  
 A lúb coille aonaic zán teimeal:—  
 Do b' lonnrad o Phoebur,  
 Ar zéazaib zac crainn,  
 A'r lonnrad ba znéazaic,  
 Ar zac aon bairia lúbe,  
 Bhí lonnrad ó'n b-péarlad,  
 Zo d-tiocfad mac Shéamair;  
 Zán cúntran fá réim éairc na rízeac!

Bhí ronn-éirictal béice,  
 Coir abann anor an nzaorta,  
 A'r ronn-zuic na n-éanlaic zo bínn,  
 Toza toirta ar zéaza an,  
 Whil azur cêir beac,  
 Ir flúirreac zac éirz ar an d-toirh:—  
 Slúbal rionnaic ar raotair,  
 Poic, méic-broic, m'íl muize,  
 A'r zac rōit ealtan b'féidh,  
 Le h-aonirreac do ríom,  
 Az rúznad 'raz pléirreac,  
 Zo d-tubnad a raon-zuic,  
 Chum rúbcair luic créac azur caoi!

said to be a daughter of O'Connor Sligo, who in the sixth century was made abbess of a nunnery of regular canonesses there, by St. Abban; of whom there were two, whose festivals are celebrated on the 16th of March and 27th of October. David O'Herlihy the poet resided at Glenflesk, where some of the family still live. His great grandson, Mr. Patrick O'Herlihy of Ballyvourney, is the only bardic representative of the family now living that we are aware of.—J. O'D.

My heart had been teeming  
 With grief, for in dreaming  
 I had dreamt of the world and its guile.  
 But my waking was splendid !  
 My Love-star had descended  
 Mid the green, leafy wood of the isle !  
 The sun-sheen pour'd light on  
 Each bough of each tree,  
 The sun-sheen fell bright on  
 Each grass-tip in glee,  
 And my Pearl's sheen was streaming  
 With such brilliance of beaming  
 That her sway fell resistless on me.

Where that river rejoices  
 Float the gods' divine voices,<sup>1</sup>  
 And the birds' mellow music rings clear,  
 Each branch is fruit-bended  
 O'er fish gleaming splendid,  
 There is honey in mossy banks near.  
 Then hither hares peeping  
 'Mid frisking goats stare,  
 Then foxes came creeping  
 A-forth from their lair ;  
 O, all beasts came in gladness,  
 For her voice would chase sadness,  
 Would bring joy to the children of Care !<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Fpíocai na n-dejce*, is the text in some manuscripts, and it is it I have translated, as being more highly poetical. The translation of the Irish on the opposite page would be :—The *maiden's* voice, &c.—ER

<sup>2</sup> Surely this is a most beautiful and poetic mode of declaring the pleasures of our clime.—ER.



Jr búc, blarda, béaraç,  
 So h-úmal d'fneazair mé-rí,  
 A'r dúbairt:—jr me Eirne 'zur tílím  
 Chúgadh le rzéalta,  
 Ar cúntar na laoc meair,  
 Do túrthaid le tréimre tar toinn;  
 Zur rúgadh éiofrað Séarlar,  
 Faoi réim ceart zan moill,  
 A'r gach pphionhra d'fúil Eibhí,  
 'Na raor-bairtíbh ríochaç,  
 Uird bhíne a'r cléiríç,  
 'Na n-dúctar zan Eclípr,  
 A'r brútaíç an béarla zan bríç!

Jr flúirreac bíadh gaoideilze,  
 A n-dún-bhozair aolda,  
 Le conghair an aonmhe zan moill;  
 So fionn fleazach féardaç,  
 Meair, trípaç, cairnéimeac;  
 'Sdair b-phionhra ceart zéillfíð gach ríç  
 Beid múca azur triaoça 'ca  
 Ar béarairbh an feill,  
 Shocht Shacrair na g-claon-beart,  
 Na zéilleann do Chríort;  
 Da rpiúadh tar tréan muir,  
 Ní dúbac liom a rzéalta,  
 Zan luntar, zan féarda, zan fíon!

---

With sweet tones, so holy,  
She spake to me, lowly,  
Saying:—" *I* am thy Eire, thy love !  
I bring thee a story  
Of gladness—of glory—  
Of rapture, all rapture above !  
For Freedom sails over  
The soft-smiling wave,  
Sword-girt is each lover,  
They are coming—The Brave !  
Thy clergy turn foam-ward,  
Thy song-clanns<sup>1</sup> rush homeward  
To the chace of the brute British knave !

" To the land of their fathers  
The Gaelic race gathers,  
And Heaven itself is their guide !  
Their troops, hence victorious,  
March many and glorious,  
Our true-hearted chiefs by their side.  
Far kings in alliance  
Are bound to come o'er,  
And sternest defiance,  
Rue, terror, and gore,  
Shall smite down the slavish,  
Shall shatter the knavish,  
And drive the foul fiends from our shore."

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<sup>1</sup> The Irish means literally;—"The Order of Melody."

## ՅՐԺԱՆ ԲԱՆ ԵՋՐՈՆՆ.

ԱՆԺՐԻԱՏ ՁԻԼԸ ԵՐԱՄԻՆ՝ ԿՕ ՇԱՆ.

Եր ծնած շաօլմ բաօլ թէլոյ,  
 Ձմ ծն-լալէ շօ բաօն;  
 Լե բալլէ բօր ծօ'ն միմալլ միօղա,  
 Շալճ շաօլոյ շաղ ելմ !

Ոյ դար Լոյո ելէ շիլէ,  
 Լե շրած ցոլօք ծա բշէլմ;  
 'Տշար բ'ալոյ ի դար հ-ալլմիճեաճ,  
 Ծօ'ն Ածալմ-ճալոյ շօ Լէլ !

'Տի Եր Ելալ-ճիլեաճ ծեաճ,  
 Ձար Շիւալճ-Լիօճ դա բեաճ,  
 Ա Եաղ ճիօճ, դար Լալլալէաճ,  
 Ձր ճիւճ Լիճ ծօ'ն ճէլ,

Ա Երաճալ ճիլ շաղ բէլէ,  
 Շիւճ բշաճ ծաօլ ար աօլ,  
 'Տի Երաճալճ բլոյ—Լե Լալաճ բալէաճ,  
 Տիլ բաճ ա'ր Երիճ մօ բշէլ !

Եր թ ծնրիճեար մե ծմ դեալ,  
 Տլ ա մնրճաօլ ծա հ-էլոյ,  
 Երաճ բմալոյճ, դաճ բն բլոյ,  
 Ձր ո-ճլւճ-բիլեաճ Լէլ !

<sup>1</sup> Andrew M'Curtin composed this poem, for a young lady named Dorah Power, daughter to a Mr. Power of Clonmult, county of Cork, the greatest beauty of her day, and, apparently, the theme of the Munster bards, from the numerous songs written in her praise. He was a native of Clare, and flourished about the year 1740, and led a wandering sort of life, which he devoted to the muses, as the numerous songs and poems, which he

## THE SUN OF ERINN'S MAIDENS.

ANDRIAS MAC CUIRTIN SANG.

'Tis dark I long have been,  
 With sorrow-shaded mien,  
 Thro' true-love for you, love,  
 My stately, stainless queen.

And, in truth, 'tis no disgrace  
 To be love-sick from your face,  
 'Tis the fairest—the rarest,  
 Ever seen of Adam's race !

Thy little teeth to me  
 Seem the pearlets of Tralee,  
 And thy white breasts the bright breasts  
 Of swans upon the sea

No hand has toucht their glow,  
 Nor yet thy neck of snow,  
 But their gladness brings sadness  
 To me and bitter woe !

For I'm driven from my rest,  
 Ere the birds forsake the nest,  
 Thinking ever,—I'll be never  
 Worth the Beautiful and Best.

has left behind, testify. The family of the M'Curtins, of whom he and *Ἀὐτὸς Βυῖθε* were the most celebrated, were of a yellowish complexion, and to this the poet alludes in the eleventh stanza, where he says, "*Ἐἵς ἡ δὲ ἔχρησεν με ἄστρυ βυῖθε*," although I am not fair but yellow," &c.. See also O'Reilly's *Irish Writers*.—J. O'D.

<sup>2</sup> Here the poet probably alludes to the rock crystal, or "Kerry Diamond," abundantly found on the shore about Dingle —J. O'D.

2ho cúma trém' zo h-aod,  
 Cja cúl-caoht do zhiðim,  
 3an tú 'r rionn a n-Dún Baoi,<sup>1</sup>  
 No a múrreaoib na réad !

Ta ruaatantaib na rzéim,  
 Naç rañluizim ari beic,  
 Jr rañari nñ a rúil çruionn,  
 Jr búc bionn a béal.

Cja cumta i 'r zur caom,  
 'Szo b-ruil rúzaideacç na méionn,  
 2'r lonnraðac na b-rionn caori,  
 Na zhiur zñionn mari aol !

2 arið-niz na naom,  
 Ba rañ lionn an raozól,  
 2 nzaiondñ mo baibñ,  
 Da b-razaiionn ruize a'r beic caoc !

Nñori çar lionn lem' rae,  
 Bheic az rzlabuideacç da rzéim,  
 2 r nñ adñuim naç rañluizeacç,  
 Do'n bar tñzeacç nari nzaori !

<sup>1</sup> Dún baoi. *Dunboy*. The castle of *Dunbaoi*, or *Dunboy*, in the county of Cork, one of the strongholds of the O'Sullivan's Beare, during the Elizabethan wars in Ireland. In the *Pacata Hibernia*, Ed. 1632, Lib. 3, ch. 3, it is stated in a letter from the Lord President of Munster, that Don Juan de Aquila, General of the Spanish army, was forcibly detained by Donnell O'Sullivan in his castle of *Dunboy*, there to serve him as cannoneer; but the Lord President, in order to induce the Spanish General to relinquish the O'Sullivans, and the Irish cause, offered him and his party honorable terms—even ships to send them back to Spain. On the 4th of May, it is recorded (p. 293, *idem*) that a bard or rimer named "*O'dalie* was convented (convicted?) before the Lord President and Councell, and in regard it was proved that hee came from the rebels, with messages and offers to *Owen O'Sul-*

And in lonely grief I pine  
 That the damsel is not mine,  
 'Mid green vallies—in a palace,  
 With the walls of jewels fine!

Ne'er did maid so beauteous grow,  
 For her charms unfading glow,  
 And Delight lies in her bright eyes,  
 And her voice is music low!

Then what fair and graceful mien,  
 Has my stately, stainless queen!  
 And the berry on her merry  
 Laughing, lily-cheek is seen.

O great King! it were indeed  
 A most pleasant life to lead,  
 'Mong the grasses of my lassie's  
 Little garden, as a weed!

No other bliss I'd crave  
 Than to live her very slave,  
 Never wishing for remission  
 Till I'd sink into the grave.

*iran*, to adhere and combine with the Enemy, which the said *Owen* did first reveall to Captaine *Flower*, Sergeant Major of the Army, and after publikely justified it to *O'dalie's* face; the said *O'daly* was committed to attend his tryall at the next Sessions." "This *O'dalie's* Ancestor had the county of Moynterbary given unto him by the Lord President's Ancestor, many hundred yeares past, at which time *Carew* had to his inheritance the moiety of the whole kingdome of Corke, which was first given by King *Henry* the second unto *Robert fits Stephen*. The service which *O'dalie* and his Progenie were to doe, for so large a proportion of Lands, unto *Carew* and his Successors, was (according to the custome of that time) to bee their Rimers, or Chroniclers of their actions." For a further account of the castle of Dunboy, see *Historiæ Catholicæ Ibernix, Dub. ed.* (1850) lib. 7, c. 3, and Smith's *Cork*, vol. 2, p. 87.—J. O'D.

Ní élobraínn fúil Chriort,  
 Cía nac fionn mé aét buíde.  
 'Sgurr iomda aon dam fánuil nian,  
 Fuaíu úmlaígeaét ó mhaol!

A mhúinn dhí rmuair,  
 An Chuntaoir Thraíglíze,<sup>1</sup>  
 Mair fíubail rí na cúigíde,  
 Le lúncín fo éirí!

Cía zo g-cuplaoid zay fíze,  
 Zac cúinn dhí dod' d'laol,  
 'Szo lonnhaoid fíu Múhan.  
 Tred' zhuír zhuinn mar éid.

Níor élu dhí zo deínn,  
 Mha rmuairzhu zo zhuinn,  
 Mar b-fíu dhí beiré d'úir-éirídeaét  
 Le tríu buídeaét mar rínn!

## AN CROJDHE CRÁJDHTE.

UILLIAN MHC COITIK RO CHAN.

Ata rmuir air mo éiríde,  
 Ir neamh-fionn a g-coinnuíde;  
 Zac cluinn mairíon dhúcta,  
 Le nún-íearic do' h mhaol!

<sup>1</sup> Cuntaoir Thraíglíze, the Countess of Tralee. This was doubtless a Countess of Desmond. One of the Four Castles of Tralee was the chief seat of the Earls of Desmond—Smith's *Kerry*, 162. It was called the *Great Castle* by way of eminence. It was the birthplace of Thomas a Nappah, progenitor of the noble houses of Kildare and Desmond. Sixteen Earls of Desmond held this as their chief stronghold. It is traditionally recorded among the Munster



'Tis my grief that I'm not fair,  
 For how many like me were,  
 With hopes crumbled, sad and humbled,  
 Thro' this horrid sandy hair !

But, love ! gently think on me,  
 Mind the Countess of Tralee,  
 How she married,—yea ! she carried  
 Her dear *cripple*, forced to flee !

And tho' priceless is each tress  
 Of your cuillionn's<sup>2</sup> loveliness,  
 Tho' the Munster men can't once stir  
 When they've seen thy peerless face,

You'd gain little fame to try  
 ('Tis not worthy one so high)  
 To be parted, or hard-hearted,  
 With so lorn a youth as I !

---

## THE DROOPING HEART.

WILLIAM MAC COTTER SANG.

A cloud shades my soul  
 And my heart droops in dole,  
 Thro' each soft dewy dawning,  
 And eve's crimson air,

peasantry that there was once a countess who, having accidentally met a cripple at a country fair, fell deeply in love with him, and eloping from her husband, carried the cripple on her back through the kingdom for the space of seven years, but after that returned to her home.—J. O'D.

<sup>2</sup> Pr. *Coolium*, i.e. fair long hair ; it is also used to signify a maiden, or formerly a young man.—ER.

Añ plúr-briuihneall bínn,  
 D'úr-rzot na nzaoidéal,  
 Planh leanba an cúim cáilce,  
 Añ cúil fáda buíde.

Mhar fáoileann beaḡ zréaḡ,  
 Añ an z-craoib na m-bíon réan,  
 Ir tá rí na h-ínnínn,  
 Cóm h-íozuiri le h-éan.

Ir mílre í an a béal,  
 Na céiri a'r míl Zhreáḡ,  
 Na beoiri na rean daoine,  
 'Sna fíonra zán bhreáḡ!

Tá cuaca airi an m-béit,  
 Do buaileann an féar,  
 Aca búclad an zac ruaihne,  
 Da zruaiz fáda réiz.

A cruad-leaca féim,  
 Mhar mór-larairi caon,  
 'S péarlaize na cluara,  
 Zlar-uaithe le zréin.

Da b-pórfaihne féin léi,  
 Mhar nuadcar ran nZréiz  
 Iníon Ríḡ Séoirre,  
 'San t-óir úd zo léiri!

Ba dót liom lem' fáozal,  
 Nari dóiri dam zabaíl léi,  
 O'n *notion* do tóḡbar  
 O pózar an béit.

Ní bean do bí uaim,  
 A m-beið adarca an a buaib,  
 Ait péarla an cúil cnaobaib,  
 Na m-briatna bínn ruairc.

With love for the white  
Dear flower of delight,  
With love for the maid of  
    The fair-flowing hair !

For her mind is a dove,  
And the hands of my love  
Are more sunny and soft than  
    The snowy sea-foam,

And her lips far more sweet,  
More red—oh, more meet,  
Than the wine, or the old mead  
    Or Greek<sup>1</sup> honey comb !

To the dew-drops flow down  
Her thick curls golden-brown,  
Her bright cheeks !—scarce the berries  
    That crimsonly burn,

Their radiance can peer !  
While each small pearl-like ear  
Doth a starry-bright emerald  
    Pendant adorn !

Over earth far and wide  
Could I choose me a bride,  
And wed a rich daughter  
    Of royalty's line,

Thro' my life she could be  
But a sorrow to me,  
For the flower of fair maids has  
    This poor heart of mine !

Sure I want not a spouse  
For the horns on her cows,  
And the Peerless of Pearls is  
    More precious than leaves !

<sup>1</sup> The honey of Hymettus.

Ní'l aon fear le fáḡaíl  
 San b-ḡraíne ná ran Sbáinne,  
 Naḡ b-ḡuál a dōíḡin do céile,  
 A b-péarla an cúil báin!

Do rḡrḡbḡead ḡo h-anḡ,  
 Le caol péanne an clár,  
 'S do ḡeinneḡead porḡ héata,  
 An téadaḡa pḡaír.

Da naḡaínnḡe lem' rḡḡ,  
 ḡaoí cóill uaiḡneac ná ḡ-ḡḡḡ,  
 Nō an an ḡḡaoíḡin maíḡin aoíḡinn,  
 ḡan ḡrḡnaḡḡ aín céḡ,

Jr meadḡnaḡ ḡan ḡ-dōíḡ,  
 Bhéarḡuánnḡ duiḡ pḡḡ,  
 A ḡealtan bḡeaz ḡúnnḡe,  
 'S a plúr ná ḡ-ban ḡḡ.

ḡḡo ḡneac a' r mo léan!  
 Naḡ ḡom an tírrí ḡo léin,  
 Jr ḡ ran ḡo ḡ-buaíleann ḡe,  
 Bḡuaḡ loḡa léin<sup>1</sup>!

Do ḡeabáinnḡ ruaínnḡear ḡ'ḡ b-pḡinn,  
 'S móḡ-ḡuid do'ḡ ḡ-raoḡal,  
 Le rḡuaíne an roíḡḡ uaiḡne,<sup>3</sup>  
 B'ḡeárrí tuaínnḡḡ 'r méinn!

<sup>1</sup> The ancient name for the Lakes of Killarney.

<sup>2</sup> Pron. "*Stor-yeen*."

<sup>3</sup> Roíḡḡ uaiḡne, *green eyes*. The reader may perhaps be surprised at this colour being esteemed beautiful by the Irish poet, and sneer at the epithet if there be any west-britonism, which is synonymous with presumptuous ignorance, in his mind. There are two Irish words which the poverty of the English language can only translate with one; these are ḡlar and uaiḡne, which are rendered as "green," but they express two very different shades of that colour, both of which may be observed in the eyes of various individuals. The second word used by this bard is perhaps best translated by the fol-

That pure Star of Love  
 Draws chieftains to rove,  
 High chieftains and lords from  
     The lands of the vine ;

And to accents of fire,  
 Rings the sweet-sounding wire,  
 As they pour forth their love for  
     This *Pearla* divine !

If see her I could  
 In some lone nutty wood,  
 Or on hill, 'mid dawn-odors,  
     When light mists up-roll,

My love I'd reveal,  
 And a soft kiss I'd steal,  
 From this bright-beaming star—from  
     This Flower of my soul !

My wounding ! my grief !  
 Of these vales I'm 'not chief—  
 Were the lands to Loch Lein's  
     Pleasant waters my own,

I'd have life, long in days,  
 Gay joy without haze,  
 For that green-eyed *stoirin*<sup>2</sup> would  
     On me be bestown !

lowing extract from Longfellow's *Spanish Student*. These quotations also demonstrate that a similar apprehension and appreciation of the Beautiful exist in Erin, Spain, and Italy, and may be accepted as a slight but sure indication of that co-sanguinity of the inhabitants of these Lands for which some historians have contended. •

VICTORIAN.—“How is that young and *green-eyed* Gaditana  
     That you both wot of?” \* \* \*

DON CARLOS.—“Ay, soft *emerald* eyes !”

VICTORIAN.—\* \* \* “A pretty girl ; and in her tender eyes  
     Just that soft shade of *green* we sometimes see  
     In evening skies”

*Spanish Student, Act II. sc. 3.*

Napoleon's eyes are mentioned as having been *brun-vert*, literally *brown-green*, and I have observed among the peasantry of Munster

Shian coir na tríaḡa,  
 Do cōmhuiḡean mo ḡráḡ,  
 Jr ḡile í ná'n rneac̃ta,  
       'S ná'n t-aiḡḡlod bán!

'Sí an réaltan ḡan cáim,  
 Do cúir na cēad̃ta cum báir,  
 'S aḡc̃imre aḡr Whuine,  
       ḡo d-tḡḡḡ rí rlan!

Who c̃neac̃ 'r mo ḡḡc̃,  
 Whar jr ḡháac̃ mé'm luiḡe,  
 Le h-uinearbaḡ mo r̃l̃aḡte,  
       Jr bán boct mo ḡnaoḡ!

Le ḡráḡ rearc̃ do'n mhaḡ,  
 Do r̃aḡaḡḡ mé'm c̃moḡde;  
 'S d'f̃aḡ m̃re lan-laḡ  
       ḡo d-tráctad do ḡ c̃ll!

individuals possessing this dark-green hue. The Spaniards have long admired and celebrated this colour in many a Villancico, ex. :—

“Ay, ojuelos verdes  
 Ay los mis ojuelos  
 Ay hagan los cielos  
 Que de mí te acuerdes!

\* \* \* \*

Tenge confianza  
 De mis verdes ojos.”—*Bohl de Faber.*

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Far west, by the shore,  
Lives the love I adore,  
She's more bright than the silver—  
More white than the snow!

She's the star shining sure,  
She's the flower blooming pure!  
O thou, sweet Virgin Mother!  
Keep—keep her from woe!

My wounding! my loss!  
I lie low 'neath my cross,  
While health fleeth from me,  
Come pallor and gloom;

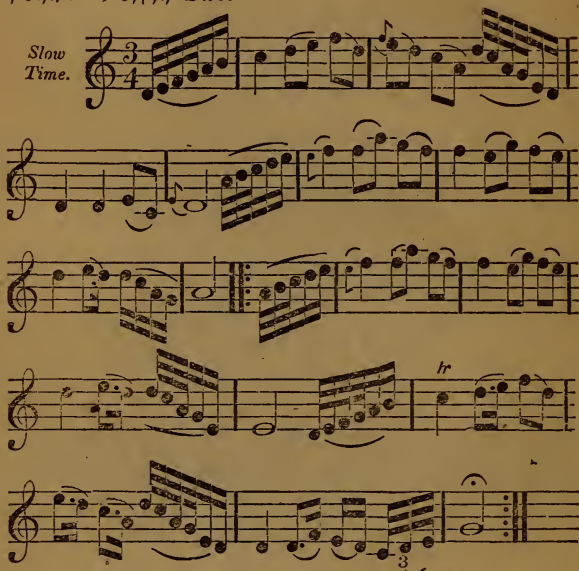
For a weary heart knows  
No cure for its woes,  
But my cure that comes swiftly,  
The rest of the tomb!

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds: *Purgat.* xxvi. Lami says in his *Annotazioni*:—"Erano i suoi occhi d'un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare." For a short essay on this interesting subject see "*The Harp Magazine*," No. IV.—ER.

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## AN CAOLEACH RUADH.

Fonh :—Róirín Dub.



Níor b-fada bíor an leaba am luíge,  
 Nuairt glaothaí á amúc;  
 Bhí caoí leimh a n-deirgeart oíche,  
 An caoí eac ruad?  
 A Bharrtaí á n-oidhe an ad coidla 'taoim,  
 Nó cnead é ríon oit;  
 Preab ad fúige go d-taíar linn,  
 Agus réac an d-toim?



## THE SLIGHT RED STEED.

AIR:—" *Roisin Dubh.*"

THIS song is known about Carrick-on-Suir by the name of the *Caol eac ruadh*, or slender red steed; but in the County of Cork it receives the title of *an bharraic bhoirdhe*, the Valiant Barry. It is one of those soul-stirring effusions written during the troublous times of Ninety-Eight,—unfortunately we cannot trace the writer's name. It is written to that beautiful old air the *Róirín Dubh*, i.e., black-haired little Rosa, another of those allegorical names which the penal laws compelled our bards to call Ireland. There are two versions of the original song at p. 210 of the first series of the Munster Poets, to which we would refer the curious reader.

To narrow minds there is nothing can palliate errors but success. These are they who join in the bray against the ancient Irish, saying, "They were always fighting among themselves—they were half savages." This accusation they never speak against England, (where it would be true), because England has had *success*. The disembowelling, the burning alive, the quartering, the impaling of heads, the torment of the torture, the rebelling against, the disfigurement, blinding, and murder of kinsmen by kingly kinsmen, are all overlooked because England has had *success*! These barbarities were not known among the Irish; the Brehon laws prove their "most delicate sense of justice," and yet the ignorant and lying are to be seen spewing out their foul and slanderous lies against them. These are they who, on reading that some battles in '98 were lost by drink, will immediately accuse the Irish of having been drunkards. They have not ability to examine the question, and to observe that in the case of half-famished men a very moderate amount of liquor will produce inebriety.—ER.

I slept when—O wonder!

Dread sounds precede,

And thro' south-clouds<sup>1</sup> in thunder

Burst a knight and steed!

"What—bard! dost thou slumber,

Or hast thou life?

Rouse, rouse—lo, our number

Is armed for strife!"

<sup>1</sup> Aid was then expected from the *South*, i.e., France.

Do ġlac mé bjoðġa, ȝeȝt, 'r lionað,  
 Trém' nēalta ruaiṇ;  
 'S dob' fada bi mé ȝan fokal caiṇte,  
 Do béarraiṇu uaiṇ;  
 Allur fuiȝeað do ȝeaðað rjor,  
 Ȝo tréan dam' ȝruað,  
 Ba ȝearri ȝan moġll ȝur þreab óm' taidbre,  
 Ari caoġl eað ruað!

Jonari liort do bi daðað mġle,  
 Do řéim-řiri ruaiṇc;  
 Do élanha Wġleað faoġ ariṇ lioriṭa,  
 'S iad déanṭa ruar;  
 Do řiaṛraiȝeara ȝo tapað dġob řan,  
 Ca moġceað řiad cuan;  
 Nô a m-beið' Ȝaġll a d-talaṇ řiṇreari,  
 Ari nȜaoġdeġl ȝo buan?

A d-torað rúṇ do ruariar núaðact,  
 Na māṛte a nēi;  
 Dar an leaðari ba taidṇioṃað liomra,  
 Caoġ ȝað řȝéġl,  
 Ȝur baiṇeað Lonṇduṇ 'r Port Mačȝaiṇha,<sup>1</sup>  
 Do'n řtat a nēi,  
 Ȝur þreab an Wġuġc ari eað cum řiúbaġl,  
 'S ȝo m-beið an la le Ȝaoġdeġl.

Da d-tiȝeað rúd mari act řan dúġtce,  
 Ba þreáz an řȝéal!  
 Ari m-baiṭe dútcaġl le řealbuȝað 'ȝuiṇ,  
 Ȝað la d'ari řaoȝal;  
 Ari řȝata cú ȝað maiṇlioriṇ dñúcta,  
 Ari řtaġd-eġc caol,  
 'S ȝo m-beið' na búri da ðearbúȝað,  
 Ȝur řiṇn māȝaiṛciṇ *game*!

<sup>1</sup> Port Mačȝaiṇha, Portumna.

I sprung pale and affrighted  
 In my visioned dream,  
 All voiceless, benighted  
 I long time seem.  
 The sweat-drops rolled under,  
 By terror freed,  
 And my soul went in wonder  
 On the Slight Red Steed !

Soon, thousands of warriors  
 We stood among,  
 In a *lios*<sup>2</sup>—armed barriers  
 'Gainst Grief and Wrong !  
 Then queried I, sudden,  
 That brave, bright band,  
 “Should the Gael aye be trodden  
 In their Fathers' Land ?”

A response of great glory  
 Rolled back to me,  
 By my hand ! 'twas a story  
 Of rapturous glee !  
 For the vile clans of London  
 They now must quail,  
 And be shattered and undone  
 Before the Gael.

What gladness for Ireland !  
 What a day for all !  
 When in freedom-crown'd sireland  
 We've hill and hall.  
 When each gay, dewy morning  
 Our troops a-horse  
 Shall gaze down in scorning  
 On the Saxon corse !

<sup>2</sup> *Lios*—A fortified place. The remains of *lios*a are plentifully scattered over this country, and are now popularly supposed to be inhabited by the fairies. The slight, red steed is not a new acquaintance to adepts in Irish Mythology, and may probably be ranked as of the same species with the *ἵππος*.—ER.

Do źlac mē ƿon ̇ cum dul a nuŋn,  
 Tap ƿaile a 3-cēŋ!  
 A3 mear3úda ŋa ƿeabac c3uŋ,  
 A3a la3d3ŋ, t3eān,  
 Da deapbú3ad 3o b-ƿu3l aŋ m-ba3lte dútća3ŋ,  
 A3 aŋ ŋāmā3d ŋaŋ ŋ-dē33,  
 A3aŋ bā3ŋ aŋ ƿúd tā mo 3la3c 3o b3rú33te,  
 Ó ŋ ƿāmān, mo léan!

A Ror ŋ3c T3eo3ŋ,<sup>1</sup> mo 3alaŋ dúbać,  
 B33 aŋ cā3ŋad aŋ 3haodē3l!  
 Daćad m3le do aŋm l3oŋća,  
 ƿaod lan ŋea3t ƿléaŋ;  
 T3heap33ŋaodmā3ŋ ŋa tā3ŋte d3o3 ƿaŋ,  
 A d-túr aŋ lae!  
 'S aŋ b-ƿea3a3b 33o3de 3uŋ a d-ta333e ƿu33eā3,  
 Le dú3l ƿaŋ m-b3aodŋ!

J3 ƿada aŋ A3húŋmā3ŋ<sup>2</sup> ŋa codla 3aŋ múr3a3lte,  
 'Nuā3ŋ b3 aŋ cā3 dā ƿlé3d;  
 A3u3 ƿlú3-ƿ3oć ćlaŋŋa U3lta3d,  
 3o h-a3d dā ŋ3laodāć:  
 J3 é lē33d ŋa h-ú3da3ŋ aŋ leabā3 aŋ ćúŋta3ŋ  
 J3 aŋ ƿā3 ŋa ŋaom,  
 J3 m3ć3d dú3ŋŋe ƿea3ta múr3a3lte  
 Nó tā'ŋ dāta aŋ ƿt3ae!

<sup>1</sup> Ror ŋ3c T3eo3ŋ, New Ross, in the county of Wexford, where the United Irishmen suffered the last and final defeat through the baneful influence of whiskey. See note to "*Sliav na man*" in this book.—J. O'D.

Then longed I with yearning  
 To cross the wave,  
 And haste the returning  
 Of our exiled Brave.  
 To tell :—"Tho' the foemen  
 Rule our cities through,  
 Our hearts unto no men  
 But them are true."

'Twas Ross, ah my sickness!  
 That crusht the Gael.  
 On our serried rank's thickness  
 Hailed war's wild hail.  
 Back we hurled it, and spoiled, too,  
 Their courage at morn,  
 But our brav'ry was foiled thro'  
 The drink of scorn.

Long Munster did slumber  
 When her help was worth,  
 Tho' Ulster's brave number  
 Did call her forth.  
 Hear GOD's voice of thunder,  
 Thus our saints speak alike,  
 " 'TIS TIME NOW TO SUNDER  
 FROM SLEEP, AND STRIKE!"

<sup>2</sup> Μουνστη, *Munster*. Here again my native province is upbraided for her inactivity, in forgetfulness that she had given the Sheares's and others to the cause, whilst the Ultonians are lauded for the effort they made to liberate their native land.—J. O'D.

## ԱՆ ՇՐԱՕԵԲԻՆ ԱՅԵԲԻՆՆ.

ՏԵԱՅԽԱՆ Օ՛ՇԱԿՆՆԵԱՅԱԿՆ ԽՈ ՇԽԱՆ.

ԲՈՒՆ:—“Ան Շրաօեբին Այեբինն Աստուծոյն.”

ՏՍԺ քարտա ԼԵ մԻԱՆ ՅԱՇ ԵԼԻԱՅԱՆ ԱՅ ԵՐԱՇԵ,  
 ԱՐ-ՅՆՅՈՒՄԻՅԵԱՇԵ ԼԱՕԻՐԻՅ՝<sup>2</sup> Ը՛ԱՐԺԱՅԵԱՐ ՅԼԵՕ,  
 ՅՈ ԵԱՐԱ ՄԵԱՐ ԵԼԱՆ Ա Յ-ՇԻԱՆ ԼԵ ՆԱԽԱԻԺ,  
 ՅՈ Յ-ՇԼԱՕԻԾԵԱՆ ԵԼՅՈԲ ՄԻԼԵ ԱՐ ԼԱՐ ԲԱՕԻ ԵՐՕՆ!  
 ՈՅ ԵՐԱԾԲԱԾ ԱՐ ՆՅԼԻԱԾԱԿՆԵ ԲՅԼԻԱՇ ՆԱ Մ-ԵԱՆ Մ-ԵՐԱՇ,<sup>3</sup>  
 ԾՈ ՅԵԱՐԻԱԾ ՆԱ Ե-ՔԻԱՐԵ ՆՅԱՐԵ-ՔԻԱՇ Ա՛Ր ՆՅԻԱՆԱ,  
 ԱԿԵՄԵ ԱՆ ԱԼԸ ՆԱ ԼԵԱԵԱՐ Ն-ԾԱԵ ԴԱ Յ-ՇԼԱՕՆ ԵԼԻՅԵ  
 ԵՐԱՆԲԱԾ,

ԾԱՄ ՇՐԱՕԵԲԻՆ ԱՅԵԲԻՆՆ ԱՍԽԱՆ ՕՅ!

ԵԱ ԱԼԵԱ ԵՐԻԱԼԵԱ Յ-ՇԼԻԱԾ ԼԵ Խ-ԱՇԱՐ,  
 ԱՅ ԲԻՐ-ՄԱՅԾԵԱՄ ԵԼՅՈՂԱԼԵԱՐ ԲԱ ԵՐԻՅ ՄՕԻԺ!  
 ՏԻՐ ՅԱԻՄԺ ՅՈ Մ-ԵԼԻԱԾ ՛ՇՈ ԲԻԱԾԱՇ ԱՆ ԵԱՆ-ՔԱԼԸ,  
 ՅՈ ԵԻՆՆ ԵՐԵ ԵԼՅՈՐԵԱ ԲԽԵԱՐՅԱՐ ՄՕԻՐ.  
 ՇԼԱՆՆԱ ՆԱ ԵՐԻԱՐԱԾ ԵԼԻԱՆԲԱԾ ԲԱՐԱՄ,  
 Ա Ե-ԵՐԵԱՐՅԱԻՐԵ ԱՆ ՔԻԱԾ ԵԱ ԵԼԻԱԾԵԱ ԱՐ ԲԱՐԱՇ,  
 ԼԵ ԱՆԲԱԾ Դ ԲՅԵԻՄԼԵ ԵՐԻԵԺ ԼԵ ԵԱՐԱՇԵ,  
 ՛Տ ԵԵԺ ՄՈ ՇՐԱՕԵԲԻՆ ԱՅԵԲԻՆՆ ԼԱՆ ԾՈ ԲԲՕՐԵ.

ԵԼԻԱԾ ԱՆ Ե-ԱՇԱՐԱՐ ԱԼԼԻԱՄ<sup>4</sup> ԱՅ ՄԻԱՐ ԱՐ ԵՐԱԼԵՐԻԵ,  
 Ա Յ-ԵՐԻՇ ԵՕԻՄԺ ՇՅՈԻՆ<sup>5</sup> ՇԵ ԵԱ ԼԱՅ ԲՕՐ;  
 ՅՈ ՄԵԱՆԱՄՆԱՇ, ՄԻԱՂԱԼԵԱ, ԵԼԻԱԾԱ, ԵՐԱԽԵՇԵԱՇ,  
 ԱՅ ԲԻՐ-ԲՆԻԾԵԱՄ ՅՐԻՆՆ ԴԵ ԼԱՆ ԾՈ ԲՅՕՐ.  
 Օ ԵԱԼԼԵԱԾ Ա ՆՅԼԻԱԾ ՆՈ Ե-ՔԻԱՆՆ ԱՆ Խ-ԱՇԱՇ<sup>6</sup>  
 ԼԵ ՅԱԼԻՐՈՆԻԱՐ ԵՅՅ ԻԱԾ ԵՄ ՆԱԿԵ;  
 ԵՐ ԱԻԵ ԱՆ ԲԱԼԸ Ա ԼԵԱԵԱԾ ԵԽԻՆՅ, Ա Ե-ՔԻՕՐԱՕԻԵ ԱՐԾԱ,  
 ՛Տ Ա ԵԱՕԻ ԵՐ ԵԻՆՆ ԼԻՆՆ ՆԱ ԵԱԿՆԵ ԾՈ՛Ն Ե-ԲՕՐԵ!

<sup>1</sup> Ան Շրաօեբին Այեբինն, *The Delightful Little Branch*, By this epithet Ireland is allegorically meant.

<sup>2</sup> ԼաօրեաՇ, i.e., Louis of France.

<sup>3</sup> ԵԱՆ ԵՐԱՇ, i.e., the French colours.

<sup>4</sup> The Rev. William English.

## THE CRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM SANG.

AIR:—" *Craoibhin Aoibhin Aluinn Og.*"<sup>7</sup>

O, henceforth raise the song of rapture  
 Sing how our heroes' actions glow!  
 Afar, the foeman has fall'n their capture!  
 Their flaming swords laid thousands low.  
 They'll stay not now for shield nor banner,  
 Till crusht the foe of black dishonour,  
 Till they've freed for ever from the foes that ban her  
 Mo chraoibhin, aoibhin, aluinn og!

Brave Alba<sup>8</sup> girds her loins in gladness,  
 Calling for vengeance on the foe;  
 She smiles to think of his yelling madness  
 When chased through Fergus-land he'll go.  
 She cries "Revenge upon those vile hands  
 Which tracked the brave stag of the Highlands."  
 O, soon he'll come unto these Islands—  
 To craoibhin, aoibhin, aluinn og!

Our poet priest and holy friars  
 Once more in Conn's-lands faith will sow;  
 They'll twine joy's roses instead of briars,  
 Most pure, celestial lives they'll show.  
 For Hawk's troops now are strewn and sunder'd,  
 Defeat and shame o'er foes have thunder'd,  
 And the knaves hang high who long have plundered  
 Mo chraoibhin aoibhin, aluinn og!

<sup>5</sup> This is Conn of the Hundred Battles.

<sup>6</sup> h-acach, Lord Hawk, the English naval commander who fought against the French.

<sup>7</sup> Pronounced "*mo chreevin, eevin, aulin o!*" It symbolizes our Native Land, and means literally "my little-bough pleasant, beautiful, young;" this expression being applicable to a youthful maiden as "scion" is used in English to designate a descendant.—Er.

<sup>8</sup> Scotland.

Ա չ-սէլմ համած շարժմ հարի բաւժեարի խալիս օրտ,  
 Շարժմ քառ շօր քալ ինչ ան քրծիւ,  
 Ա քառ-ճալճ շարժմ ծ'քալ աքալ արքաճ,  
 Ըլօթեան քառքալ Քիլի օ ինչած ան ծօլծ,  
 Ըլ քառ քիլ ծօլ ինչ ան ալմ ան լաճալ,  
 Տալ լաճ Նալի քալիս ան լալ-քալիս;  
 Ըլ քառ քալիս ան քալիս-քալիս, Ըլ քառ քալիս-քալիս  
 Ըլ քալիս-քալիս,<sup>1</sup>  
 'Տ ի քալիս ան շարժմ ծօլ քալիս ծ'քալիս քալիս  
 լալ!

## ՏԵՐՔԱԾԻ ԱՆ ԲԱՏ ԱՐ ԸՆԴԱՐԾ ԸՆԴԱԾ<sup>2</sup>

Ա քառքալ ինչ քալիս,  
 Ըլ քալիս լալ մե ինչ!  
 'Տ հար քալիս քալիս ան ծօլ քալիս,  
 Նա ինչքալ քալիս ան ծօլ;  
 ի քալիս ինչ ան ինչ,  
 Ըլ քալիս ծօլ քալիս ան ծօլ ինչ,  
 'Տ լալ ծօլ քալիս ան ինչ,<sup>3</sup>  
 Նա լալ քալիս քալիս ինչ!

ՏԵՐՔԱԾ ան ինչ ան լալիս լալ  
 լալ քալիս լալ ինչ լա;  
 'Տ ինչքալ լալ լալ լալ լալ,  
 Ան լալ լալ լալ լալ լալ լալ լալ;

<sup>1</sup> Ըլ քալիս, *knight of the Red Branch*. The history of this hero will be found in the *Ըլ քալիս*, now preparing for publication by the OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

<sup>2</sup> This song is the effusion of an artless country girl to an unfaithful swain, and is characterised by that simplicity of style and language peculiar to the humbler classes of the Irish peasantry. It is entirely free from that redundancy of epithets, and compound words, &c., which mark the compositions of those versed in classical literature, in which the reader will find frequent mention made of Helen, Venus, Mars, Minerva, Neptune, Thetis, &c. intended



May never foeman dim thy glory,  
 But joy to thee as tribute flow,  
 Chaste bard!<sup>4</sup> whose sires were famed in story,  
 Let Fionn's sharp sword in thy right hand glow.  
 I, too, shall share thy fight, undaunted,  
 Give thee Naesi's shield and Connall's vaunted  
 War-mail for Freedom. Oh, may Heav'n grant it  
 To craoibhin, aoibhin, aluinn og!

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### DEATH'S DOLEFUL VISIT.

O youth, so proved and grateful!  
 You've covered me with grief,  
 You mind not my heart's breaking,  
 Nor think to give relief;  
 How black to you and shaming,  
 If you save me not from blaming,  
 Who swore upon the Manual  
 To ne'er leave me 'neath grief!

Death will come to seek you  
 A small half-hour ere day,  
 And for each guileful action  
 He'll make you strictly pay.

to show the profound learning of the writer, and how thoroughly conversant he was with heathen lore, whilst entirely forgetting his own fairy mythology, as well as the heroines and heroes of ancient Ireland.—J. O'D.

<sup>3</sup> *Manáil*. The English word manual, a Catholic prayer-book, is Irecised here.

<sup>4</sup> It was often the custom of the bards of the last century to correspond in rhyme. The present communication was addressed to *Eamonn do Nogla*, a Cork tailor, who courted the Muses more than he did the goose or the thimble. The author, Seaan O'Cuinneagain, flourished in the year 1737, (see *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, first series, p. 169) and wrote several beautiful compositions now current among the Munster peasantry.—J. O'D.

Beid tú an rúimín uaiɜneac,<sup>1</sup>  
 'S brat lín ban anuar ort,  
 'S nár breac i an áicéise 'huair rín,  
 D'a m'féidín i fáɜal!

Jr caíín beaɜ ɜan ɜruaim me  
 A b-fuyl ruailcear an mo ɜlór,  
 Nár éarlad beart ar tuaɜal,  
 ɜur carad turad am éóín,  
 Ahoir ó tá tú aɜ ɜluairéacɜ,  
 Aɜur cúl do laíha ɜo luaɜ líom,  
 Aho cúíha má ééɜím ran uaiɜ leat,  
 Jr dúbaɜ duir mar ɜɜeól!

Do éuiréínn ɜlaɜt ar ɜhóð duir  
 ɜan mórur óm' laím;  
 Ar léíne hó ar éóta,  
 Nó ar ɜtocaɜ cúl ɜan éaim:—  
 Da m-buailéad ɜmóir ná ceó tu,  
 Chuiréínn tú níɜ a n-óíɜe,  
 'S da d-ɜiocraɜ ɜur me póraɜ,  
 Bheid' an níɜ ɜlórimar nár laím!

Seal dam' aimrín bíora,  
 ɜan uiréarbaɜ bíɜe ná éadaíɜ;  
 Aɜ ríubal a mearɜ mo ɜaodalta,  
 Aɜ tuilleam clú 'rda fáɜal:—  
 Bhíð mear aɜ ɜall 'raɜ ɜaol oim,  
 ɜur meall tú le ɜlór do béil me,  
 Jr é teacɜaíne éuirim ná déíɜ ort,  
 Ríɜ ɜléíɜíol ná nɜíar.

<sup>1</sup> Rúimín uaiɜneac, *a solitary or uninhabited apartment*, by which is meant the grave.—J. O'D.

<sup>2</sup> Vulgo, colleen.

In the small room, you'll lie lonely,  
 The white sheet round you only,  
 How gladly you'd do penance  
     Could you *then* but find the way.

I was a gloomless *cailin*,<sup>1</sup>  
     And joy was in my voice,  
 But you brought the sorrow with you,  
     No more could I rejoice.  
 And now since you're forsaking,  
 And your path from me are taking,  
 If thro' you I die, in mourning,  
     How black will seem that choice!

I'd manage all your household,  
     With skilful hand so well,  
 Your hose and shirt and *cota*<sup>3</sup>  
     Would be fairest in the dell ;  
 If grief's dark clouds hung o'er you  
 To youth I would restore you,<sup>4</sup>  
 O, wed me—and the Glory  
     Of God shall with us dwell !

I had once no lack of clothing,  
     Of food or dwelling place,  
 I earned good fame and won it  
     Among my kindred's race ;  
 Nor could Gall or Gael upbraid me  
 Till your false voice—it betray'd me—  
 But the Envoy I send with you  
     Is the Most High King of Grace !

<sup>3</sup> *Cota*, a coat. It is probable that the English language is indebted for the names of many articles of dress to the Irish, ex. trousers from *truis*, &c., &c.—ER.

<sup>4</sup> This, as well as the whole poem, is closely literal.

'S a cōmarrā cōmōde nā pāiṇte,  
 Nac cṛāiḍte beid mē nōct ;  
 'S nāc dūbač do beid' mē māriac,  
 Nuairi nā beid tū 'zām :—  
 Do bṛiṛ tū aṇ cṛōiḍe am' lāiṛa,  
 'S d'fāz tū mē zo cṛāiḍte,  
 Seo pōz nō dō le zṛāḍ duiṛ  
 Fā b-fāzfaḍ tura me !

### AN SPAILPÍN FÁINACH,<sup>1</sup>

Fonṇ :—"An cailín d'fāz mē am dēiṣre."

Zo deō deō nīṛ nī nāzad zo Cairreal  
 Aḡ dīol nā nēic mo fīlāiṇte ;  
 Nā aṛ iṇarzaḍ nā rāoiṇe am fūiḡe coir balla,  
 Am rzaoiṇiṛi aṛ leač-taoiḃ rriāiḍe :—  
 Bodaṛiḡḡ,<sup>2</sup> nā tīṇe aḡ tīḡeačt aṛ a z-capaiḡl,  
 Da fīarriaiḍe aṇ b-fūiḡim h-iṇāḡta,  
 Téaṇam cūm rīubaiḡl, tā'n cúiṛa fada  
 Seo aṛ rīubal aṇ Spailpín Fáinach !

Am Spailpín fánač fāzbaḍ mīre,  
 Aḡ rearaiṇ aṛ mo fīlāiṇte ;  
 Aḡ rīubal aṇ dṛiúčta zo moč aṛ maiḡiṇ,  
 'S aḡ baiḡiḡzaḍ zalaṛi nāiṇče !

<sup>1</sup> This song is not much older than the beginning of the present century, and is the production of an itinerant potatoe digger from Kerry who suffered some hardship among the farmers of Tipperary and Kilkenny, a class of men who though willing to pay the highest amount of wages to their men, yet require adequate labour in return. However, the Kerry *spalpeens*, as they are called, are an object of hatred to their fellows of Tipperary, where shoals of them muster from the Kerry mountains to earn a few shillings during the potato-digging season, and hire themselves far below the natives, for which they are severely punished. In the beginning of the present century many of the Kerry men had their ears, or one of them at least, cut off as a punishment for lowering the market

My love ! my heart's own neighbor !  
 How lorn am I to-night—  
 How dark I'll be to-morrow,  
 And you upon your flight !  
 You've broke life's wall before me,  
 And death's chill blast blows o'er me,  
 Yet take one kiss, my darling,  
 Before you leave my sight !

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### THE SPAILPIN FANACH.<sup>3</sup>

AIR :—" *The girl I left behind me.*"

No more—no more in Cashel town  
 I'll sell my health a-raking,  
 Nor on days of fairs rove up and down,  
 Nor join the merry-making.  
 There, mounted farmers came in throng  
 To try and hire me over,  
 But now I'm hired, and my journey's long,  
 The journey of the Rover !

I've found, what rovers often do,  
 I trod my health down fairly,  
 And that wand'ring out on morning's dew  
 Will gather fevers early.

wages. The mode of detecting a Kerry man from other Munster men was as follows. All the *spalpeens*, who slept huddled together in a barn or outhouse, were called up at night, and each man in his turn was obliged to pronounce the word *ḡabair*, a goat, in Irish ; when the long, sharp tone of the Kerry man betrayed him, and immediately his ear was cut off. It is said that *Coḡan Ruad* the poet had a narrow escape of losing both ears on one occasion.—J. O'D.

<sup>2</sup> *bodairíde*, a term of contempt somewhat similar to upstart applied by daily labourers to their employers the farmers.—J. O'D.

<sup>3</sup> It is my opinion from internal evidence that this ballad was composed by some person recruited for the "wild-geese."—ER.

Ní feicfeair corán<sup>1</sup> am laim cum bairte,  
 Súirt na fear beag namhainne,  
 Ait *colours* na b-Frannhaic ór cionn mo leapcán,  
 'S *pike* aзам cum ráidte !

Go Callainn<sup>2</sup> 'nuair éiríim 'r mo *hook* am glaic,  
 'S mé an ruid a d-torac gearraic ;  
 'S 'nuair éiríim go Dúiblinn<sup>3</sup> 'ré clú bíón ca,  
 Seo cúgair an Spairpín Fánach :  
 Cuirneodáid me ciall 'r tuiallrad a baile,  
 'S claoirdread real le m' mairtín ;  
 'Sgo bráic aníir ní glaoðfar m'ainim,  
 San tír reo " An Spairpín Fánach !"

Ao cúig céad rlan cum dútaide m'atar,  
 Auzur cum an Oileain<sup>4</sup> gnáthmar ;  
 'S cum buacailíde na Cúlac ór díob nár mairde,  
 A h-aimríir cáirda na gairdan :—  
 Ait anoir ó taimre am cáidín-boct dealb,  
 A mearz na h-dútaide fágaín reo,  
 Ir é mo cúma croidre mar fuair mé an gairim,  
 Bheir naí am " Spairpín Fánach !"

A g-Ciarraige an gúinn do gearbtaoi an aingir,  
 Go m'fionn le fear ruike laim lé ;  
 Na m-beid' lara tui lítir na ghaoi mar alad,  
 'Sa cúl fionn fada fáingioic ;  
 A cruinne éioa naí nár rgaíread,  
 'Sa mala caol mar ínaicid ;  
 Ir móir go m'gearr liom í na rraoill<sup>5</sup> o Challainn  
 Na m-beid' na céadta punt le fágaíl léi !

<sup>1</sup> Corán, a reaping hook or sickle.—J. O'D.

<sup>2</sup> Callainn, Callan in the county of Kilkenny.—J. O'D.

<sup>3</sup> Dúiblinn, literally the black lake, an ancient name for Dublin.

No more shall flail swing o'er my head,  
 Nor my hand a spade-shaft cover,  
 But the Banner of France float o'er my bed,  
 And the PIKE stand by the Rover !

When to Callan, once, with hook in hand,  
 I'd go to early shearing,  
 Or to Dublin town—the news was grand  
 That the “ Rover gay” was nearing.  
 And soon with good gold home I'd go,  
 And my mother's field dig over—  
 But no more—no more this land shall know  
 My name as the “ Merry Rover !”

Five hundred farewells to Fatherland !  
 To my loved and lovely Island !  
 And to Culach's boys—they'd better stand  
 Her guards by glenn and highland.  
 But now that *I* am poor and lone,  
 A wand'rer—*not* in clover—  
 My heart it sinks with bitter moan  
 To have ever lived a Rover.

In pleasant Kerry lives a girl,  
 A girl whom I love dearly,  
 Her cheek's a rose, her brow's a pearl,  
 And her blue eyes shine so clearly !  
 Her long fair locks fall curling down  
 O'er a breast untouched by lover ;  
 More dear than dames with a hundred poun'  
 Is she unto the Rover !

<sup>4</sup> Oplean, *Castle Island* is referred to here.

<sup>5</sup> Spaoil, a slovenly, untidy person ; by which the “ Jolly Rover” designates the Kilkenny girls, who, according to his account, could not bear comparison with those of Kerry.—J. O'D.

Jr nò breaz̃ jr cuimh̃n lhom mo daoine beic̃ realad  
 Shiañ az droic̃ead Th̃aile;<sup>1</sup>  
 Faoi buaib̃, faoi c̃aoine, faoi laoĩz beaz̃ zeala,  
 'Sur capaill̃ añ le h-aiur̃oñ :—  
 B'ẽ toil̃ Chrĩord̃ zur̃ cuinead̃ r̃inñ arda,  
 'S zõ n-deac̃amãñ a leat̃ ar̃ r̃laiñte;  
 'S zur̃ b'ẽ buir̃ mo c̃noidẽ añ z̃ac̃ t̃iñ d̃a mãcam̃,  
*Call here you " Spair̃p̃iñ Fanach !"*

Dã d-t̃izead̃ añ F̃rañneac̃<sup>2</sup> a nall̃ tar̃ calãic̃,  
 'S a c̃ampã dãñz̃ioñ, lãid̃iñ;  
 Azur̃ Bóic̃ O'Th̃ada<sup>3</sup> c̃ú̃z̃ãinñ a bãile,  
 'S Tãd̃z̃ bõc̃t̃ r̃iall̃ O'D̃alãĩz̃ :—  
 Do beic̃ *Barracks* añ ñĩz̃ zõ lé̃iñ d̃a leãz̃ad̃,  
 Azur̃ *yeomen* az̃ũinñ d̃a z̃-cãr̃na;  
 Clãñnã Th̃aol̃ z̃ac̃ am̃ d̃a d-t̃hẽar̃z̃ãinñ,  
 Siñ cab̃ãiñ az̃ añ " Spair̃p̃iñ Fanach !"  


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## CUISLE SHO CHROJDHE.

Dõ c̃uz̃ar̃ z̃iãd̃ cl̃éib̃ dũit̃ a r̃p̃é̃ir̃bẽañ ar̃ d-t̃úr̃,  
 O lé̃izẽar̃ mõ r̃ú̃il̃ ar̃ dõ bãñ-c̃hẽir̃;  
 Dõ b'fẽãir̃ lhom̃ ñã bólãc̃t̃ bãd̃ bãnã 'zur̃ dú̃bã,  
 Zõ m-bẽic̃eã 'rañ z̃-c̃ú̃ñzẽ az̃ am̃ m̃ãc̃ãiñ:  
 Bhẽĩd̃' dõ leãbãd̃ ñó̃m̃ad̃ c̃ó̃ll̃ỹz̃t̃ẽ õ l̃ó̃ aññr̃ añ r̃ú̃m̃,  
 'S dõ m̃ãc̃ã brẽaz̃ b̃ó̃ aññ leat̃ lẽ c̃r̃ú̃d̃,  
 Ch̃ũir̃f̃inñ bũclaõĩ ad̃' b̃r̃ó̃zã lũad̃ c' ñó̃ñnẽac̃ nõ  
 r̃ú̃inñt̃,  
 'Sã r̃c̃ó̃ir̃ d̃il̃ ñã tãbãr̃fãd̃ dõ lãim̃ d̃am̃ !

<sup>1</sup> Th̃aile, the river Galey or Gale, in the county of Kerry, for a description of which, see Smith's Kerry, pp. 213, 338. On its borders the poet's ancestors were located.—J. O'D.

<sup>2</sup> Añ F̃rañneac̃, *the French*. Here again is another look out for the Frenchman!



Ah, well I mind when my own men drove  
 My cattle in no small way,  
 With cows, with sheep, with calves they'd move,  
 With steeds, too, west to Galey;  
 Heaven willed I'd lose each horse and cow,  
 And my health but half recover,  
 But it breaks my heart, for *her* sake, now  
 That I'm only a sorry Rover.

But when once the French come o'er the main,  
 With stout camps in each valley,  
 With Buck O'Grady back again,  
 And poor, brave *Tadhg O'Dalaigh*,  
 O, the Royal Barracks in dust shall lie,  
 The yeomen we'll chase over,  
 And the English clann be forced to fly,  
 'Tis the sole hope of the Rover!

---

### PULSE OF MY HEART.

"The love of my bosom, fair maiden, was thine,  
 Since first saw my eyes thy white graces;  
 More welcome than droves of the black and white kine<sup>4</sup>  
 Were thy form in my home's pleasant places!  
 O, thy couch would be placed in a room sunny bright,  
 The cows would low soft for thy pail at twilight;  
 Thy fair little shoes with rich buckles be 'dight;  
 Then grant me thy hand and caresses?"

<sup>3</sup> *bóic O'Grada*, i.e., Buck O'Grady. The term *bóic* signifies an ostentatious fellow, a coxcomb, and is synonymous with the English term *Buck*, which is used in some copies of the poem. Buck O'Grady and Teige O'Daly were in their day the *Bravos* of the district, but emigrated to some foreign clime.

<sup>4</sup> Marriage portions.

ʒho lam̃ duic̃ ñj̃ t̃abair̃raih̃ñ zõ deō lẽ aoñ f̃oñh̃,  
 Zõ z̃-cuir̃r̃eas̃ r̃z̃eal̃ c̃um̃ mõ m̃ãĩt̃r̃ih̃ñ;  
 ʒhar̃ dõ f̃uair̃ĩ r̃j̃ dõ t̃uair̃ĩr̃z̃ bẽĩt̃ r̃uãĩrãc̃ ar̃ d̃-t̃úr̃,  
 'Szõ ñ-ól̃rãd̃ dõ c̃r̃ú̃r̃zã ã d̃-t̃ĩz̃ ãh̃ t̃abair̃nẽ!  
 Har̃ l̃ú̃zã leat̃rã c̃r̃ó̃ĩh̃ñ d̃'ól̃ ñã c̃ú̃ĩz̃ p̃ú̃ĩh̃t̃,  
 'Sdã d̃-t̃ãrl̃ad̃ f̃ear̃ ceō̃l̃ op̃t̃ z̃añ f̃eõĩr̃l̃ĩh̃z̃ ñã  
 t̃r̃oñh̃c̃,  
 ʒ'ól̃rãd̃ ãh̃ *porter* 'r̃ m̃ó̃r̃ĩ c̃ũĩd̃ dẽ'̃h̃ l̃ĩúñ,  
 'S ã r̃t̃ó̃ĩr̃ih̃ñ c̃ẽ t̃abair̃rãd̃ beãñ b̃rẽãz̃ duic̃!

Nã c̃rẽĩdrẽ nã b̃r̃ẽĩt̃nẽ ñã nã b̃r̃ẽãzã rõ ar̃ r̃j̃ú̃bal̃,  
 ʒhar̃ ĩr̃ ãhãĩh̃ 'mõ d̃ul̃ zõ t̃ĩz̃ ãh̃ t̃abair̃nẽ;  
 Tã ãĩr̃z̃ĩod̃ ãm̃ p̃ó̃cãd̃ 'z̃ur̃ m̃ó̃r̃ĩ-c̃ũĩd̃ ãm̃ t̃r̃ó̃h̃c̃,  
 'S ñj̃oñ ó̃lar̃ ñĩãĩh̃ p̃ú̃ĩh̃t̃ ar̃ aoñ lãt̃air̃ĩ!  
 Bh̃j̃ ã m̃ãl̃air̃ic̃ dõ z̃h̃ó̃d̃ 'z̃am̃ dẽ 'rã b̃-fõz̃m̃ar̃ dõ b̃j̃  
 c̃ú̃z̃am̃,  
 ʒz̃ buair̃ñ z̃ãr̃rãĩd̃ẽ 't̃ãtaõĩ 'rã c̃ur̃ r̃t̃ãcãĩd̃ẽ ar̃  
 bõh̃ñ,  
 ʒhõ m̃ãc̃ã bẽĩt̃ lañ dõ bãd̃ bãnã ãz̃ur̃ d̃ú̃bã,  
 Z̃añ aõĩh̃nẽ d̃ã z̃-c̃r̃ú̃d̃ ãc̃t̃ mõ m̃ãĩt̃r̃ih̃ñ!

## CAIRLEAN UJ NÉILL.<sup>1</sup>

ʒ c̃umair̃h̃ñ d̃ĩl̃ ã'r̃ ãh̃h̃rãc̃t̃,  
 ʒ d̃-t̃úr̃ ãh̃ t̃-r̃ãĩh̃rãĩd̃ d̃ã d̃-t̃ĩoc̃rãd̃ l̃iom̃ f̃ẽĩh̃ñ;  
 ʒmãc̃ r̃aõĩ ñã z̃leah̃h̃tã,  
 Ñó̃ mar̃ ã d̃-t̃ĩz̃eas̃ ãh̃ z̃r̃ĩañ f̃aẽ;  
 Bãd̃, caõĩh̃ẽ, ñã z̃ãĩh̃nã,  
 Ñj̃ ĩoñt̃ó̃c̃ũĩh̃ñ leat̃rã mar̃ r̃r̃r̃ẽĩd̃;  
 ʒc̃ẽt̃ mõ lam̃ bẽĩt̃ r̃aõĩd̃ 'c̃ó̃m̃ z̃eal̃,  
 'S ceas̃ c̃ó̃h̃rãd̃ bẽĩt̃ ead̃rãĩh̃ñ ã raoñ!

<sup>1</sup> Cairlean Uj Néill, i.e., *O'Neill's Castle*. The air of this song will be found in Bunting's *Irish Music*, Ed. 1797. p. 15.—J. O'D.

“ My hand I won’t give thee, don’t hope it at all  
 Till mamma shall have conned the tale over,  
 For the fame of thy name is, alas ! very small,  
 She hears thou’rt a drinker and rover !  
 That ’tis little thou’dst think to spend five times a pound,  
 And, were there a farthingless bard to be found,  
 O, the poster<sup>1</sup> itself soon in drink would go round :  
 What maid would choose thee for her lover ?”

“ Don’t trust in such slander, bright pulse of my breast !  
 Not oft to the tavern I’m roaming ;  
 And there’s gold in my pocket and goods in my chest,  
 ’Tis few I e’er spent on cups foaming.  
 O, when ripe harvest comes what increase will be mine,  
 With yellow corn stooks to build stacks tall and fine ;  
 Ah ! shall none but my mother the black and white kine  
 Then milk in the red, dewy gloaming ?”

---

### CAISLEAN UI NEILL.

O, darling and true love,  
 In early summer if you come with me,  
 ’Mong dim glenns of dew, love,  
 Or where the bright sun shineth free ;  
 Calves, kine, sheep the whitest  
 For your fortune I’d take not that day.  
 But my two arms ’round your white waist  
 And sweet lonely converse with you for aye !

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the Four-poster ! the state bed of every farm house.

Ատա մօ չձարձիյ-րի աղ բարս,  
 Ա ծղաղ-չնած աղ մըրձե լատ է ;  
 Ատա տօրժւոյճե ոճ արձ աղ,  
 Աշուր բարս չօ Բարնաօյ դա չ-բաօծ ;  
 Ո՛ր լուսնիմ շօլ լալարիճե,  
 Չաճալ աղ տ-րարձօրօ դա շօլ Բիւղ դա ո՛ւն աղ,  
 Օ ճճալալճ մօ չնած սալմ,  
 Ըլ բաղնջիօճ Չօ Ըարլեան Այ Ունլլ.

Ուր բաղնած մե աղ բաղնջալօ,  
 Չօ լեւոյճե մե ծղօմ աղ մի-ալճ ;  
 Չօ մ-Բելծ Բաճ 'Չամ 'ր Ըաօլնե,  
 'Տ մօ մաօղաճ լծիւ մօ ծա լանա ;  
 Երօրճաճ դա Կ-աօլնե,  
 Աղ լա բաօլնե ո՛ր լուսնիւն ա Բ-բաճ ;  
 'Տ ո՛ր Բ-բաճա Լիւմրա օլծճե,  
 Տիւղե լեճ' Բրօլլաճ Չալ Բան !

Ըսած բլան ծօ'ն օլծճե բաօլն,  
 Եր է մօ լեան դաճ ի ուօճ աճա աղ ;  
 'Տ ծօ'ն մ-Բաճալլիւն բբիւնեանալ,  
 Ըօ Բրեւալճաճ մե բալ ար ա ճլնիւ,  
 Ըօ 'նեօրբալնիւ բբիւն բճալ ծալ,  
 Ըա մ'բիւծիւ Չօ Չ-Ըօլմեաճաճ օրմ ուն !  
 Չօ Բ-բալ մօ չնած Բան ար լեւոյճիւն,  
 Ա Փիւր ճլեւլ ի րա միւր Պիւրնե դաճ ծաճ !

Ըա'ն Ըալնիւն 'րան Բրօն օ,  
 Ըօ մօր Ըլմիւլլ մօ լուսնիւն !  
 Ըա լան մօ ծա Բրօլլիւն,  
 Ըօ ճեօղաճա ճլարա Լիւմ րիւր ;  
 Բաօլ չնած Բաճալլ ծիւ,  
 Ըօ Բրեւծ 'ր ծօ Բալն ծղօմ մօ լալ,  
 'Տ ո՛ր մալնիւն մե Բեօ,  
 Այա Բօրան բե աղ Բեան ծաճ ծօ'ն տ-րլաճ !

My garden's neglected ;  
 Dear Love ! does that *not* cause you pain ?  
 Fruits bloom uninspected,  
 And verdure grows high without gain.  
 I list not the clearest  
 Soft harp, or the birds' swêet low wail,  
 Since from me fled my dearest  
 Curled cuilfionn<sup>2</sup> to Caisleann O'Neill !<sup>3</sup>

Yet I'll leave not life's battle  
 Till down fall my mis'ry and pain,  
 Till *I've* sheep and cattle,  
 And my darling returned once again ;  
 The spare meals of Lent-time  
 I'll quit not on grand days of feast,  
 Sweet, swift were the spent-time  
 I'd spend with my head on his breast.

Farewell to last even !  
 I would it were back now to me,  
 With the fair youth of Heaven  
 Who caressed me awhile on his knee !  
 I'll say what bereft me  
 Of joy—but let no one know,  
 My own white Love has left me,  
 O Mary ! O Heaven ! what a woe !

Sickness and sorrow  
 Are much, much around my poor heart ;  
 The wan tears each morrow  
 To my eyes ever—and ever start ;  
 Through love, and love only  
 Of him, who has left grief's black shade,  
 Ah ! I cannot live lonely  
 If he wed with the dark mountain maid !

<sup>2</sup> Pron. cool-yun, i.e. beautiful hair, and symbolically a youth or maiden.    <sup>3</sup> Pron. "Coshlanno Neill," the castle of O'Neill.—ER.

Tá ríad dá n-ádh go b-fuail  
 Tríad na b-earr oim féin,  
 'S dar n-dóir má tá,  
 Nho éiríad! n-í m-íde lom é;  
 Go d-tuáir naoi lá.  
 Naoi d-tríad, naoi reachtíuine déa,  
 Ais cúl tíge mo tríad,  
 Buairt áiríde fá d-ílleabair na g-craob!

Do gheall túra damra,  
 Go m-bréagrad mo leab ar do glúin;  
 Do gheall tú na déirí rí,  
 Go m-beid' aon-tígear idir mé 'sur tú,  
 Nho gheallam n-ádh an lae duir,  
 Sur léigeara leat mo n-í!  
 Aisur farráir dúbac gear!  
 Tá n-í farráir aís g-abail 'dir me 'sur tú!

## AN MACH ALLACH.

BRIAN MAC SHOLLA MEIRKE! RÓ CHAN.

Maidíon doiríon bídear gan buairt,  
 Ar béirí an éuaí am fuan coir Cladaíde;<sup>2</sup>  
 'S barrí cráobá líonta ruar,  
 Do m-ídearí na g-cuac 'rdo luad na n-ealtaíde;

<sup>1</sup> BRIAN MAC SHOLLA MEIRKE. Anglicised Bryan Merryman, who was born and reared in the parish of Clondagad, barony of Clonderlaw about eight miles west of Ennis in the county of Clare. His father was a small farmer in the aforesaid parish; but Brian, who was a wild youth and fond of amusement, a taste which he acquired from being an excellent performer on the violin—left his father's house when he arrived at man's estate, and located himself in a place called Kilclerin in the parish of Feacle, about twenty miles east of

The people say ever  
 That brave, handsome men love me dear,  
 But never—O never  
 Could *I* love while he is not here.  
 I'd wander, far rather,  
 Nine days, nine nights, nine weeks and ten,  
 And sloe-berries gather  
 Near *his* house 'neath sleet, snow, and rain !

You promised me purely,  
 You'd love me till came death's decline ;  
 You promised me, surely,  
 That *your* home should always be mine.  
 But woe to that even  
 When I gave my heart unto thee,  
 Faraor ! O bitter grieving !  
 The world goes between thee and me !

## THE CHILD OF THE ROCK.

BRIAN MAC GIOLLA MEIDHRE<sup>3</sup> SANG.

[The Child of the Rock is a literal translation of the Irish for "The Echo."]

Fair the morn when I did rove  
 Within a dell beside the ocean,  
 Gladness filled the boughs above,  
 The cuckoos call'd and songs rose gushing.

Ennis, where he taught school for about thirty years ; and died in Limerick about the year 1808. While residing in the parish of Feacle he composed the facetious and witty poem, entitled "Cúirt an Mheoδaη-οηδce," or Midnight Court, as fine a specimen of bardic composition as modern Gaelic ever produced, but a little licentious.—J. O'D.

<sup>2</sup> Cladaíge, the Clady, a river or rivulet in the county of Clare.

<sup>3</sup> Pr. Gilla-mira (*g* hard) ; this name is absurdly anglicised *merry man*. Brian is often changed to Bernard.—ER.







I laid me down 'mid blossoms bright,  
 Sleep came on their whisperings airy ;  
 Sweet the sight !—there flash'd a light,  
 And beamed a noble, stately fairy !

Mournful, mournful was her wail,  
 Her bitter tears were falling ever ;  
 Sad her beauteous brow and pale,  
 Dishevelled, torn, her tresses waver.  
 Her noble head bowed tow'rd the ground,  
 Dim her lustrous eyes now languish ;  
 A bandage bound her brow around,  
 The lint-white cincture—type of anguish !

“ 'Tis *I* am weak,’ she said, “ mo bhron !<sup>3</sup>  
 Ev’n as corse the chill, chill tomb in ;  
 Arrows pierce me—friends I’ve none—  
 No more my voice is heard in Thomond !<sup>4</sup>  
 Fainting-sick my heart is drear,  
 Gone my vigour—woes are swelling,  
 Venom-ills and knells mine ear  
 Doth ever hear, with a hag’s<sup>5</sup> wild yelling.

“ Long I’ve been ’neath druid-sway,  
 And glad my voice was once in Thomond,  
 Answering faint but faithful aye,  
 Each sound that rose, or day or gloom in.  
 No cry of chieftain on the height,  
 No murmur of the billows’ bending,  
 But gained responses, loud or light ;  
 Dost thou not mind my voices’ blending ?

Clare and Galway. It is now generally called *Sliav Aughty*, but corrupted to *Slieve Baughta*, by Beaufort on his Ecclesiastical Map of Ireland.—J. O’D.

<sup>3</sup> Pron. *mo vron*—my sorrows.

<sup>4</sup> *Ṭuad-Ṭhúiríán*, North Munster, or Thomond.

<sup>5</sup> England is thus personified.

Seacanaide, cé taoim zo faon!

Na ríl zup féiclioc faob me ro-cluaidín ?  
 'S faid do bím-rí d-tíoréaib Saodal,  
 Jan zneann az éirtioct zéimneac zunaide:  
 Plaorɜ mo éinn mar taoɜaɔ ðíom,  
 Le caoréann b-fíocac íhlte coɜaide;  
 An éailleac ním zup rín lem' táob,  
 Naé cuimín leat féin zup féicid zonta í!

Jr bríozmari binn do bídear am zlóir,  
 'S an tír na tóir le tóirneac tacaide;  
 Jr cuimín lóm coimearɜair Chuiyn 'r Eozair,<sup>1</sup>  
 Fhínn 'r dínnic Mhóirna mearaide:  
 D'éirtínn leó zo deimín 'ran ngleó,  
 'S me z-coillte ceó zo ceólmari ceact-bínn,  
 Az claoideam mo éiríde! mo élid! mo élod!  
 Le rɜín-zué rzeóltá rɜóirna n rɜollaide!

Jr rpar do mairfáinn cian zac rzel,  
 'S tɜíall zac tréin a z-céin tar tonnaide;  
 Zac trearɜairt dian-rɜoé íarínúir zaol  
 'Díir Uílliam 'ran Mhóir<sup>2</sup> a m-béal na Bóinne,  
 B'and mo zlaod le záir na laoc,  
 Le lámác na b-pléar 'r pléarɜaɔ dɜumaide,  
 Char mo zíall, tá ríanta cléib,—  
 'Sdo lıac mo céib le faobari na zontaide!

<sup>1</sup> Eoghan Mor king of Munster and Conn of the Hundred Battles, who fought at Magh Lena, A.D. 196, are referred to here.

<sup>2</sup> Uílliam 'r an Mhóir. (the "Stewart,") i.e., William III. and James II. who fought at the Boyne.

<sup>3</sup> This refers to the departure of the northern chieftains; it were loathsome to quote all the vile arts employed to drive them into exile. The following extract from that "best of biographies," Mitchell's *Life of Aodh O'Neill*, will be found sufficient.—Er.

"By some means or other, by anonymous letters and vague rumors, 'artful Cecil' succeeded in fixing on O'Neill and O'Donnell a charge of treason, to sustain which there has not been, from that

“Shun the thought ! altho’ I’m lorn,  
 Think not thou I’m conquered wholly ;  
 In Gaelic Erinn, tho’ I mourn  
 The groaning guns of One Unholy.  
 They burst my head !—but yet—oh ! yet  
 By ancient fame I’m still surrounded ;  
 This hag of hate thou’lt *not* forget  
 How deep this grasping hag is wounded !

“Loud and tuneful was my tone,  
 In Erinn free, ’twas rolling thunder ;  
 I mind your combats, Conn and Eoghan !  
 Finn and gold Mac Morna’s plunder.  
 Deep in war I’ve heard them far,  
 And I, in mist-woods, raised their clangor ;  
 My heart’s keen sword !—from ’neath the sward  
 They cannot start in noble anger !

“Sadly then I spread the tale  
 Of chieftains’ flight beyond the ocean,<sup>3</sup>  
 Of each defeat upon the Gael,  
 The Boyne assault and red commotion.  
 My wild tones rise with heroes’ cries,  
 With hissing bullets, hoarse, harsh drumming,  
 Torn my sense ! my hair’s grey since,  
 For shrieks of wounded ever coming !

day to this, a tittle of evidence. They were informed, however, that witnesses were to be hired against them, and believing this highly probable from the whole course of English policy towards Irishmen ; knowing, also, the rapacious views of James, and that their presence in the kingdom would only draw down heavier misfortune on their poor clansmen, and having, moreover, a wholesome dread of *juries* since the fate of the Mac Mahons, they came to the resolution of leaving their unhappy native country and seeking amongst the continental powers, either arms and troops to right the wrongs of Erinn, or at least a place to end their own days in peace. They waited not for the toils of Chichester to close round them ; but in the autumn of that year, (1607) on the festival of the Holy

Sgneadamaoib le caoi zan uabar !

Go fuidheac fa tuairim uairi na h-acnairde ?  
'S aicimid le zuide an uairi,

Ai rzaoilte ruar ar fluaž na nzeal-buidhean :  
An bairneac buide ro cnađaiz mo cnoide-rí,

'Sa h-almac ril zan fuidheall, zan faltarze,  
Szar an rzaoilc, 'r rzaoil an rzuairi,  
Le zaoilc a d-tuairz o tuairib Eactairze ?

### SRÁJNNE mhíOL.<sup>1</sup>

SEAZHAN CLÁRACH mhic DOMHNANU RO CHAN.

Coir calat-foirt ar maidin,

A d-tráic a' r mé am réal ;

Do dearcara go sneannairi,

An rtaid bean t-réir ;

Cross, they embarked in a vessel that had lately carried Cuconnacht Mac Guire and Doncha O'Brien to Ireland, and was then lying in Loch Swilly. With The O'Neill went his wife, the lady Catharina, and her three sons, Aodh (who was called Baron Dungannon), Seaan, and Brian, ART og, son of Cormac Mac Baron, Feardarcha, son of Conn, Aodh og, and others of his family and friends. Rory O'Donnell was attended by his brother Cathbar and his sister Nuala (who had left her husband, Niall Garv, on his taking up arms against this chief, her brother Aodh the Red), Aodh, the Earl's child, nearly a year old, Rois, daughter of The O'Docherty, with her son Aodh\* aged two years and three months, Rory's brother's son, Donnell og, son of Donnell, Neachtan, son of Calvach, and other friends:—Surely a distinguished company, and 'it is certain,' say the reverend chroniclers of Tyrconnell, 'that the sea has not borne and the wind has not wafted in modern times a number of persons in one ship more eminent, illustrious, or noble in point of genealogy, heroic deeds, valour, feats of arms and brave achievements than

\* Pron. *Aye*, anglicised *Hugh*.

" Let us weep with lowly cry,  
 Till come the hour of light ordained us ;  
 Let us pray the Lamb on high  
 To smite the red hands which have chained us !  
 The Yellow Scold who wounds my heart,  
 And all her lying brood o'er bearing ;  
 Out the weeds, disperse apart  
 With northern gales their seed from Erinn !"

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GRAINNE MHAOL.<sup>2</sup>

JOHN (CLARACH) MAC DONNELL SANG.

Lulled by ocean's soft motions,  
 I sank to repose  
 In a dell nigh the sea,  
 Whence methought there arose

they, would God had but permitted them,' continue the Four Masters, to remain in their patrimonial inheritances until their children should arrive at the age of manhood ! Woe to the heart that meditated—woe to the mind that conceived—woe to the council that recommended the project of this expedition, without knowing whether they should to the end of their lives be able to return to their ancient principalities and Fatherland." With gloomy looks and sad forebodings the clansmen of Tyrconnell gazed upon that fatal ship, 'built in th' eclipse and rigged with curses dark,' as she dropped down Loch Swilly, and was hidden behind the cliffs of Fanad head. They never saw their chieftains more."

<sup>1</sup> *Grainne Mhaol*. This is the celebrated Grace O'Malley, by whom the poet allegorically means Ireland, and who appeared in her Connaught costume, attended by her bodyguard, before Queen Elizabeth ; of which interview an interesting account will be found in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, vols. 2 and 3 ; and a good setting of the air will be found at p. 99, vol. II. of O'Farrell's Irish Music.—J. O'D.

<sup>2</sup> Pronounced "Grannya," or Grannia wale, i.e. Grannia the humble. Under this name Erinn is veiled, in the present and numerous other poems.—ER.

Ա leabայր-թոլտ ար Բալլի-Շրիշ,  
 Լե բար Յօ բեար;  
 Ար ա ղչայրմիծ ղիած ԲանԲա  
 No Տրնայրնե Պհաօլ!

ԱյտՅոյ օրտրա միշլի միլի,  
 Պհանլած ղեյմ;  
 Ա'ր միշլի Յօ Կարճանաճ,  
 Պոճ' ղալժե Բեյլ;  
 ԼաԲայրի Յօ Բարձա Լիյ,  
 'Տիր բեյրժե մե,  
 Այ Բ-բլ Եյ Լեանճ Կարճ,  
 Ա Ծ-Կարճայրեաճճ շմ Տրնայրնե Պհաօլ?

Յեալայմ ծարճ ա ճարճ ծիլ,  
 'Տ մօ Լան ղա ծեյշ;  
 Յար ղաճաճար ղա ղչամայլ,  
 'Տ Յար անճա Եյ ղբեյր;  
 Յաճ բարնայրնե ռա Լե բաճա 'մայճ,  
 Բաօլ Լանաճ ղա Բ-բլեար;  
 Յօ Բ-բլ Եյ Ծ-Կարճիօլ ղիւճ ա մ-Բալճե քարճ,  
 Շմ Տրնայրնե Պհաօլ!

Եր Ե ծեյր Եյ ղմօլիյ Յօ Կեօլ-Բիյ,  
 Ար Բար ղա Յ-Կրաօճ;  
 Յար ճօլի ճիճ Յան ղօ մօլլ,  
 Բիւր Ծ-Կաճայժե ճլեար;  
 Բիօճ ճօլի ճիւրժե Եյ Բիւր Յ-ճօլրճիժե,  
 Շմ Կրաճճ ա Յ-Կեյր,  
 Յօ Բ-բլ Եյ ճօլրճե Եյ Լօլրճիյ,  
 Այ Տրնայրնե Պհաօլ!

<sup>1</sup> An ancient name of Ireland.

A nymph whose bright locks  
 To the ripples down fell,  
 And I bowed before Banba<sup>1</sup>  
 Or—GRAINNE MHAOL!

“ I pray thee, O virgin !  
 Fair, faultless, and bright,  
 In thy honey tones sing us  
 The Song of the Right,  
 Comes the youth, oft foretold us  
 In story and tale,  
 With his warrior-battalions  
 To GRAINNE MHAOL.”

“ Behold, O true friend !  
 I here pledge thee my hand,  
 To the heights of the sky  
 Rise the clouds of thy Land ;  
 And the Gallant and Brave  
 Who long exile bewail,  
 Cross the ridges of ocean  
 To GRAINNE MHAOL !

“ Thus the brown tuneful thrush<sup>2</sup>  
 On the wavy green bough,  
 Ever carols : ‘ Prepare  
 With your bright trappings now,  
 For a steed to your shores  
 Boundeth swift as the gale,  
 And seeks for a shelter  
 From GRAINNE MHAOL !’

<sup>2</sup> This, I think, is a name under which one of the Stuart exiles, the worthless son of a worthless race of kings, was known by, as well as by that of the “black-bird.”—ER.

Ա ին-միւ ծ' քլանշ րշլլլլլլլլլլլ,  
 Աշր բայր նար ծ-տօծ ;  
 Ետայր զոշնած ծ' ար Բ-բլլլլլլլլլ,  
 Աոոր չա՛ շարլլլլլլլլլ Բօօշլլ,  
 Ըլլլ Ըլլլլլլլլլ ղա Տաշրան,  
 Ար քաշան ըլլլ րլլլլ,  
 'Տ Ետայր ինքայր ղ չ-Ըլլլլլլլլլ  
 Ծօ Շիրալլլլլ Զլլաօլ !

Աժայր-միւ ղօ 'ն քաժա Լաւ,  
 Ար քան ծօ ըլլլլ ;  
 Ծա չ-Ըլլլլ Ըլլլլ քաօլ Բարլա ըոօ,  
 'Տան արժ չա՛ ղլլլլ ;  
 Քարլլլլլլլ ղ մ-Բալլլլ քոլլլ,  
 'Տա ղ-Ալլլլլ Շաօժալ ;  
 Ա Բ-քարալլլլլլ ղ Տաշրալլլլլ,  
 Շան ըալլ ղա ղ-Ըլլլլ !

Եա Փլարլլլլլ ծա ըլլաժ  
 'Տ ղլլ նար ծօ է ;  
 Ալլ յարլլլլ չան յարլլլլ,  
 Շան ըալլ քան շ-Բաօշլլ ;  
 Եր է ըլլլ չա՛ քլարլլ ղօ մա յարլլլլ,  
 Նա՛ ղլլալլ ծօլլ է ;  
 Շօ մ-Բլլլ յարլլլլ ղան մ-Բլլաշլլ ղօ,  
 Ար Շիրալլլլ Զլլաօլ !

Ա քլլ-քլլ ծ' քլլլ-քլլլ,  
 Շարլլլլլ ըլլլլ ;  
 'Նա Բ-քլլլ էլլլա՛ ղ մլլլլա՛,  
 Աժ ղալլլ ծօլլ ;  
 Ալլ ղլլ ղլլ ծօ ղլլ Տշօլլ,  
 Օ'ն քալլլլ քլլլ,  
 Եար շալլլ ծա ծ-Ըլլլլլլ,  
 Բա Բլլաշլլ ծօ ղլլլլ .

---



" O Divine Son of suffering  
   Be our aid in this war,  
 Let the base-hearted tyrants  
   Be driven afar,  
 Be the shield of our prince  
   In the red BEARNA BAOGHAIL,<sup>1</sup>  
 Till fallen the rivals  
   Of GRAINNE MHAOL !

" How long, O Most High !  
   Shall thy priests have to crave  
 Their protection from glenn  
   And the bleak mountain cave,  
 How long shall the mansions  
   And lands of the Gael,  
 Be the Spoil of the Spoilers  
   Of GRAINNE MHAOL ?

" And Diarmuid is tortured,  
   And small be his blame,  
 That we droop without glory  
   Or honour or fame,  
 And each peasant mutters  
   Did we try we'd prevail,  
 And the Saxons should burden not  
   Sweet GRAINNE MHAOL !

" True bard of Clann Carrtha,  
   The pow'rful of yore,  
 What pleasure shall thrill thee  
   Should he tread our shore,  
 Who like us has descent  
   From the sires of the Gael,  
 O, thy songs they'd be pœans  
   For GRAINNE MHAOL."

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<sup>1</sup> Pronounced " barna baile," the " gap of danger."

SHĪOS CHOJS NA TRÁĪHĀ.<sup>1</sup>

Shĭor cōir na trāġa,  
 Tā' h fāoilean deap mġā;  
 Ir ī zīle, ir ī fīnne,  
 Ir ī plūir na m-ban m-bneāġ!

Ir ī an cġaob cūbarġa ġan cāim,  
 Nār cāill mġam a blāc;  
 'S ġur a ġġaoidēilġe do lēġfīnne,  
 Trēġe na mġā.

Do ġeabairīr ġo leōir,  
 Luēt rġodaġe 'ġur rīōll;  
 Ā m-beġd' fāimġe ar a mēarġb  
 'S pēarilūde bneāġ ōir!

Nġ dġob beġc mo ġnōd,  
 Āēt dġotrā, mo rġōir!  
 'S ġo rġūbalfāimġ leat Eīre,  
 S an taob cāll do' h Rōim!

Do b'fēairī lġom na bō,  
 'S na lāir do beġdeāō ōġ;  
 ġo m-beġdīnne 'ġur m'ānġrācġ,  
 Ā ġġleann cōlle ar neōim!

Ir cāoim cnearġa cōir,  
 Do mēallfāimġ uair pōġ;  
 Ā mēiltean ġan cānġtācġ,  
 'S a cōġa na m-ban ōġ.

<sup>1</sup> This song was composed by a gentleman named Christopher Conway, who resided at Tighnahalla, literally, the house of the swan, on the borders of the river Loun, in the parish of Kilorglin,

## DOWN BY THE STRAND.

Down by the strand  
Lives a young maid so bland,  
The fairest—the rarest—  
The Flower of the Land!

She's a bough of perfume  
Of fadingless bloom!  
'Tis my glory her story  
And deeds to illume.

Dames I might wed  
Who've pearls round the head,  
And such as have riches  
And robes of silk thread,

But my heart nevermore  
Could be theirs, *O mo stor!*  
With thee, love, I'd flee, love,  
To Italy's shore!

I'd rather than kine  
Or that steeds should be mine  
In some valley to dally  
Where leafy boughs twine,

For a kiss that ne'er fades  
I'd steal in those glades,  
From the white star, the bright star,  
The choice of fair maids!

county of Kerry, in praise of his wife Ellen M'Carthy, one of the two daughters of M'Carthy Mor. The other daughter was married to the great grandfather of the present O'Donohue, M.P.—J. O'D.

Croide cráidte cum zac aon,  
 Chuin náine oruinn araon;  
 'S dúbairt zo nabar páirteac,  
 Le bában na z-craob!

Ta fíor az an raozal,  
 Nar deáinnad niam léi,  
 Bhair a b-pózfaiinn le zrad í,  
 Nó záinne zán clao!

Dia domhailz nuairi téizim,  
 Le deabad cum tíze De;  
 Ait nuairi rmuaiim ar an ait,  
 A m-bídeann zrad zeal mo cléib.

Tazán orhad agh mo taob,  
 Naé léizirrean lem' fáozal,  
 Ué! a úbailín a' r aghraét,  
 Tairi ir rzaoil ar mo péinn!

Jr mēid dam traét,  
 Ar fáozar do laim;  
 'S ar feabar mar do rzrjóbta,  
 Le caol peann ad laim!

Razaiinn leat do'n Spáinn,  
 Do'n Fhriainc, nó'n Jotail,  
 No raoi zleanna az deánnad lionduibe,  
 'S naé canntaé é an zrad!

Ní í Bháinne táim a rad,  
 Na aon neac dá mha;  
 Ait péarlad an cúil craobailz,  
 Ta tar éir mo croide crad!

'S zup b'é glór binn a cinn,  
 Thuz na róinte ó'n linn;  
 Thuz crón-puic ó céo-choic,  
 'S an rmodlín ó craiinn.

Sad, sad hearts to those  
Whose scandalous gloze  
Would blame us or shame us,  
Flow'r, pure as the snows !

O *baban*<sup>1</sup> of the curls !  
Those dear little pearls  
Thy kisses—all this is  
But light mirth, the churls !

As I speed thro' the dells  
When ring the mass bells,  
My thoughts wander still fonder  
Where my bosom love dwells,

And sighs fill my breast  
So lone, so unblest,  
Then, ah, dower me, my flower !  
My wee apple ! with rest.

I must sing the fair grace  
Of each pen-stroke and trace  
On paper—thy taper  
White finger can place.

I'd muse sadly with thee  
In dim glenns, or the sea  
We'd sail over—with thy lover  
O wilt thou not flee ?

My Pearl of gold curls,  
My Choice of all girls,  
O Mary !—how dreary  
My life's flag unfurls.

Ah ! thy soft voice of glee  
Makes seals leave the sea,  
And the dun deer to run here,  
And the thrush quit the tree !

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced "*babaun*," which means "little babe"; one of the many endearing diminutives so common in Irish.

Nuallu fêllynydd rî duan,  
 I'r blynydd i nâ'n cûad;  
 'S i'r bneadgêta i na Bhênur,  
 Chui'n cêadta cum ruallu!

Nî bean do bîad uallu,  
 A m-beidd' adarica ar a buallb;  
 Aët nêltyon cîuyn bêarac,  
 Na m-bhîadêna caoyn ruallu!

Nî pôrfad zo deô,<sup>1</sup>  
 Buacalll tîge môyn;  
 Fear zlanca na rzeanna,  
 'S i'r leacallgêta an bôlind!

Aët pôrfad mo rôga,  
 I'r ê an buacalllîh fionn,  
 Do êneabêad an bhîanar,  
 'S bîllynead an môyn.

I'r mallu do bîdeann<sup>2</sup>  
 Faoi êarcallyne az mhaol  
 'S zan earriad ar an d-talam,  
 I'r meara iona i.

Nî lîa êan ar an z-craolb  
 Na clao<sup>3</sup> iona cîoide,  
 'S i'r b'î nî an peacad  
 Chui'n fearz ar ChRJOSD!

<sup>1</sup> Here the lady indicates that she will not wed her lover; and further lessens his position by contrasting him with a servant or menial in the establishment.—J. O'D.

<sup>2</sup> Here the bachelor replies.

<sup>3</sup> In other copies *cun cam*, literally, a crooked turn, deceit, &c.  
 —J. O'D.

More sweet thou dost sing  
 Than cuckoos in spring,  
 Thou'rt brighter and whiter  
 Than the fays poets sing !

I care not to gain  
 Horned beeves and broad plain,  
 My own love—my lone love  
 Is the star without stain !

“ I never will wed<sup>4</sup>  
 With a man who is bred  
 As a flunkey,—poor monkey  
 Put *that* from your head,

But my choice will be seen,  
 A fair *buachailin*<sup>5</sup>  
 Who'll plough land, and bowl,<sup>6</sup> and  
 Have a heart for the Green !”

“ Och, woeful in sooth  
 Is the fate of each youth  
 Who hopes for or mopes for  
 A young maiden's truth ;

Fewer birds fly or rest  
 Than whimsies *her* breast  
 Encumber,—their number  
 Would anger the Bless'd !”

<sup>4</sup> It is to be presumed that the foregoing poem did service as a serenade ; we may suppose the damsel opened her rustic casement to give this answer to the distasteful suitor. The contrast between his sentiments, before and after the unfavorable response, is amusing in the extreme.—ER.

<sup>5</sup> Pronounced “ bohilleen,” a young boy.

<sup>6</sup> A popular manly sport.

SLIABH NA M-BAN.<sup>1</sup>

Jr aot liom féiníð bualad an lae úd,  
 Do dul ar gaothaíl boct a' r na céadta rlad ;  
 Mhar tá na méiríð a'z déanað *game* dínn,  
 Da nrad nac aon níd leó *pike* na rleaz :  
 Njor éainíð ar *Major* a d-túr an lae cúzaínn,  
 A' r nī nabamair féin aon a g-cóir na g-ceart,  
 A'ct mar feólfuidé doidearíact bó gan aodaíne,  
 Ar éaob na gréine do Shliab na m-Ban!

Mo leun léir ar an dream gan éireact,  
 Nar fan le féirim a' r oíðce rlad ;  
 Zo m-biad diuicíde Déireac<sup>2</sup> a' r ianctair Eireann,  
 A'z tríall le céile ó'n tír a n-dear :  
 Do beir ar g-campuidé déanta le fóiríaze tréana,  
 Bíad comhad Dé linn ran t-raoizíl ar rad,  
 A' r nī díolrad méirleac do mhuirínn Néill rínn,  
 A'ct buaófaide an *sway* linn ar Shliab na m-Ban!

<sup>1</sup> Shlab na m-ban, literally the mountain of the women; a romantic hill situated about four miles north-west of Clonmel, on the road leading to Kilkenny, where the insurgents met in 1798. For the legends connected with this mountain, and why it is called Shlab na m-ban, see an interesting paper on the Fenian Traditions thereof, by Mr. John Dunne of Garryricken, published in the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society for 1851, p. 333.—J. O'D.

<sup>2</sup> Déireac, the Decies in Waterford.

<sup>3</sup> In the original, "no spy of the House of Neill should sell us;" this refers to a miserable traitor named Neill, who, it was said, betrayed a party of the Insurgents. He received a pension for the perfidy, gold for blood, renounced God for Mammon, and attempted to retire into some place where he would not be known. He fled



## SLIAV-NA-MAN.

## A BALLAD OF '98.

AIR :—" *Not more welcome the fairy numbers.*"

Weep the Great Departed—the Patriot-hearted !  
 With life they parted for Ireland's right ;  
 To them give glory, while tyrants gory  
 Spread the false story, " they fled in fright."  
 O, 'twas small, our terror ! we fell to Error,  
 No chiefs there were or an ordered van ;  
 Yet when came war's rattle we fled not battle,  
 Tho' like herdless cattle on Sliav-na-man !

May the grief each ray shuns curse their impatience  
 Who did haste our Nation's uprise from night,  
 Ere the South could gather its clans together,  
 And on this heather with the West unite.  
 Our camp had warriors!—Ay Freedom's barriers !  
 The God-sent carriers of Slav'ry's ban !  
 O, no spy had found them<sup>2</sup>—no fetter bound them,  
 We'd be freed men round them on Sliav-na-man !

to the county Cork, but with him went a terrible avenger, his own conscience. The country people speak of him yet ; he never could be at rest, and feared to be alone ; he thrust his companionship on those he knew loathed, spurned, and insulted him, for he dreaded worse than all scorns to be left alone. They report a significant speech of his. It happened as he was travelling on horseback, with one of themselves, that his horse stumbled and threw him. On lifting him he was remarked to be more wan and terror-struck than could be accounted for by the fall ; and his comrade, looking at his wild, fearful eyes, heard him mutter :—" *Ո՛ր ըհարսոյոյն աղ Եղևեալ ըյան կոմրա.*" "The Devil never parts from *me*." The people are very cautious not to intermarry with any of his or any other traitor's descendants.—ER.

Jr é Ror do breoid, a' r do claoið' zo deð rínn,  
 Mhar an fuizead mór cuip d'ínn rínte la; ;  
 Leanbaidé óza na ríol an d'ínte,  
 A' r an m'íð d'fan beð díob coir claid nò r'zairt :  
 Zeallaim f'or díb an té nín an f'óla,  
 Zo m-biadam a z-cóir do le *píke* a' r r'leaz,  
 A' r zo z-cuirream *yeomen* az mún na m-bríóza,  
 Az díol a z-cómair leð an Shíab na m-Ban !

Jr íomda fear aorba a' r c'robairne zléizeal,  
 O'n am zo céile do zabað le real ;  
 'Na b-fuircóirduizecaola az buairn lúe a n'zéazdíob,  
 A n-doiríuín daora zo doiríuín faoi zlar :

1 Unfortunately, this is no exaggerated picture of the accursed ferocity of the brutal and dastardly soldiery of England. I abridge an account of the battle of New Ross, by an impartial *loyalist* (see "History of the Irish Rebellion of '98," by E. Hay, M.R.I.A.). The reader will perceive that this battle is more than once referred to in the poems of that period. From first to last it illustrates the abuses and heartless cruelty of a standing army.—ER.

"The commander-in-chief of the Insurgents sent a Mr. Furlong with a *flag of truce* to the commanding officer in Ross, with a summons requesting him in the name of humanity, to prevent possible rapine and bloodshed by a speedy surrender, as the Wexford forces were now innumerable and irresistible. The bearer of the flag of truce was *shot* the moment he approached. By some mistake one division alone attacked the town, and even *it* was incomplete; yet the Insurgents, though without plan, dislodged the garrison from their advantageous posts, and drove horse and foot out of the town, over the Barrow bridge. The Irish (who had been on short fare for the preceding days and had had nothing this morning) dispersed to plunder and drink. The English, however, rally and regain the town. Sobered by this the Insurgents rush again and again up to the very cannon's mouth with remarkable intrepidity, and chase the enemy out of the place. Again, however, in lieu of aught else to appease the cravings of hunger, they renew their carouses, (and it is a medical fact that the amount of whiskey which would have no inebriating effect on a well-fed man, will intoxicate a hungry

Tho' at Ross defeated, few, few retreated,  
 Death comes—they meet it with thrust of pike !  
 Then were dragged the *dying*, and poor babes crying,  
 The flames to lie in<sup>1</sup> from ditch and dyke :  
 Ye who wreakt this slaughter, for the crimes you wrought  
     there  
 We swear—like water your blood shall run,  
 Yet—savage yeomen, of Hell an omen,  
 We'll meet ye, foemen, on Sliav-na-man !

Ah ! many an old man and star-bright bold man,  
 Who long did hold on to free their Isle,  
 Lie pale and markless, in deathly starkness,  
 Bound down in darkness of dungeons vile.

one), so that of the famished Irish many became speedily inebriated and unable to repulse the enemy, who reconquered the town. Several houses were fired on this and the former attack, especially a four-storied one, in which *seventy-five persons were burnt to ashes*, one man only escaping the soldiers' fire. The Insurgents made a third gallant attempt, but their intrepid leader (O'Kelly) fell, and they retreated, bearing away, however, a piece of the enemy's cannon. The official list gives 230 English as killed, wounded, or missing, whilst the Insurgents are stated to have lost 500 at least. But the number of their dead was doubled by the *massacre of unarmed and unresisting men after all was over*. Many drunken men, incapable of flight, many (loyal) inhabitants, whose houses being burnt had no place of refuge, fell victims to the fury of the soldiery, from which *none could escape who were not clad in military costume*. Even the following day the few unburnt thatch houses of the common people were searched, and *not one* there found was left alive ! *Some houses were set on fire even so THROGGED that the corpses of the suffocated within them could not fall to the ground, but continued crowded together in an UPRIGHT posture, until they were taken out to be interred.*" Atrocious and demoniacal as these deeds were on the parts of civilized England's (!) soldiery, the reader will find other crimes perpetrated by them, a thousand times more horrible, if he refer to that impartial little book. He will find, also, frank testimony borne to the humanity of the Insurgents during the whole war.

Յարձայջե տօծ լեօ նա լեօնդա բմեյծ օրիւ,  
 Դօ ծեանքած վե՛ծօյն ա ծ-տիւ տար լար;  
 Փա ծ-տաճարտ բօր ծ նա նանայծ չան ծօծօւր,  
 Ա ն-ամ առ տ-բօժարի ար Տիւնն նա մ-Բան!

Ես'ն Բրանդա՛ն բօծնա՛ն 'բա լոյնջար շլեարտ,  
 Լե շրանայն շեարա ար մար լե բալ;  
 Եր է բօր բշեալ շօ Բ-բալ ա ծ-տիւն շօ Կ-Երե,  
 Ա'ր շօ շ-սարբիւ շօժալ Բօյժտ արիւր նա շ-սարտ:  
 Փա մած ծօյն Լոմ բեյն շօ մ'բօր առ բշեալ բն;  
 Բեյնտ մօ շօյն ծօն Կ-եաժտոմ լե լոն ար նեաժ,  
 Շօ մ-Բաժ ծօյն ար մեյնիւն բան աժար ծա բեյն,  
 Ար ծօն նա շրեյն ծօ Տիւնն նա մ-Բան!

Ես նա ծօնայն առ Երանայն ծօնար,  
 Ես'ն արարիւն ծօն 'բան ծօնար առ ծօնտ;  
 Առ ծե մեյնն նա շրօժա Եր է լեյնիւրբար բօր Եաժ,  
 Ա'ր նի ծօնբան բօյնիւնն լեօ, շօր նա բնայն:  
 Բօրա շօննեա՛ն առ ծօն Եր մօ ծե,  
 Լաժ բնիւ ծօն ծօնայնայն ծօն,  
 Բեյն բանն ար Բօյնն ա'ր բօյնն ծա ն-ծօն 'շարն,  
 Բեյն մեյնն ա'ր մօնար ար Տիւնն նա մ-Բան!

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There, eve and morning, they bear all scorning,  
 Threats, lashes, mourning, that their tyrants plan;  
 We'll pay, *soon*, your labours, O coward neighbours!  
 With our trusty sabres on Sliav-na-man!

For on the ocean are ships in motion,  
 And glad devotion on France's shore,  
 And rumor's telling: "They'll now be sailing  
 To help the Gael in the Right once more."  
 Och! if true's that story, by my hopes of glory,  
 Like the glad bird o'er me I'd lilt my *rann*!<sup>1</sup>  
 Were the Robber routed! the Saxon flouted!  
 How *we would* shout it, old Sliav-na-man!

Ho! the clowns are quaking and counsel taking,  
 Good times<sup>2</sup> are making their firm approach,  
 When those who weakly still preach "bear meekly,"  
 Will mourn all bleakly in dark reproach!  
 While gold and chattel, broad lands and cattle  
 Pay them whose battle made Freedom dawn,  
 And way-side dances our joy enhances,  
 With the gold fire-glances o'er Sliav-na-man!

<sup>1</sup> *Rann*, a pæan, a song of joy.

<sup>2</sup> *Áimrínn óg*, literally, *Young Time*.

## SEÁJHÁN O'DUJBHJR AN JHLEANNÁ.

Fonn :—Seájan O'Duibhjr an Jhleanna.



Aí m'éirgíð dam an maidín,  
 Jhían an t-raínnad a3 taléneam,  
 Chualad an uail d'a carad,  
 A3ur ceól bhíh na n-éan!  
 Bhoic a'r m'íolta a3 gearra,  
 Creabair na n'goba fada,  
 Fuair a3 an mac allad,  
 A'r lámaç zunaide t'rean!

## JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.

MR. HARDIMAN, in his *Irish Minstrelsey* (Vol. 2, p. 149) says that the hero of this song was Colonel John O'Dwyer, a distinguished officer who commanded in the counties of Waterford and Tipperary in 1651, and soon after embarked at the former port with 500 of his faithful followers for Spain.

Notwithstanding Mr. Hardiman's authority as to the identification of the hero of the song in question, some doubts may be entertained from the fact of another Shane O'Dwyer turning up recently in a learned paper on the *Munstér Bards*, published in the *Ulster Journal of Archæology*, for April, where the writer introduces a quotation from a jury presentment made in the county of Cork in Nov. 1584, and preserved in the *Carew MSS.*, (No. 627), deposited in the British Museum, showing how the Earl of Desmond's rents were paid, and giving the names of no fewer than 72 persons who were living as "poets, chroniclers, and rhymers, in that country." Among the rest mention is made of one "Shane O'Dwyer, chronicler de Aharlagh," which must be the Glen of Aherlow, near Bansha, in the county of Tipperary; and not "Arlo forest, celebrated by Spenser," as the writer suspects.

This Shane O'Dwyer, *recte* O'Dwyer, evidently must be the author or hero of the song, and not Mr. Hardiman's Colonel John O'Dwyer. It is a curious fact that among the names of the 72 bards quoted, there appears that of "Mary-ny-Donoghue, a shebarde, and Mary-ny-Clanceye, a rimer." So that the bardic profession was not entirely confined to the males among the ancient Irish—the females having had their inspiration too.

Towards the close of the last century a very clever "rimer" appeared in the person of *Máire Ní Dhonogháin*, who resided somewhere near Knockbee, in the parish of Sliabh g-Cua, and whose poetic effusions are traditionally preserved in the district—J. O'D.

I've seen, full many a May-time,  
Suns lead on the day-time,  
Horns ring in that gay time  
With birds' mellow call,  
Badgers flee before us,  
Wood-cocks startle o'er us,  
Guns make pleasant chorus  
Amid the echoes all,



An ríonhac ruad ar an 3-carraig,  
 Mhíle lú a3 marcaí3,  
 A'r bean 3o dúbac 'ran m-bealaç,  
 A3 áireadh a cuib 3éi,  
 'Noir tá' n cóill d'a 3earra,  
 Thiallfaí maoid tar calaç,  
 'S a Sheagáin Uí Dhuibín an 3hleanna,  
 Tá tú 3an réim!

Ir é rí n m'uaí3hear fada,  
 Scat mo cluar d'a 3earra,  
 An 3aoç a d-tuaí3 am' leaça,  
 'San bá r aghr an rpeir!  
 Mhó 3adaí n ruaric d'a cean3al,  
 3an cead lút ná airtí3eaçt,  
 Do baí nread 3ruaim de' n leabh,  
 A meádon 3íl an lae :—  
 Croid e ná h-uairle ar an 3-carraig,  
 3o ceáçfuaç, buacaç, beannaç,  
 Do çlocfað ruar ar airtíon,  
 3o lá ðeire an t-raoí3eíl!  
 'S dá b-fa3áin n-rí ruaimhear tamall,  
 O ðaoine uairle an baile;  
 Do çhiallfaí n ré n ar 3hailib,  
 'S d'fa3faí n an r3léir!

Táid fearaí n 3leanna an t-ríocha,<sup>1</sup>  
 3an ceann, ná teann ar luçdaib,

<sup>1</sup> 3leann an t-ríocha, *glen of the rivulet*; probably the glen of Aherlow, near Bansha, in the county of Tipperary.

<sup>2</sup> Pron. *Shaun O'Dwyer an glanna*, i.e. Seaan O'Dwyer of the glenn. There may be some of my readers to whom these Irish names will cause inconvenience, and who would prefer to see them printed as they are pronounced. To gratify such a desire would be to outrage all rules of intellectual culture and philology. In any standard translation from foreign languages is not their orthography preserved



The fox run high and higher,  
 Horsemen shouting nigher,  
 The peasant mourning by her  
     Fowl, that mangled be.  
*Now*, they fell the wildwood,  
 Farewell—home of childhood!  
 Ah, Seaan O'Dwyer an Gleanna,<sup>2</sup>  
     Joy is not for thee!

It is my sorrow sorest,  
 Woe—the falling forest!  
 The north wind gives me no rest,  
     And death's in the sky;  
 My faithful hound's tied tightly  
 Never sporting lightly,  
 Who once could, day or nightly,  
     Win grief from the eye.  
 The antlered, noble-hearted  
 Stags are never started,  
 Never chased nor parted  
     From the furzy hills.  
 If Peace came, but a small way,  
 I'd journey down on Galway,  
 And leave, tho' not for alway,  
     My Erinn of Ills.

The Land of streamy vallies,  
 Hath no Head nor rallies—

in its integrity? The same argument applies with equal—nay, superior—force to the language of our own country. Here, there are innumerable opportunities for acquiring the true pronunciation of Irish words, which students of foreign languages have *not*, and in this book I have been careful to give the mere English reader all possible assistance, by printing the pronunciation in notes. I confess, however, that I consider it extremely ill-judged and despicable to write gibberish in place of Irish words in the translations, merely to save trouble to the indolent, or contentedly ignorant.—ER.

A rraib ná z-cuač<sup>1</sup> nī h-óltaí,  
 A rlaínte ná a raozá!  
 Nho loma luain zān forzáð,  
 O Chluain<sup>2</sup> zō Stuaic naom Colam,<sup>3</sup>  
 'S an gearrfeiað an bhuac an rora,  
 An fan le na nae!  
 Cnead í an ruairz reo an Thallab,  
 Bualad, buanað, 'r carpað,  
 An rmoilín binn 'r an lon-dub  
 Zān ran-zuē an zēaz;  
 'S zur mōr an tuar cum cozað,  
 Cléir zō buaídearíca a' r poball,  
 Da reólad a z-cuanraib lomað,  
 An lān zleanna an t-rléib!

Ir ē mo cneac māíðne!  
 Nač b-ruair mē bār zān pēacað,  
 Sul a b-ruair mē rzannaill,  
 Fa mo cúid féin!  
 'S a ladaact lá breaz fada,  
 D-tiz úblad cúmra an cīannaib,  
 Duilleabān an n-dair,  
 Azur dnuēt an b-fear!  
 'Noir táimre ruairzē om' fearann,  
 A n-uairzhear b-fad om' cāraíð,  
 Am' lujze zō duairic faoi rzarícaib,  
 'Sa z-cuaríab an t-rléib!

<sup>1</sup> A rraib ná z-cuač, i.e., in street, meaning in towns, nor in goblets would their health be toasted.

<sup>2</sup> Cluain. Cloyne, in the county of Cork.

<sup>3</sup> Stuaic naom Colam, the peak or hill of St. Columbkil, in Donegal.

<sup>4</sup> The "black-bird" was often used in Jacobite poetry to symbolize the exile Stuart, whose return with French aid was hoped for. It has been objected by some generalizers from particulars, that such expectations demonstrate the want of self-reliance in the Irish.

In city, camp or palace  
 They never toast her name ;  
 Alas ! no warrior column  
 From Cloyne to Stuaic naov Colam—  
 O'er plains now waste and solemn  
 The hares may rove tame.  
 O, when shall come the routing,  
 The English flight and flouting,  
 We hear no joyous shouting  
 From the blackbird<sup>4</sup> yet,  
 But more warlike glooms the omen,—  
 Justice comes to no men,  
 Priests must flee the foemen  
 To hilly caves and wet.

It is my daily ruin  
 That a sinless death's undoing  
 Came not, ere came the strewing  
 Of all my bright hopes.  
 Ah, many a pleasant day-time  
 I've watcht in Erin's May-time  
 The sweet fruits scent that gay time,  
 And dew on oak and slopes.  
*Now*, my lands are plunder,  
 Far my friends asunder,  
*I* must hide me under  
 Heath and bramble screen.

character ! Logicians so innocent of logic and history are certainly to be looked upon with tender feelings of admiration in this hardened century. Let our readers remember, however, that scarcely one modern revolution has taken place without foreign aid ;—England even, at that time, drove out the Stuarts by the foreign aid of William of Orange, Spain freed herself of the French by the foreign aid of England, America was succoured in her uprising against England by the foreign aid of France, Greece accomplished her independence by foreign aid, Scotland too looked for aid with the Stuarts, &c. &c., yet Irishmen will be found who are either culpably ignorant of these facts, or else maliciously overlook them in order to fling a libel against their Fatherland.—ER.

'S muna b-faḡaḡ mé ruaimhear fearḡa,  
 O daoine uairle an baile;  
 Tréigfid mé mo fearb,  
 Aḡur faḡfad an raḡḡal!

---

### SLÁINTE RÍḡ PHILIP.<sup>1</sup>

Tabair cáirt an ḡaḡ laim leat 'r ḡloine,  
 'S ḡan dearḡaḡ bídḡr lan;  
 ḡo n-ólḡamaoḡd rlaḡnte Ríḡ Philip,  
 'S an leḡb tá ḡam an fán!<sup>2</sup>  
 Iḡ fada fá rḡmḡt í dá rḡmaḡ  
 Aḡ an dalta ḡaḡ meabair lé an tal,  
 ḡan a d-tḡḡfari an bḡḡn ro dḡḡn fearḡa,  
 Raḡam do'n fḡraḡḡc ḡḡ'n Sbáḡḡ!

An bḡḡd le dḡḡr do tḡḡ taḡḡḡḡḡ,  
 Do Aḡa maḡ cḡḡle mḡa;  
 'S do'n cúplaḡ ḡḡḡḡḡ an baḡḡde,  
 Aḡur d'airḡḡḡ a m-bḡaḡla an páḡr!  
 Aḡa breall an ḡaḡ teampallḡn taḡair,  
 Naḡ fearḡḡḡ a n-am ḡa d-tḡaḡ,  
 Beḡd' ḡḡeann aḡur beann an ḡa faḡairḡ,  
 'S a m-beaḡa 'co ḡḡr le faḡḡal.

<sup>1</sup> Ríḡ Philip. This is Philip II. of Spain to whom the poet appeals for aid to rid his country of English oppression. The air to which the song is sung will be found in the first volume of *O'Farrell's Collection of Irish Airs*, page 150. now rather a scarce work. It is a great favourite with the peasantry of Carrick-on-Suir, and the adjacent country, where one is never at a loss for a good Irish singer.

If soon I cannot save me  
 By flight from foes that crave me,  
 O Death! at last I'll seek thee  
 Our bitter foes between!

---

### HERE'S A BUMPER TO PHILIP.

Ho, friends! grasp your glasses, and fill up  
 Your bumpers, fill up to the brim!  
 Here's a health to the gallant King Philip,  
 And our Exile—success, boys, to him!  
 In sorrow too long he has wandered—  
 To tell him our axes are bright,  
 That we're burning to raise the Green Standard,  
 I sail, boys! for Paris to-night!

Red woe to the foul foreign lover  
 Of Erin our beautiful queen,  
 The betrothed of the brave nameless rover  
 Whose soul is grief darken'd I ween.  
 There's a scourge for the temple-profaners,  
 The foe shall not stand on our shore,  
 When free we'll decree that regainers,  
 The priests have their abbeys once more.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> 2ḡ leaḡb ca nḡaḡ aḡ faḡ! Charles Edward Stuart is referred to here.

<sup>3</sup> This song expresses the sentiments of a people lately robbed of their rights, and of a time when Catholics alone represented the national party in the land. Happily, since the days of Grattan, Swift, and Davis, men of all creeds "rank in with one accord."—ER.



We pray to the Lord of all glory  
To unsheath his bright Sword o'er our soil,  
Till strewn be the plunderers gory  
Who glut them on dear Innis-fail<sup>2</sup>—  
To smoothen a path o'er the ocean,  
To lead the south wind on the sea,  
Till the isle of our love and devotion,  
Be fetterless, fearless and free.

To wage the fierce battle for Erinn  
Comes the fiery brigade of Lord Clare,<sup>3</sup>  
'Tis oft from their pikes keen and daring  
The Saxon fled back to his lair.  
And favour—not now shall he get it,  
Save from lances on every hand ;  
O, short are their days who abetted  
The murderous deeds in our land !

May Charles have but courage to hasten  
With troops and with arms to our shore,  
We'll scorch from their tyranny wasting  
Our treacherous foemen once more.  
We pray to the just Lord to shatter  
Their hosts and their hopes to the ground,  
To raise our green Island and scatter  
The blessings of Freedom around !

“When on Ramillie's bloody field  
The baffled French were forced to yield,  
The victor Saxon backward reeled  
Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.”—*Davis*.

But he was in command of the whole Brigade at the Battle of Fontenoy.

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## BY THE BRIDE.

WILLIAM ENGLISH SANG.

AIR:—" *Clar Bog Deal*."

By the Bride's pleasant water  
 I dwelt for awhile,  
 Enticed by a daughter  
 Of beauty's gay smile ;  
 Her white neck was whiter  
 Than swan-plume or dew,  
 And sure 'tis no stranger  
 Who was courting with you !

I came from the ocean,  
 A gay fisher boy,  
 And my whole heart's devotion  
 I gave you, my joy ;  
 O, soon may the marriage  
 Give you to my heart,  
 If another you'd wed, love,  
 I'd die with the smart.

O, fair is my darling !  
 With breast like the snow,  
 And her bright *cuilin* curling  
 To the green grass below ;

<sup>2</sup> Dún na m-báb. This must be Dungarvan in the county of Waterford, remarkable for its fishing boats, to which the following old adage is correctly applied:—

"Dúnghabhán na reabháb reóltá,"  
 Dungarvan of the old fast-sailing boats.

It takes its name from St. Garbhan, who founded an abbey of Canons Regular there in the seventh century. His festival is celebrated on the 21st November. See *Martyrology of Tallaght*, by the late Rev. Matthew Kelly, D.D. of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.  
 —J. O'D.

ʒho cúmað tɾíom naç ran úrr rínte  
 Do fázbað me!  
 Sul ar rɾíuraíðeað me a ʒ-cúíʒíðe  
 'Smo ʒnað tar m'éir?

Naç dúbçnoíðeaç mé a b-ɾiontar,  
 ʒhar táim a b-péinn!  
 'Snaç iontaoíð leat rʒíuurre,  
 ʒam' ɾóit ʒan rɾéið;  
 ʒo deimín duitre a máíʒdean,  
 ʒa m'áil leat é,  
 Do leiʒírréaðra an t-ɾaíʒeað ro,  
 Tɾe lár mo éléib!

## LÚJBÍN NA ʒH-BÚCLAÍʒHE.

UILLIANN INSHUS RO CHAN.

Fonn:—"Róir ʒeal Dub."

Ní'l rúʒaíðeaçt ná dúil ʒríní,  
 Le rɾár am ʒaon!  
 ʒèç lúç-ɾaíʒeað am' bɾúç' ríor,  
 Le ʒnað do'ñ m-béiç,  
 ʒíuurrín na b-ɾionn-dlaoiç  
 ʒʒ ɾár ʒo ɾéar,  
 O dúrríðir mo cúir caoi,  
 Na fáz mé b-péinn!

Ta a cúiríní ʒo cúl-buíðe,  
 ʒʒ ɾár ʒo ɾéar;  
 'S a cam-bɾaoiç' ʒo dlúç mín,  
 ʒhar ínaíçe caoi,

And I wish I were lying  
 In earth cold and low,  
 Ere I had to forsake her  
 And wander in woe!

How sad and dark-heartèd,  
 In deep pain I pine,  
 Since fortune has parted  
 Her fondness from mine.  
 O, maid of all maidens,  
 'Tis you only may  
 Cure the grief and the sorrow  
 That rack me each day!

---

### THE CLUSTER OF CURLS.

WILLIAM ENGLISH SANG.

AIR:—" *Rois geal dubh.*"

No treasure of pleasure  
 This long time is mine,  
 But pangs beyond measure  
 From a maiden divine.  
 O, sistreen<sup>1</sup> of tresses  
 That kiss the dew, low,  
 Who woke my distresses,  
 Don't leave me in woe.

Thy curling, thy golden,  
 Thy bright-flowing hair,  
 Thy curved eyebrows moulden  
 So slender and fair,

<sup>1</sup> Popularly used as a diminutive of sister. The endearing Celtic diminutive "jū" (pr. *een*) is thus added to numberless English words, in those districts where both languages are spoken.—ER.

Naç cúma-çnoideaç a ʒ-cúɹɹɹde,  
     ʒhar táɹm a b-pêɹɹɹ;  
 ʒɹ lúɹɹɹ na m-búclaɹɹɹ,  
     'S naç ʒɹ lêɹ mē!

ʒ cúɹɹ doɹɹɹ do'ɹ çnú çaoɹɹ,  
     Do řáɹaɹð mē;  
 ɹɹ dúbaç bɹðɹm am çɹuɹɹ-t-ɹɹuɹɹɹɹɹ,  
     Do ʒnaç ad ðêɹɹ;  
 ʒ múɹɹɹɹɹ ɹɹ tú ʒuɹðɹm,  
     ʒɹ ʒnað mɹc ʒê;  
 O ɹɹuɹaɹɹɹɹ aɹ púðar ɹɹɹom,  
     Uch, řláɹaɹð mē!

ʒa ur-ʒnaoɹ ar mo núɹɹɹ,  
     Na b-ɹuɹ řɹáɹ na ʒ-caoɹ;  
 ʒhar çúbaɹ-çɹuɹɹɹ ar çɹuɹɹ-lɹɹɹ,  
     Na ɹnaɹɹaɹ aɹ ʒêɹɹ,  
 ɹɹ búç bɹɹɹ a ɹɹuɹɹ bɹɹɹ,  
     ʒhar ʒaɹɹ na ð-têad,  
 ʒ'ɹúɹɹ ɹɹɹɹ ʒo dúbaç ɹêɹɹɹ,  
     'S aɹ baɹ lem' bēal!

ʒm' çnú bɹm a ʒ-cúɹɹɹde,  
     ʒo řánaç řaoɹ!  
 ʒɹ bɹúçðaoɹɹ mo çúbaɹ-çnoide,  
     Do řáɹaɹð mē!  
 ʒúbal řɹɹɹɹ nuaɹɹ ɹɹuaɹɹɹɹɹ,  
     ʒɹ ʒnað mo çlêɹb,  
 ɹoɹɹaɹɹɹɹ 'ɹ dúblaɹɹɹɹ  
     ʒo h-aɹð mo çêɹm<sup>1</sup>!

<sup>1</sup> Céɹm, used here as a contraction for coɹɹçêɹm, a footstep.

They make me sad-hearted ;  
O'er all men I pine,  
From the Curl-cluster parted  
Who will not be mine !

O, brown hair of beauty !  
Thou'st fettered my heart !  
I'm mournful and moody  
When thou dost depart.  
O, m'uirnin,<sup>2</sup> I sue thee  
By Heaven above,  
Since thou'st sent the grief thro' me,  
O, save me, my love !

O, bright as the berry's  
The cheek of my love,  
As foam by the ferry's  
Her white brow above.  
O, the voice of that maiden's,  
The harp, sounding glee,  
Its soft, winning cadence  
Has brought death to me.

I travel in sorrow  
Through Erinn the green,  
My heart sheds, each morrow,  
Its soul for my queen.  
On my way, when I ponder  
On her—her so fair !  
I stray and I wander,  
I turn here and there !

<sup>2</sup> Pr. voorneen.

Ա յնոյ ցոյժե ! ա ընօ ձօյն !  
 Ա չիւծ մօ լեյն !  
 Փօ Լօղղիւլջեւծ օ ընոյ իյօլ,  
 Փօ'ն արծ-բւլ Յիւնեւջ ;  
 Փօ րշխիւլջեւր չա՛ւ րնչալձեւձտ,  
 Ար լար չօ ինչի,  
 Լե հ-նիւլալջեւձծ ծօծ' չնոյր չնոյն,  
 Փօ ձալնծ մե !

Փօ ինքնալջեւր 'ր ծ'լօղղալջեւր,  
 Չա՛ւ Լա Լիօմ ինչ,<sup>1</sup>  
 'Փիւ ընչիւն 'ր ծնչիւն,  
 'Տ Բան-Բիւլ չե ;  
 Այ ընչիւլալջեւձտ Լե լն ձօյն,  
 Ա չ-Լալ 'րա մեյն ;  
 'Տա յչնոյր ծիօծ յիօր ինչալջեւր,  
 Այար լալծ ած ինչի !

## Բ'ԻՏԵԱՐՐ ԼԵՅՅԵԱՆՆ ՓՈՅԲԻ.

ԵՕՅԻԱՆ ԽԱԶԻ ՕՏՆԱԼԻՈԲԻԱՆՆ<sup>2</sup> ԽՕ ՇԻԱՆ.

Տիւ աշուծ մօ ձարձար ար Բեւձա չա՛ւ ինչե,  
 Ըա քաձա մե չիւլե Լե իւձմալ ծա յօր ;  
 Յօ Բարձալա՛ւ, Բեալալջե, ալ Բաձար Լե Բիւնիւ,  
 'Նա չ-Ըար-Իօլ ինչ 'րձա մեալա՛ւ Լեմ' իօլ ;—  
 Այ չար-իօր ա Բ-Բեալա՛ւ չա՛ւ արձե Լե հ-իւլալձտ,  
 Ա Լաձարձա՛ւ ինչ Բա ձալձեալա՛ւ Լեօ,  
 Եիւ ծ-Լալալծ չօ Լաձա ընչ Բեալա՛ւ ծօ ձեալալ,  
 Ըա ձեալալալծ լեյն չօ մ'իւար Լեյլեալ ծօն !

<sup>1</sup> In another copy this line reads "Չա՛ւ Լա Լեմ' իւլե."

O, dearest ! O, fairest !  
 O, Love of my breast !  
 'Mid the noblest and rarest  
 Thy fathers shone best.  
 I'm fading in anguish,  
 All pleasures have flown ;  
 For *thy* sake I languish,  
 For *thee* I make moan !

I wander thro' vallies  
 Each day of my days,  
 I stray by each palace  
 And grey city's maze,  
 And I see maidens rarest  
 And place them by thee—  
 But thou'rt fair o'er the fairest,  
 Ah ! turn, love, to me !

---

### BETTER LEAVE THEM ALONE.<sup>2</sup>

EOGHAN O'SULLIVAN (THE RED) SANG.

The life of the Rake, hear ye now its recital  
 By one who, alas ! has long known it too well ;  
 'Twas a trampling on virtues and duties most vital,  
 A treading the path leading down into hell.  
 Like Judas, a kiss was our mode of deceiving  
 The bright-hair'd young maids, till their hearts were  
 our own,  
 Then perjured we left them to weeping and grieving,  
 Tho' the holy priests taught : " Better leave them alone ! "

<sup>2</sup> See a biographical sketch of Eoghan Ruadh, by the late Edward Walsh, in the Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry.—J. O'D.

<sup>3</sup> A popular saying.

Níorí b'annam mé realad 'ran tabairne traocta,  
 'Díir r'zacað do b'eitib ne carbar a'z ól;  
 'S teazar'z na h-aitheac a h-athanta naoimta,  
 Ní t'azac am b'eitire a'ct mazað 'zur móid,  
 A n'gla'cfuinn do ma'ctar ó'n t-real'ctíuinn zo c'eile,  
 Do r'zappuinn zan réanað ar a'cne lu'ct ceóil,  
 Bhíoc meannmað ar m'aizne 'r a'itear d'a h-éirteac  
 'S ní c'neidíuinn ó aon neac zo m'féarri leizean  
 dóib !

Do leanar na bearta ro realad zo réannam,  
 'S an tabairne ar b'eitib do r'zairpear mo r'tór !  
 'S m'aíuim d'a zairim a leabar an éilim,  
 Níorí b'ion'zuað nuairi z'laodaínn a z-cuid bea'c-  
 uirze ar r'zór ;—  
 Ba catac mé ar ma'íuinn a'z ma'ctham zur baoc  
 beart  
 Dam' f'aimuile d'éazain a zairibe d'ól,  
 Bhídeac m'aizne a'z carmaírt 'r mearaínn a réanað,  
 Zo z-cneidíuinn ar éilíu zo m'féarri leizean dóib !

Jr deimíu zo d-tizead le buile na déiz r'inn,  
 Zac u-duíne 'co m'éilíom 'ra bílle na dóib;  
 'S tuzaid na m'ionna zo z-cuirfid me n'zéibínn,  
 Cía r'iu'zíl d'roic-éadaí'z me ar uirpearbað r'tóir :  
 Ní'l f'inne-bean m'io'cáir do'n f'uirpeann ro léanað,  
 Mo c'irte le z'eile d'a b-f'iu'zallab r'póirt,  
 Na b'uirpeann f'a r'zize zo r'zizeamail r'zleirpeac,  
 Aon ran tu'zím, c'e déanað, zo m'féarri leizean  
 dóib !

'Nuairi tizeann an laize jr d'uirpeann an t-aor líom,  
 M'e ar uirpearbað an éadaí'z 'r cáillim mo c'neoir;  
 B'ion paírtí' c'neatac zac ma'íuinn am z'éazad,  
 Ní blarda mo b'ia'ctna 'r ní'l cataz am z'lóir :—



'Mong the crowds in the tavern I've wasted in drinking,  
And shameless carouse, oft the long summer night,  
On the good Fathers' teaching I seldom was thinking,  
Save to make it a theme for the sneer and the slight ;  
Tho' I'd gather with toil thro' the week a small treasure,  
Oft with children of song it has blessingless flown,  
Ah, to hear them my heart beat—my mind throbb'd with  
pleasure,  
And none could persuade, " Better leave them alone !"

I followed these pranks throughout long years of madness,  
Till I'd squander'd my gold in the tavern of woe,  
Till the Marker had chalked, with a sly look of gladness,  
My name on that page which poor debtors well know,  
Yet, I'd bitterly think with deep grief on each morrow,  
'Twas not for my like<sup>1</sup> thus to drink and to groan,  
Who felt ourselves nobler, whose soul told in sorrow  
'Tis just to believe : " Better leave them alone."

" Ay, truly," I thought in half madness, " 'twere better,"  
As each handed his " bill," without smile then or joke,  
And threaten'd to cast me in prison, and fetter,  
When they'd gained all my wealth but a weather-beat  
cloak,  
No maiden was then to console me true-hearted,  
To lighten my sadness or for me to make moan,  
Alas ! with my treasure all pleasure departed,  
And I knew (tho' but late) " Better leave them alone !"

When the sickness came to me and old age drew nigher,  
With a lack of thin garments and a greater of friends,  
In a limb-shaking palsy,—in a glance without fire—  
In a voice without music 'tis thus that all ends !

<sup>1</sup> Celtic idiom for " those like me."

Jr fearb an airde liom labairt ar béicib,  
 Tíð an tabairne réannaím mar an cátaí mo ríor;  
 Dearbáim, admuim fearda, 'zur zéillim,  
 Zur damanta an céird í, 'zur fearr leizean  
 dóib!

Glacać zać rarnuine fearaíuill, faobíac,  
 Do cáraí na béice 'r do leanaí an t-ól;  
 Mo teaíar-z-ra fearda zo zarda le céile,  
 'S nī h-eaíal beic aoríar a n-eaíbaí zo deó!  
 Snamac le marzalać maíreaíuill, maorída,  
 Bheidear caríannać, caorínać, leanaíbać, rō-  
 zací,  
 Seaćanać dramaína, 'r carmaíre ar aonać,  
 'S creideac ó aon neac zo m'fearr leizean dóib!

## TÁRTHÁIL AN ZHOLLADH.

UILLIANN DAIL O H-EARNÁIN RO CHAN.

Ara rzéal beaz rultíar,  
 Azamra le rzrúda díb;  
 Tar éir mo túraí,  
 Tre íomallaib úr na z-críoc,  
 Nar traocad míre,  
 'Snaí cuínead me z-cúíne cáol,  
 A naoíí zur ímčíz,  
 Mo zhollaí da múcaí a n-dríb!  
 O, maíre, m'fadóímaí,  
 Mo deacaíal, mo rzéal le muídeam,  
 'S zur míre bí ar mearúíad  
 'Snaíb-feardíuī aon taob do' n t-rííze!

<sup>1</sup> For an interesting biography of William O'Heffernan, the Blind, see *Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry*.

I woefully mourn the young days I have wasted  
 And shun, like a spear, where my vices have grown,  
 And whiskey—I promise and vow ne'er to taste it,  
 Accursed are such guests—"Better leave them alone."

Now strong man and young man who lounge and who  
 wander,

'Mong taverns to drink and deceive—if you're sage  
 Hear my cry: "Never more your bright hours of youth  
 squander,

And fear not that Want will grind down your old age,  
 Shun the base arts of Hell—the false oath, the deceiving,  
 And gladness shall make your sad hearts all her own,  
 Shun the drams and the drinking, the sure-coming grieving,  
 And oh, trust all who say: 'Better leave them alone!'"

## HELP! HELP!

WILLIAM DALL O'H-EARNAIN SANG.<sup>2</sup>

Hear a merry story,  
 'Twill please you with its prettiness,  
 After all my glory  
 I fell into a pretty mess!  
 Oft I've tramped through Erinn,  
 Nor was crush'd into the "narrow nook,"  
 Till last night, a snare in,  
 My worthless guide my marrow shook.  
     O maisé!<sup>3</sup> O the scornful,  
     The hard-to-bear, the shocking load!  
     To fall as falls a born fool,  
     While I knew not the mocking road.

<sup>2</sup> Anglicised William the *Blind* O'Heffernan.

<sup>3</sup> Pr. O wisha!

A m-béal na toinne,  
 'Smé aḡ dnuidim lem' dúlcté aḡir;  
 Aḡo léim tar uirze,  
 Ba éirim le dúl aḡ tḡeact,  
 Sur pleirz mo ḡiollaḡ,  
 Faoi imoll na rruille rḡor;  
 Ba éactmar mire,  
 Aḡ m'uillinn ḡa rruḡaḡ aḡor!  
 O, maire, ḡc.

D'éimear le buile,  
 'Sdo mḡheara lúnaḡ éirḡ;  
 Aḡ ḡlaodaḡ aḡ duine,  
 Do éiofraḡ aḡ conḡnam linn;  
 Nḡor b'é rruḡ aḡ tḡubairt,  
 Sur éuizear ḡo dlúḡ am éioḡe;  
 Sur baḡḡal na dlḡḡe,  
 'Sḡaḡ duine ran ḡ-cúirt dam buidinn!  
 O, maire, ḡc.

Do éuarḡaḡear cuire,  
 Aḡur iomall na rruille rḡor;  
 Na éluair Sur éuineara,  
 Aḡ'ionḡaḡ 'r é rruḡam ran dḡib;  
 Ir luaimneaḡ, inḡealta,  
 Sḡiobaḡinn é aḡ úrlaḡ aḡor,  
 Ba éruaḡ lḡ mire,  
 Aḡaḡ rḡle mo rruille éirḡ!  
 O, maire, ḡc.

Ir é úine na leanaḡ,  
 Bhḡ aḡ aḡḡir na ḡ-dlúḡ-folt búḡe;  
 'S rruḡ na reabac,  
 Aḡ fearḡaḡne Búrcalḡ ḡioḡe,

Crossing o'er the river,  
 Returning to my father's land,  
 Hope of home told ever  
 I'd leap safe to the other strand ;  
 Till, beyond the edges  
 Most suddenly broke down my guide !  
 Clinging to the ledges  
 I try to clutch him, crown or side.  
 O maise ! &c.

First I heard a shiver,  
 Then shrieking shrieks I yelp aloud,  
 Calling, bawling ever,  
 For men to come and help him out.  
 And oh ! the fearful danger  
 Of law came then, a vision stark,  
 Lest in court, a stranger,  
 I'd have to bear suspicion dark.  
 O maise, &c.

Searching stream and mud in  
 Further from the brink I draw,  
 Till, upon a sudden  
 In lucky ear I sink a claw.  
 Quick ! quick ! quick ! and giddy,  
 Him up the bank I madly swept,  
 You'd have felt some pity  
 To see what tears I gladly wept.  
 O maise, &c.

" 'Twas the gold-haired maiden's  
 Ale so fresh, so clear, so good,<sup>1</sup>—  
 'Twas, besides its cadence,  
 The hot fire of a hero's blood—

<sup>1</sup> Here, I suppose, the poor blind bard's guide excuses his fall.

An Róirteac cáilce,  
 'San bairille an lút a3 tígheacht.  
 D'fúiz me a nglaraib,  
 'San laeáiz 'rmo conghad am díe!  
 O, maire, 7c.

Do glaoðar an aicme,  
 Zac leara ba dúctar linn;  
 Béite an leacta,  
 Do cleacó a beite conghantaó caoin;  
 Do maobur ceallad,  
 Do rpalpar na dúille tríd,  
 Mhar a réizdír m'anacrad,  
 Zo larraínn a n-dúnta ríge!  
 O, maire, 7c.

Tháinig aingín na Carrraighe,  
 An d-túr am linn;  
 Ainne cáilce,  
 'San zarrad ó'n Dún a n-íor;  
 An bab bar-cáilce,  
 Tar calaite do fíúbaíl le Naóir,  
 'San mánla, máireac,  
 O Laiteonn<sup>1</sup> a3 congham linn.  
 O, maire, 7c.

Do léiz zac aingín díob,  
 Aird ba fúzac linn;  
 Zup baogal do Zhallaib,  
 'San earrac ro cúzainn a3 tígheacht;  
 Séarluir macaom,  
 'Sa éarraid zan congham noime,  
 'S zaoirdíl a3 tarraínn  
 Faol zmadam dá n-dún aníir.

<sup>1</sup> Latten, a townland near Tipperary where the poet resided.

'Twas that Roche bereft me  
 Of sense (their cask was flowing wide),  
 Slipped me o'er, and left me  
 In mud and puddle growing-tight.  
 O maise! &c.

"List," I said, "O listen!  
 Who have our isle's inheritance,  
 Fays whose soft eyes glisten  
 For gentle deeds and merry dance,  
 I have broke church orders,  
*Me* you've power to hold in fire,  
 Take me o'er your borders,  
 I'm very, very cold in mire!  
 O maise! &c.

"She of rocks<sup>2</sup> came fleetly,  
 The first to soothe my withered breast,  
 Brilliant Annia meetly,  
 From *dun* with vassals hither prest;  
 Came White-palm (the ranger  
 With Naesi over ocean blue)  
 Modest Grace, the stranger  
 From Latten-land, came rushing too!  
 O maise, &c.

"Each of them 'gan singing  
 A pleasant song of higher glee:—  
 "When the leaves are springing,  
 The Gall<sup>3</sup> will have to die or flee,  
 When the grass is blooming,  
 Arm'd hosts of friends will gather'd stand,  
 Triumph o'er them looming,  
 They'll come to free their Father-land.' "

<sup>2</sup> 2lojbjll na carraige léite.

<sup>3</sup> Foreigners.

Taméir beir ar meapúgadh,  
 Ba zneannmair an rzéal le muideam,  
 Zaoirdeil le neart lann,  
 Az buairt a ceann de deamhan buide!

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### SEATHAN CLARACH MHIC DOBHNAILL RO CHAN.

SEATHAN CLARACH MHIC DOBHNAILL RO CHAN.

Fonn:—"Leabað clúim 'r cōnduige."

Ar rméide rúl ar maidion laor,  
 Do Phoébur fionn ar fuad an t-raoigeil,  
 'S az teaçt ar d-túr arteaç na ruiçe,  
 Na carbad aoibhion órda!

'Smé ar ríubal ar earbad fuinn,  
 Az teaçt na d-triúc do éleaçtar í,  
 Fa zaoirçaið úra Oirriuiçe,  
 Ir fairriiuz riodba fód-zlar.

San réim ríu dúinn hōir b-fada linn,  
 An rpéirbean éiun zo b-faca í,  
 Zo maorða múnite maipeaç mīn,  
 Az tairdrioll taoib an bōçaiir!

<sup>1</sup> This is supposed to be spoken by the bard himself.

<sup>2</sup> The strange and absurd desire which too many possess of changing harmonious Celtic proper names into what they wrongly consider to be English or Latin equivalents, is deserving of reprobation. Thus—Seaan is rendered John; Cormac, Charles; Diarmid, Jeremiah; Magnus (pronounced Manus) Manasses; Conn and Connor, Corny and Cornelius; Donal, Daniel; Donchadh, Denis or Dionysius (the Scotch more correctly changed it to Duncan, and in general preserve the sound of the original, thus—Maelcoluim to Malcolm, Domnal to Donald); Eoghan, Eugene; Uaithne (pronounced Oi-ney in Ulster) to Anthony; Lorcan to Laurence; Fineen to Florence; Eamon to Edmund; Seamus to James, &c. &c. These names are



After<sup>1</sup> all my trouble,  
 What heart-delight, what beaming mirth,  
 Soon shall come the noble  
 Brave Gael to drive the Demon forth!

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## THE DELLS OF ORRERY.

SEAAAN<sup>2</sup> CLARACH MAC DONNELL SANG.

AIR:—" *A feather-bed and bed-sticks.*"

The drowsy dawn half-oped his eye,  
 A red ray shone across the sky,  
 As o'er dim lawn the sun rose high  
 In chariot bright and golden!

I wandered then from sorrow free,  
 O'er dale and fen of Orrerie,  
 Thro' pleasant glenn and greenwood lea,  
 'Mong mossy trunks and olden.

Nor far or wide had been my way,  
 Till lo! I spied the graceful fay,  
 Of maids the pride with heart so gay,  
 And show'rs of curling tresses!

almost all easy to be pronounced; in those which are not, the orthography might be slightly modified, preserving the sound, thus—Donach or Donacha (from Donchadh), &c. The beautiful and sonorous names of persons could thus be retained, while there are many which require no change. Names of women—Finola, Moreen, Kathleen, Mauriad, Sheela, Nora, Shivaun, Eileen, Breeda, or Bree-deen; Una (the barbarians have the audacity to transmute this beautiful name into Winnifred), Shineid, Annia, (from Aine), Mave, Elfie (from Aoife), Cliona, Saiv, and Saiveen, Grannia (from Grainne). Of men—Cormac, Oscar, Ossian, Finn, Callahan, Conn, Connor, Brian, Art, Diarmid, Eoghan, Kian, Luay or Lewy (from Lughadh), &c. &c. Such changes to suit the orthography of the

Tēlǵim do ruaiǵ arteac tar clad,  
 A méinn zo m'fua ne h-azall í;  
 'S do ruhear úmlaet tair do'η mhaol,  
 'S do beartar mīle pōz di!

Jr ē adúbairt, an maire díb,  
 A zēaz na lúb jr maireac zhaol,  
 Jr cēim le clú 'rir aītir fīor,  
 Na glacaiǵtēde mo cōmairle!

Déanam rúznad a zaiēlion zriinn,  
 Ní'l aon neac dúinn a nzar aet rinn,  
 Na h-éimǵ rúd a beaη mo cōioide,  
 Zhá'r maireac díbre beó me!

Tréiz do dúl 'r fan, ar rí,  
 Na raob mo clú 'rha marlaiz rinn,  
 Na zéill ar d-túr zo m'feairn do zhíom,  
 Dob' aēiac díb na deoiz rinn.

'Szun b'ē a dúbairt an aīne linn,  
 Chuin Dia na η-dúl a leabair Zhhaolr,  
 Na déin an driúr 'rha ceanǵail ruim,  
 Na rearc a mhaol do cōmairan!

English language, though they should not be necessary in this country, would at least be preferable to the complete obliteration of the harmonious ancient names.—ER.

---

Quick leaped I o'er the bramble screen,  
And bow'd before her beauteous mien,  
And prayed full sore from her my queen,  
A thousand sweet caresses.

Thus sighed my prayer, "O radiant sprite !  
O, branch most fair of beauty bright !  
'Twill cause despair as black as night,  
If pleasantly you flee not."

"Come, seek some glade beside the sea,  
Whence ev'ry shade of woe shall flee,  
Or, peerless maid, O *stor mo chroidhe*!<sup>1</sup>  
In life I'll shortly be not."

"O young man, pause—fair youth, beware !  
For I must cause that black despair,  
Tho' there ne'er was a suit more fair,  
'Tis all lost time and labour !"

"For sure you know that God above,  
Who made earth grow with dell and grove,  
Said long ago—'Thou shalt not love  
The wedded of your neighbour !' "

<sup>1</sup> Vulgo, "chree."

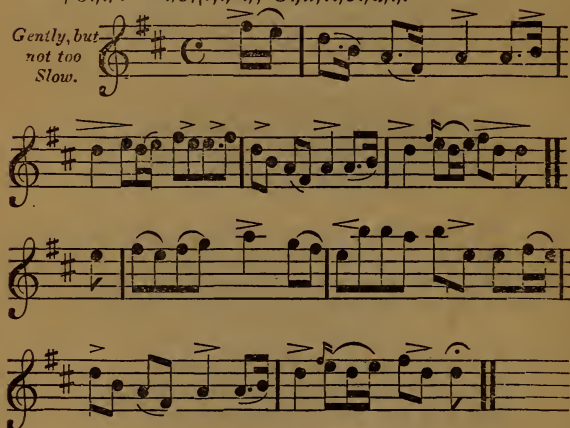
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# SÍLE BHEAZ NÍ CHONNOLLÁIN.

UILLIANN O'LEAHÁIN RO CHÁN.

Fonn:—Móirín ní Chuijlíonáin.

*Gently, but  
not too  
Slow.*



Maidíon dohać doibínn,  
Do bíora 'rzan duine am dáil;  
Coir leamhain péarlać iñneac,  
Na luibíonn 'rha n-uile blać:—  
Bhí maća aedíri 'ran t-raoizéal ann,  
Fíonta aʒur fúinneann dáin,  
Sʒata béite ríte ann,  
Máirí Shíle Bheaz Ní Chonnolláin!

<sup>1</sup> In Irish *Síle* beaz ní Chonnolláin, pronounced "Sheela veg nee Chonnellan;" as the latter word has been long written in this modified form, I shall adopt it, but I see no reason for changing here the orthography of the first name. When words from foreign

SILE BHEAG NI CHONNOLLAIN.<sup>1</sup>WILLIAM O'LEANAIN<sup>2</sup> SANG.

IN our manuscript collection of Irish airs, the present one is ascribed to the celebrated harper O'Connellan, A.D. 1650, who is said to have composed it for a favorite child whom he loved and idolized, on account of her great beauty and amiability. However, about the middle of the last century, coerced by the penal laws, the Munster bards composed several songs to this air; but invariably changed the name to “*Ṃórlín Ní Chonholláin*,” “*Ṃórlín Ní Chuilleáin*,” “*Ṃórlín Ní Loineádaín*,” “*Ṃórlín Ní Shlobaí*,” &c., by which titles Ireland is allegorically symbolized. Two of these compositions will be found at pages 57 and 127 of the First Series of our *Munster Poets*; and another will be found in Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy* (Vol. I., p 221), with a sweet and close metrical translation by Mr. D'Alton, which the late Edward Walsh introduced from Hardiman into his volume of *Irish Popular Songs*, with a translation of his own. We should observe that, in almost all the political compositions of the middle of the last century, Ireland is personified by such endearing names as “*Rórlín Dub*” (Clarence Mangan's “*Dark Rosaleen*”), “*Cairlín Ní Ualladaín*,” “*Án Chéardaín Árdáin*,” &c. O'Leanain, the author of the present song, was a native of Kerry, and flourished about A.D. 1760, but spent the most of his time among the O'Briens of Clare.—J. O'D.

Alone, at red dawn early,  
 I stood within the island bowers,  
 Where Leam'an's<sup>3</sup> stream flows pearly  
 'Mid wavy grass and brilliant flowers,  
 Green earth gave fruits, unchary,  
 And crimson wines they over-ran  
 For me, from nymphs of Faery,  
 Like Sile ni Connellan!

languages are made use of, none are so complaisant as to suit *their* orthography to the English pronunciation.

<sup>2</sup> Now “*Lenane*,” sometimes “*Leonard*,” “*Lennon*.”

<sup>3</sup> Now “*the Laune*.”

Bhí canuinn éanlaíocht bhínn ann,  
 An cnaoba go tuilte bláit;  
 Beaca 'r cnéithe mílte,  
 'San ionnra na rruic le fágaíl;—  
 Do dhearcas rpeiribean naoideanda ann,  
 Da hídé féin fá'n iomall trága,  
 'S ba fainuíl zhé na njozuin,  
 Le Síle Bheaz Ní Chonnollaín!

Bhí fearra héanta aoil daíct,  
 Aa an b-caoileann beaz mílir mha;  
 Maí alad an taobh na taoide,  
 A píb zíl 'ra Síle brágaib:—  
 Bhí daíct na z-caoi 'ran lítir,  
 Aa coimearzar na cruic go h-ann,  
 Seaic na n-aod 'r mo cnoide 'rtí,  
 Síle Bheaz Ní Chonnollaín!

Ba deas a déidmion díneac,  
 Zan aoinde maí zíle an bláit;  
 'Sa bara gléizeal míne,  
 Maí fíoda le cimit laíma;  
 Zan rhar a méara caoine,  
 Zan caoile go dul na m-bairi,  
 'S do glacraínn féin zan híd an bíct,  
 Síle Bheaz Ní Chonnollaín!

Ba tána a béal, ba cnoidearí,  
 'S ba mílte na míl a náid;  
 'Sa mala déanta a z-caoile,  
 Maí líne le tuítrín ann:—  
 Nó maí baínd léizíonhazí rtríoc beaz,  
 Tímcíoll le fíoraí pnaí;  
 'S ní rzarfaínn féin an njozácta,  
 Le Síle Bheaz Ní Chonnollaín!

Bright flocks of birds sang sweetly  
'Mid floods of flowers—their pleasant home!—  
And in the stream-isle, meetly  
I broke the golden honeycomb,  
When lo! on brink-tree shady,  
A child of glory on me shone,  
With features like our Lady—  
Our Sile ni Connellan!

In beauty white, this daughter  
Of graceful majesty was drest,  
Like swan's on azure water,  
The snowy radiance of her breast!  
On her cheek, the crimson berry  
Lay in the lilly's bosom wan,  
And forth my love did hurry  
To Sile ni Connellan!

Her teeth were small and pearl-like,  
And white as brightness of the blooms,  
Her lustrous palms were fair like  
The downy silk from finest looms;  
No gems nor 'broider'd glove or  
Red gold, her fingers glitter'd on,  
O! in meanest garb I'd love her,  
Fair Sile ni Connellan.

Her crimson lips beguiling  
Spake words more than honey sweet,  
And o'er her glad eyes' smiling  
Were pencill'd eyebrows arched meet;  
As if some artist loreful,  
Twin bows with compass fine had drawn,  
I'd ne'er leave for empire oreful,  
Sweet Sile ni Connellan!

Zan bladaí t'réigfinn aoiñear,  
 An t-raoiguisl an cúid da zrað;  
 'Shí rzarrað Eirne a cuimheadt,  
 Lom oidee faoi duille feada;  
 'Sho lazar léin zan í 'r mé,  
 Fa coillte nó a z-cuid do'n Sbáinn,  
 'Sdo cáillear féin mo énoide leat,  
 A Shíle Bheaz Ní Chonnollaín!

Ba cáda péarlac buide-dač,  
 A dlooi folt zan nuihe rāzain;  
 'So rleamuin, réigte, ciorca,  
 'So h-joctar a brollaiz bāin;  
 Na z-cneara niamrač rāoigte,  
 'So roillreac zó n-iomad rāir,  
 'Sle reanc dod' rzéim do claoidir me,  
 A Shíle Bheaz Ní Chonnollaín!

Do inear na h-éanlaiz mīne,  
 Nuair éidir a roirz ba rām;  
 'Sup larað zréine rīneac,  
 Nō roillre a z-cuortat cāiz;  
 Nuair cānač dhrēacta bīnn-zuiz,  
 Do bīdir az iomairbāid,  
 'Sna z-cara b'éizlon rtrīocad  
 Do Shíle Bheaz Ní Chonnollaín!

Tamall éizín roime rin,  
 Do rāoilear zó b-raca rzāil;  
 A nzaire az déanam rāince,  
 A n-joctar a n-uirze bneaz:—  
 Do meafar bēit na z-coillte,  
 Nō dhrāoigeadt-zéin an loc az rām,  
 'So b-raca taob lom rīnte,  
 Síle Bheaz Ní Chonnollaín!



In truth, I'll lose all gladness  
With wasting love for her, the sprite  
Who clings with yearning sadness  
To Eire's woods and vallies bright.  
My arrowy, piercing sorrow  
Would vanish swiftly, blue-eyed one!  
If far and free to-morrow,  
With Sile ni Connellan!

Her clust'ring, loosened tresses  
Flowed glossily, enwreathed with pearls,  
To veil her breast with kisses,  
And sunny rays of golden curls!  
But grief has smote my bosom,—  
My weary days lag 'neath a ban—  
Through thy beauty, O white Blossom!  
O, Sile ni Connellan!

When the birds, 'mid branches twining,  
Beheld her eyes, they thought them, sure,  
Two rays of sun! or shining  
Beams from the crystal pure!  
When rose her sweet voice ringing,  
They strove to peer its mellow tone,  
But were vanquished by the singing  
Of Sile ni Connellan!

While o'er the bright stream glancing,  
A moment ere her form I spied,  
I saw her shadow dancing  
Deep in the glassy, limpid tide,  
O, I thought a fay, the rarest!  
Had playful 'mid the water gone,  
Till I saw thee near, my fairest,  
Bright Sile ni Connellan!

Le gairtí b' ghréine caoile,  
 Nó coirle t'ne g'loine an aird;  
 Ba fíamhail ríméide a claon-roirg,  
 Do b'íod' m' le tuirre g'rád:—  
 'S do rianair néalta'c' íozuir,  
 'S do roillreac' na g-cruinneac'áin,  
 Do bua'ín do g'hé mo g'haol d'íom,  
 A Shíle Bhí' Ní Chonnolla'ín!

Nuair m'earar féin mo m'áona'c',  
 Le m'ílreac't do g'oid le páirt;  
 'S a leagad' a d-taob' na h-ínnre,  
 Nó n-íoc'tar na coille ar lár:—  
 Do labair f'rao'c'mar, f'íoc'mar,  
 Na lú'g'read le duine ír fearr,  
 'S do d-tazad' g'ao'dal 'r Laoir'eac'h,  
 Chum Shíle Bhí' Ní Chonnolla'ín!

Ní c'airt'read ba'tla'í' c'ao'í'm'teac',  
 'Na f'uí'g'illeac' na b-po'ic tar f'áil;  
 Na r'p'hear do f'é'í'leac' c'íor-dub,  
 L'íom r'íne go d-t'í'g' an b'ra't;  
 Ní g'lac'f'ad aon fear c'íod'ce,  
 'M'ar m'áona'c' íd'ín mo lá'm'a;  
 'S do d-tazad' g'ao'dal tar tao'ide  
 Chum Shíle Bhí' Ní Chonnolla'ín!

Beid' leabair g'ao'í'de'íl'ge l'íom't'a,  
 'A'í' r'ao'í'te an t-r'uí'lt do g'há't;  
 Ra'c'mur g'é'ile ar b'ínnre,  
 'M'ar b'íor a'í' an g-c'ur'ad bla't:—  
 Talá'm' r'ao'í' 'r ao'í'b'hear,  
 'A'í' bu'í'd'ín c'í'nt na r'anna ír fearr;  
 'S clanna g'ao'dal gan bu'í'deac'ar,  
 'A'í' Síle Bheag' Ní Chonnolla'ín!

---

As sunburst thro' the blue air,  
Or lamp o'er ocean's azure tide,  
Her flashing glances flew there,  
And thrilled my very heart inside.  
O! their's was all the brightness  
That shines from heaven's starry van,  
Their light has darked my lightness,<sup>1</sup>  
Sweet Sile ni Connellan.

I thought to win her graces,  
And love-smile on that rosy morn,  
In those green islet places  
Beneath the shady forest thorn.  
But she vowed with fiery fervour  
To never grant her love to man,  
Till rose her Strong to serve her,  
Bright Sile ni Connellan!

"No foreign tyrant lover,  
Nor slave who bends to him the knee,  
Till judgment-day be over,  
Need hope to win a smile from me!  
I'll brook not lord in age, or  
In youth, of whatsoever clann,  
Till come the Gael to wage war  
For Sile ni Connellan!

"Then books and bards shall flourish,  
And gladness light the looks of all,  
Then gen'rous knights shall nourish  
Our olden fame of open hall.  
Brave men and chiefs to lead them  
Shall flash their spears in valour's van,  
And glorious days of Freedom  
Crown Sile ni Connellan."

<sup>1</sup> This play upon words is imitated from the original; indeed, the whole translation is almost word for word.—ER.

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## SLÁN LE CRUAHUA.

SEAHUAN O'TUAHUA RO CHAN.

AS FREATHADH AN MHANSHAIKE SHÚSAICH.

Mho rlan zo h-éaḡ dam ḡlé-ḡar ruaire,  
 Slán ar ḡ-cléire, ar raor-ḡear ruaḡ;  
 Ar rlan zo léir leat d'aon ḡuḡ uairn,  
 Zo brat dod' caomha o céimib' éruaḡ!  
 Mho d'ic! mo b'ron! mo ḡleó 'r mo túire!  
 Mho ḡnoide-ḡar ḡlórimar ḡleoḡte an ḡlocair,  
 Ba raorḡa rḡḡac, ba ḡeólta rhuḡḡte,  
 Fa d'raoḡḡeacḡ ḡan t'reoir a n-uairḡear!

Mac Craic caom! ir é do luadaim,  
 Mhaḡairc'ir léḡḡin 'r cléireac' chuar,  
 ḡraḡ na m-béḡte a rḡéim ḡean ruaḡḡ,  
 Do'n Tal-ḡuḡ ḡaodail ba éacḡac uairn.  
 Mho d'ic! mo b'ron! 7c.

Ir carmar mé 'rḡac naon monuar!  
 Choir Mhaḡḡ zo léir 'd'ir érean 'r éruaḡ;  
 'D'ir aruaḡ 'r aorḡa, cléir 'r éuaḡ,  
 'S ar mhaib' ad déḡḡ ir déar-ḡléuc duairn!  
 Mho d'ic! mo b'ron! 7c.

Ir adbar léir do'n taob' ro ir t'ruaḡḡ,  
 Fear ram ḡlic réim, fear raorḡa ruaire,  
 Fear daḡ 'r d'reacḡ do déanad 'r duairn,  
 Ar ran cum r'éibe aḡḡéir ḡur ḡluair.  
 Mho d'ic! mo b'ron! 7c.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the Mangaire Sugach, the "Merry Dealer"—Andrias Mac Craith (now Magrath). The poem which elicited this one was a touching "Farewell to the Maig" by the Mangaire, and which is to

## FAREWELL TO CROOM.

JOHN O'TUOMY SANG.

IN REPLY TO THE MANGAIRE SUGACH.<sup>1</sup>

Farewell—ah, for ever!—to thy brightness and thy mirth,  
 Farewell from our priests, from the Noble of the Earth,  
 Farewell from the Fair, farewell to thee from all!  
 May it shield thee and shatter thy dole's gloomy pall!

Alas!—alas!—my bitter woe and sorrow,  
 That the gentlest,<sup>2</sup> the gayest, most generous of sages,  
 The Singer of sweet song—now the chill tempest rages—  
 Should wander forlorn night and morrow!

Mac Craith! 'tis to chronicle thy merits I have sought,  
 Thou Master of Learning! thou Thinker of deep thought!  
 Beloved of the damsels! Oh, bard of snowy brow,  
 Fit scion of Dalcassia's deedful race art thou!

Alas!—alas! &c.

Nigh green Maig river 'tis woeful now to stand,  
 And list the lament of the dwellers in the Land,  
 Of the people and the priests, of the lordly and the low,  
 And see our maidens pine and their tears in silence flow.

Alas!—alas! &c.

'Tis cause enough for gloom and heaviness of heart,  
 That a pure and pleasant poet was driven far a-part;  
 'That a bard of songs so soft, they seemed sighings of the  
 soul,  
 Should wander o'er bleak mountains in dreariness and dole!  
 Alas!—alas! &c.

be found in an agreeable little volume, with faithful and beautiful translations by the late Edward Walsh.—ER.

<sup>2</sup> The alliteration is imitated from the original, here as elsewhere.

Seo 'h fāt, mo léan! ó'h d-caoḃ do ruaiḃ,  
 Aḡ rāiḡ-ḡeap rēiḡ do'ḡ tréan ḡuḡl ḡōḡi;  
 A b-pāiḡt le bēiḡ iḡ claoḡ-clḡiḡ cluaiḡ,  
 Chuḡiḡ tāiḡte tréan maḡ é ap buaiḡt!  
 Aḡo ḡiḡ! mo bḡōḡ! ḡc.

Pāiḡr ḡeac, 'r Aenḡur buaḡac,  
 Aḡap laocḡa ba léadḡmaḡ luaḡ;  
 Jaḡoḡ caoḡ aḡ cḡaoḡ-ḡoiḡt ruaiḡ,  
 Sur mḡaiḡ do cḡaoḡ da cḡéiḡe ḡluaḡ!  
 Aḡo ḡiḡ! mo bḡōḡ! ḡc.

O cāḡlad bēiḡe aḡ mēiḡ ḡeo ḡḡuaiḡ,  
 Aḡiḡi aḡ ḡēḡr 'r cēad ḡac luaḡaiḡ;  
 Nḡ ḡāḡ ḡuḡt ḡēiḡe 'r teacḡ aḡuaḡ,  
 Na mḡaiḡ ḡiḡ tréiḡ a ḡēiḡ-ḡiḡ ḡuaiḡc.  
 Aḡo ḡiḡ! mo bḡōḡ! ḡc.

A ḡḡaḡ mo clēiḡ ḡāḡ cāoḡaiḡ cḡuaḡap,  
 Aḡt ḡāiḡte ḡēiḡe bēap 'r buaḡ;  
 Surḡ ḡa ḡ-bēiḡe 'r ḡḡé ḡaḡ ḡruaiḡ,  
 Aḡo ḡlan ḡo ḡ-éaḡ doḡ' cāoḡḡa buaḡ.  
 Aḡo ḡiḡ! mo bḡōḡ! ḡc.

## BUACHAIIJDHE LOCH-ḡARḡAḡN.

ḡiḡcheaḡ oḡ o'lonḡaiḡ ko chaḡ.

Aḡ maḡiḡiḡ luaḡ cḡḡḡiḡe,  
 Tḡaiḡiḡ ḡiḡcḡaḡa cúḡaiḡiḡ ḡaḡ ḡḡleaḡ;  
 Do baḡle ḡḡata cāḡa aḡḡ,  
 Aḡ dēaḡaḡ aḡbaḡt ḡiḡiḡ 'r ḡḡeaḡiḡ:—

<sup>1</sup> The spirit of the martyr patriot is supposed to narrate the battle in which he fell to the poet, and charge him with the vindi-

But burning is my grief that such a worthless blight,  
O'er frank and fiery qualities prevailed with so much might;  
That a maiden's smile should lure one to darkness and  
disgrace,

Who boasts the Poet's fire and the royal Irish race!  
Alas!—alas! &c.

And yet—this has been since the earth glowed in green  
youth,

Lo, Paris of mount Ida to testify this truth!  
And Ajax Telamonius for cause well-nigh the same  
To battle and to die in a foreign land you came!  
Alas!—alas! &c.

And Aengus the Triumphant—but 'twere weariness to tell  
All whom forsake of womankind a gloomy fate befell;  
Then wail not thou for ever thy falling from above,  
For mightier than thou have borne the penalty of Love.  
Alas!—alas! &c.

O, Bosom-friend! may hardship recoil from thee apart,  
Be welcomings, and gladness, and feasts where'er thou art;  
Be thy lot ever cloudless! thy spirit ever gay,  
And my Blessing be thy Shield against woe and ill for aye!  
Alas!—alas! &c.

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## THE BOYS OF WEXFORD.

(A BALLAD OF '98.)

MICHAEL OG O'LONGAN (OF CARRIGNAVAR) SANG.

We saw,<sup>1</sup> on Whitsun morning,  
The foe camp in the glen,  
With threats and gold suborning  
They vainly tried our men;

cation of his memory, the touching reproof to the backsliders, and his blessing to his own ever-faithful birth-place.—ER.

Do buarleamari na d-timceall,  
 'S do laramari ar d-téinte,  
 'S do tógbamari ceo breaḡ draoiḡeaḡeta,  
 So h-aoribhin dhí a g-cionn!

Do éairid ó cúige Ulad cúgarinn,  
 Tuile azur míle laoc;  
 Do éairid ó cúige Chonnocta,  
 A b-fuirneann rúd le faobair:—  
 Níor tuzadar ruaimhear cúige dúinn,  
 So d-tuzamar bualaḡ 'r fícté dól,  
 'S nac nó breaḡ do bhoḡ fuil azurinn,  
 'S cuirp a n-deirne an lae!

Ma tēanḡmaird oirra an buacail,  
 Nō rtuairne an cionn éair;  
 'S so m-biaḡ az cur mo tuiarirḡ,  
 Shuar a mearḡ na b-feair;  
 Níir mar rḡéal do uairne,  
 So b-fuilim ann ro so fuair laḡ,  
 Aí t-aob an t-rléib faoi buairneair,  
 Gan tuamba, gan rḡnairḡ!

Beir leirir ruar do'n Mhúmar uair,  
 A mínn díl 'ra rḡóir!  
 A' r níir a d-toraid mínn dól  
 So b-fuil an éat na g-cóir:—  
 Ir iomda airḡir mílir mínte,  
 'S leaib fíirneann fíonn zeal,  
 Azur fear breaḡ aluinn lútmair,  
 'San úir uairinn az d'reoḡ'!

Mo léan ar an Mhúmar nair éirirḡ,  
 'Nuair d'adairneamar an g-leo;  
 Le h-airm gneairta gneirdeairmair,  
 Bhíḡ faḡairḡa so leo:—



We struck with broad-sword glancing,  
With such might and skill entrancing,  
That, swift as necromancing,  
They vanished from their den !

From Ulster came two thousand  
Armed heroes to our aid,  
As many in Connacht rouse and  
March with whetted blade,  
Scant our rest till we, defying,  
Had twenty times our foe sent flying,—  
And left them many dead and dying,  
In blood at evenshade !

O, youth ! if 'mid the Living  
They question of that day,  
And ask you how I've striven,  
And where I've passed away,  
Say, that none there battled bolder,  
That lonely now I moulder  
Without mound of grassy mould, or  
Tombstone o'er my clay.

And say to Munster, sadly,  
The fight had been less red,  
Had she mustered with *us*, gladly,  
Who fought for *her* till dead !  
Say, many a gentle maiden,  
And child of brow unfaden,  
Many a brave man low is laid in  
The chill and narrow bed !

Poor Munster ! soon may high rents  
And Famine blast your way,  
With brilliant arms 'gainst tyrants  
You feared to front the fray—



And now that we are stricken,  
 And foemen 'round us thicken,  
 God guard Leinster, who to quicken  
 The fire, strove well alway!

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## FAULTS AND FAILINGS.

PATRICK DENN SANG.

AIR:—"John O'Dwyer of the Glen."

Whoso westward gazes  
 Upon the darkling hazes  
 That shroud the Gael in mazes,—  
     The dens of Sin and Guile,  
 And sees Christ's mild laws broken,  
 His name blasphemed—each token  
 Of deceit and high trusts broken  
     Throughout the hapless isle,  
 He will not, cannot wonder  
 They fall God's just wrath under  
 'Neath sentences that sunder  
     All pleasure from their shame,  
 That thro' their traitor knav'ry  
 The Land—once Star of Brav'ry—  
 Lies sunk in utter slav'ry—  
     A nation but in name!

differed from him in religion. He was a native of Upper Graigue, in the parish of Modeligo, in that county, and was the author of many beautiful compositions on religious subjects now collected in a small volume, and published by us, as an Appendix to Timothy O'Sullivan's *Pious Miscellany*.—J. O'D.

'Nuaairi tuzajm fêjn fo deapra,  
 Țac cpaor 'r buairit 'r aihdeir,  
 Fuaçt 'r fan zo dealb,

Ai daoine boçta an t-raoigheil !

Mêit çoiric mōri an lara,  
 Chum bhuire 'r ruazad 'r cneac̃ta,  
 Do dēanad orra le cealz,

'S le zriāin an a mēin !

Tuizim zo deimhin dā rtaðrad,  
 Chiorðuiȝte an domhain dā m-beairta,  
 'San maĩlir çam do fēac̃mhuin,

Le zriād do mac De,

Zo m-biad maç 'r réan zo h-obann,

'S beannaçt na naom̃ an fōçairi,

An clanna zaol zo folur,

Tré zriāra an Spiorad Naoim̃.

Zo deimhin ir airt ē b-fairiōnn,  
 Mhairze, bhuizēan, 'r trearȝairit,  
 Mhionnuide mōri dā rpalpa,

'S ȝairrȝeamlaçt bñēan !

'Dhri cōmarra ȝaoiðil 'r capaid,

Leabhaidē Chriort. na b-flaçar,

Thuz fuil a çnoiðe na ȝaire,

D'ar raona o ȝac péinn !

Dhultaidiȝ dōib reo fearra,

Tréiȝiȝide an peaca,

'S zriādaiȝ zo fīon ȝac pearra,

Ann lan ceairt búri ȝ-clēib !

'S cē cruaid̃ ata oruib ȝlara,

Aȝ clanna ȝall fo dalaȝ,

Reiðteoiȝ Riȝ na n-aihiȝioll,

Bhúri ȝ-cār ar ȝac créim !

How oft in pond'rings drearest  
 I think on all thou bearest,  
 My Land of Lands the dearest,  
     Thy scourgings, pangs and thrall—  
 Ah ! 'tis not now thou learnest,  
 That tyrants plot with earnest  
 Will, and purpose sternest  
     To waste each hill and hall.  
 But, then, I feel how needful  
 Each son should strive with heedful,  
 Tireless hands to cleanse the weedful  
     Minds thy foemen cause,<sup>1</sup>  
 Till winning back His blessing  
 We'd see thy clanns progressing  
 To Weal and Wealth—possessing  
     Freemen's hopes and laws !

Ay, weedful minds ! for quarrel,  
 Brute worship of th' ale barrel,  
 Hatred and Envy *are* all  
     Too plenty here to-day,  
 'Mong brothers in blood and mourning,  
 'Mong children of CHRIST who, burning  
 With anguish sought their turning  
     From paths that Hell-ward lay.  
 Forsake, my friends ! those bye-ways—  
 Tread Love and Virtue's highways—  
 The securest and most nigh ways  
     To Liberty's bright goal !  
 And tho' stronger were the barriers  
 That in bondage keep us tarriers,  
 God will guard and guide you, warriors !  
     And back your tyrants roll.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the penal laws against education.

Nj fada uajm dij̃b zeallajm,  
 Añ t-ah a m-biað ña cñanñajb,  
 Ta teaññ 'r ñaññari ða leaʒað,  
     'Ze lañ ðjoʒaltajr ðe!  
 'S clojðeañ ña b-ƣaobari ða ñzeaññað,  
 'Dijr ñúta, bñajñre, 'r bañña,  
 'S jað ʒo leñr ða ʒ-çñaʒa,  
     A lañ teññe çñaojr!  
 Na ðiajʒ rññ bejð ari lara,  
 Çñejðioñ Çñiñort ƣa ñačmuy,  
 'S ƣuajññear mōñ ari talañ,  
     'Nuajr çäçƣari añ ƣaoʒal!  
 ʒajll 'r ʒaojðil añ ƣeaca,  
 ƣiaðajle çaoç añ çajrññ,  
 Çujrñear jað a ʒ-çañcajñ,  
     Lan ðub le ðaol!

Ór é reo çñjç ña b-ƣeacajʒ,  
 'Sna ñʒajll ta claon ña m-beaça,  
 Ðo çñéjʒ añ Tjʒearñña ƣearñtaç,  
     'S ðo çñaðajʒ ññañ ña ʒaoðajl!  
 Ðño çññajññle ðéññjʒ ƣearñta,  
 Bhúñ m-beaññta baoir ña leañajʒ,  
 Séañajʒ çojðçe añ ƣeaca,  
     'S ʒñaðajʒjðe mac ðe,  
 Tōʒbañð ƣuar ʒo tapa,  
 Bhúñ ƣúñle çum ña b-ƣlaçar,  
 'S jaññiajð rñb ðo ƣeacññujññ,  
     ʒo bñaç aññr ð baʒal!  
 ʒaç ðjoʒaltar çñōñ ða ð-tujrñe,  
 Añ añ ƣaoʒal ʒo luaç ñañ ƣtojrññ,  
 'S ʒañ bñéaʒ ari añ ðñeam ƣo ari mññe,  
     'Na lan ñujç ari ƣrñae!

---

L! the Time of Times comes onward  
When shall flash your Green Flag sunward,  
And all glances turning vanward  
Behold THE MIGHTY HAND !  
And the Sword of Vengeance burning,  
For the scatt'ring—overturning,  
The shatt'ring and the spurning  
Of the robber Saxon band !  
O'er Erinn without measure  
Will Peace stream back and Pleasure,  
When's gained that highest treasure—  
Bright, peerless Libertie !  
The rank crime-weeds brought hither  
By Tyranny shall wither  
'Neath Freedom's sun—or whither  
Their master's gone they'll flee.

Our glorious Land ! no longer  
Too weak to crush the Wronger,  
The Stranger, *once* the Stronger,  
Before her name shall blench.  
Then quickly, firmly, rantless,  
O cleanse your lives, that vauntless  
Ye may rank among the Dauntless  
Who strive her rights to wrench !  
Make strong and rouse your brother,  
Each wasting strife to smother,  
Pray God's aid that our Mother—  
Our Land may yet be free.  
Recoil not, and the Vile Land  
Shall quake to your and my Land,  
And our own—our much-loved Island  
Shine Star of Libertie !

---

# AN FEAR BRÓNACH D'ÉJS A PHÓSDA.

Fonh :—"An Súirín Ban."

Da m-biad ba aḡ an ḡ-cat ir maic do pórfaiḡe é,  
Níl, mo éneac ! ná aḡ an té ar éora é ;  
Inḡion ná caillḡe rmeaicta póḡda ó naoir,  
'Sa liact caillḡin dear ḡan fíor cá nḡeabaḡ dja léi !

A cáirde dílir caoinḡḡ a máraḡ mé,  
Am póraḡ aḡ mnaoi 'ḡan m'inteinn rarta léi ;  
ḡan faic' ran t-raoḡḡeal aḡt nḡ náir b-féirde mé,  
Tíḡ ba, caora, 'r ríobara mna ḡan céill !

Do éneabfuinn, fuiririnn, cáirfirinn ríol 'r an ḡ-cné,  
Do féolfuinn ba faoi' n ḡ-cuirnaḡ ir áine ar bḡc  
féar,  
Chuirfirinn cru faoi' n eac ir mme ríúbaíl maim an  
raoḡal,  
A'r d'éalóḡaḡ bean le fear ná déanfaḡ rin féin !

A cáilḡin dear do lear náir deaḡmnaḡ tú,  
A éroide ḡan maḡ ir meara cáil aḡur clú ;  
Náir élor ód' ba ran maḡa ḡéim ná líúḡ,  
'Sháir faḡaḡ tú ceairt ar fear ḡo d-tḡḡir an úir !



## A LAMENT AFTER MARRIAGE.

BY THE SORROWFUL MAN.

If the cat had cows he surely could wed himself high !  
Ah ! without them he who should be wed never need try ;  
To the blear'd hag-daughter I vow'd last night to be true,  
And my own fair *cailin*—Heav'n knows what she'll do !

O, friends ! what grief was mine when the morn shone above,  
To have wed with a wife whom *I* can never love ;  
Without a rag on earth 'twere better to be,  
Than have sheep, three cows, and a goblin wife with me !

I could plough, and harrow, sow the seed in the ground,  
Drive cows where the sweetest, greenest grass would be  
found,  
Shoe steeds, too, the swiftest ever went or came,  
And sure girls have fled with men who could not do that  
same !

O, fair girl ! your gain may it ever prove a loss,  
O, heart perverse !—O heart so hard and cross,  
May you ne'er hear voice of your cattle in the field,  
And justice unto you may mankind never yield !

---

# ՁԻՆ ՇՐՈՒՄԻՆ ԼՁԻՆ՝

Ձի շրի Բոճա ճիւճի,  
 Լեմ՝ շաճ արեաճ զննի Ժ-տիւրի,  
 ՝Տ շրի ի իմ յո իւճաճ ի յեաճ ի մ,  
 Յո ի յիւր ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր,  
 Ձի յաճիւր ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր,  
 ՝Տ յո յաճիւր ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր !  
 Օրաճիւր ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր,  
 Տիւր ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր,  
 ՝Նա ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր  
 Տիւր ի իւր ի իւր !

## 1 ANOTHER VERSION.

Ձի իւր ի իւր ի իւր,  
 Յո ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր;  
 Շրի իւր ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր;  
 Յո ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր;  
 ՝Տ իւր ի իւր ի իւր,  
 Յո ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր,  
 Նա ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր.  
 Ձի ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր  
 Տիւր ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր,  
 Ձի ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր,  
 Լի ի իւր ի իւր !  
 Օրաճիւր ի իւր ի իւր,  
 Տիւր ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր,  
 ՝Տ ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր !

Ի ի ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր,  
 Ձի ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր,  
 Տիւր ի իւր ի իւր,  
 ՝Տ ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր,  
 ի ի ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր,  
 Ձի ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր,  
 Ձի ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր ի իւր.

THE CRUISGIN LAN.<sup>2</sup>

O, sons of glorious Erinn !

I've tidings of high daring

To brighten up your faces pale and wan,

Hearken closely ! gather nearer,

While in Gaelic ringing clearer

We will pledge them in a cruising<sup>2</sup> lan ! lan ! lan !

We'll pledge them in a cruising lan !

Toast-chorus.

To the Brave be glory ever

Who cross the seas to sever,

Our chains, with their sharp swords drawn ! drawn !  
drawn !

Our chains, with their sharp swords drawn !

Ṭa dá nÍd aḡ mo éiríde,  
Naé dóiré lÍb ;  
Aḡ dá déanḡaḡ pÍḡḡḡ dá d-ṭuÍlÍḡ,  
Na h-óláḡḡ,  
Nuairé éÍḡḡḡḡḡ ṭaḡ aḡ d-ṭuÍle,  
NÍ bÍdeanḡ pÍḡḡḡ aḡ pÓcaó,  
'SÍr réÍḡḡḡ aḡ baÍle,  
Nuairé naéaḡḡ ṭaḡ ṭeóḡaḡḡḡ,  
Aḡur óÍḡaḡaóÍḡ, ḡc.

A ḡḡeanaḡṭaÍḡ ! a nÍḡaÍḡ !  
Aḡ pÍḡḡ leaṭ mé dáona,  
Nó mo ṭaḡḡaṭ éun cÍḡḡḡḡ,  
Maḡ ḡeall aḡ aḡ ṭ-aon nÍd ;  
Maḡ a d-ṭḡeaoḡ ḡaḡ ḡÍḡ éÍḡaḡḡa,  
Aḡur cÍḡṭaḡ do déanḡaḡḡ,  
buairéḡ mé na cÍḡÍḡaóÍḡḡ  
'Sḡa pÍḡḡ aḡ a éÍle,  
Aḡur óÍḡaḡaóÍḡ, ḡc.

<sup>2</sup> This seems to be the song of an envoy sent from the Irish Brigade with tidings of their intention to return to their native Isle ; and is probably a kind of sequel to " Ho ! boys, grasp your glasses and fill up," &c. at p. 117.—ER.

<sup>3</sup> It is scarcely necessary (unfortunately) to say this is pronounced *crooshgeen laun*, and signifies " a full little jug" (in French *cruche*.)

Jr deōnac doīl̃b dūbač rīñn,  
 T̃rēīñre aȝ tair̃dīol t̃rīūc̃ bīm,  
     A ȝ-cēīñ tar̃ lear̃ a ȝ-cūīȝīdīb̃ f̃aȝaīñ!  
 Taōīb̃ le f̃ear̃aīb̃ ūīc̃rōīdeac̃,  
 Ba mīañ līom̃ r̃tad̃ le dūīl̃ ȝīrīñ,  
 Ȝañ c̃laonã aȝ blaīrẽ añ c̃rūīrȝīñ lañ lañ lañ,  
     Ȝañ c̃laonã aȝ blaīrẽ añ c̃rūīrȝīñ lañ!  
     Ol̃famaōīd̃, ȝc.

Añ t-aoñnac̃ caīlcẽ cūm̃ rīñn,  
 Da lēīȝf̃ead̃ f̃ear̃dã cūȝaīñ nīȝ,  
     Sēar̃lur̃ ceart̃ 'rã t̃rūpaīȝẽ r̃lañ!  
 Sēīñf̃īr̃ rōīl̃b̃ rūȝac̃ rīȝeac̃,  
 Saor̃ ȝañ cōl̃ a dīūȝf̃aōīdẽ,  
 Le f̃ēīlẽ a m-beīd̃' rañ ȝ-crūīrȝīñ lañ lañ lañ!  
     Le f̃ēīlẽ a m-beīd̃' rañ ȝ-crūīrȝīñ lañ!  
     Ol̃famaōīd̃, ȝc.

Ȝac̃ dīȝf̃ear̃ c̃hear̃dã clūm̃uīl̃ bīñn,  
 D'añ c̃ac̃ a r̃tōīr̃ 'rañ ȝ-crūīrȝīñ,  
     Añ r̃īūīl̃ ȝo d-tīoc̃f̃ad̃ cūȝaīñ nīȝ d-t̃rāīc̃!  
 Ȝlac̃ac̃ laññ nã laññ ȝīrōīdẽ  
 T̃a tair̃dīol̃ cūȝaīñ t̃rē̃ cūīȝīdẽ,  
 'S̃ ōl̃f̃am̃ f̃ear̃dã añ c̃rūīrȝīñ lañ lañ lañ!  
     'S̃ ōl̃f̃am̃ f̃ear̃dã añ c̃rūīrȝīñ lañ!  
     Ol̃famaōīd̃, ȝc.

Añ t̃rēad̃ rō 'nōīr̃ f̃a ȝūñaḍaīb̃,  
 A d-teamp̃aīll̃ cōīr̃ ar̃ b-p̃rīoññraḍaīb̃,  
     T̃rēīȝf̃īd̃ f̃ear̃dã ar̃ ȝ-cūīȝīdīb̃ r̃tāīc̃,  
 Bīaḍ̃ ȝaōīdeīl̃ ar̃īr̃ ȝo h-ūīc̃rōīdeac̃,  
 A d-t̃rēad̃ 'rã m-baīlcẽ clūm̃uīl̃ beac̃t̃,  
 A'r̃ ōl̃f̃am̃ f̃ear̃dã añ c̃rūīrȝīñ lañ lañ lañ!  
     Aȝur̃ ōl̃f̃am̃ f̃ear̃dã añ c̃rūīrȝīñ lañ!  
     Ol̃famaōīd̃, ȝc.

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Through sorrows dark and dreary,  
Through journeys long and weary,  
With heart that never 'blenched, I have gone,  
From the Trusted and True-hearted—  
Would to God! I'd never parted  
The Brigade round the cruising lan, lan, lan,  
The Brigade! boys, a cruising lan!

Heaven grant a waveless ocean,  
Southern gales of swiftest motion,  
Till our king and his troops tread the lawn,  
The thund'ring, brave, undaunted,  
They'll restore us—much we want it—  
Our Freedom! boys, a cruising lan, lan, lan,  
Our Freedom in a cruising lan!

Young men whose hearts are eager  
To spurn the foreign leaguer,  
And impatient wait for Liberty to dawn,  
Prepare your guns and lances,  
For swift the host advances  
Of our king, all in battle order drawn, drawn, drawn,  
Of your king all in battle order drawn!

From our temples rent and riven  
The Saxon shall be driven,  
Shall vanish from your gleaming blades and brawn,  
And free throughout our sireland  
The Irish *shall* rule Ireland,  
To that day, then, a cruising lan, lan, lan,  
To that day, boys, a cruising lan!

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## ՊՈՐԱ ԱՐ ՊԱՅՈՅՆ ՓԱՅԷ.

ՔԻՏԵԱՐԺ Օ՛ԲՐՈՅՆ ԿՕ ՇԱՆ.

Պօրա ար մայրն Ժայտ ա թթիւնեան շիւղ,  
 Եր բօսարն ծօծլանն զնի՛ իմէ յօ ծնած,  
 Ելլալի՞ս ա՛յ թարսն՝ ի շէլջեամ շում թլսալ,  
 Եօ յ-արտրեօճամ ար յ-եաճիս յօ շար յեալ Պնման.

Բիօր տ-այնիմ՝ ի՞նչօ թլօյնիս ծամ թէն ար ծ-տնր,  
 Ար եաշլա ծարմար ծնի՛ցե Պնման ;  
 Եօ մ-նիս՝ աշամ լեան՝ իմե ծիլ՛ թա ծնած  
 Տմօ ծալնիս ծիլ՛ ա՛յ-թարն իմ յօ ծ-տէլնի թանն !

Բիօր մ'այնիմ՝ իմօ թլօյնիս Ժայտ թէն ար ծ-տնր,  
 Եր մե Քիտեարձ Օ՛Բրօյն ծ շար յեալ Պնման ;  
 Եա շարլեան թա՛ս յեալա՝ ի յարլայջեա՛ծ ծնի՛ցամ,  
 Տ ինչոյն իմիս յա շօլլե յլայրե աշ թաշալ ծար  
 ծամ՝ ծնած.

Պա զա շարլեան թա՛ս յեալա՝ յար յարլայջեա՛ծ ծնի՛ցած,  
 Շեաճարն ալիւնն ծեա՛ծ շարլե աշար մօրան թնի,  
 Ա մ-նիս՝ շրլալ ալլիս ա ծ-տի՛ց հ-աճար, ի թիօն ար  
 ծնիւմ,  
 Տնի ծ-թալ յնօ՛ծ աշարս, ա մարկալն, ծ'աօն ծամ՝  
 թօր.

Եարն իմ ի՛նչ տալեօճա՛ծ զնի՛ շարլեանն թլօ՛ց,  
 Եարն իմ ի՛նչ տալեօճա՛ծ զնի՛ թիօն ար ծօրն ;  
 Եալեօճա՛ծ զնի՛ հ-ալլիս մ-նիս՝ թալիս ի՛նչ շօլ,  
 Տ տալեօճա՛ծ զնի՛ լեա՛ս մ-նիս ա շրլան յա հ-օր.

<sup>1</sup> This song is the joint production of a wealthy young country squire named O'Brien, and a neighbouring peasant girl in humble circumstances with whom he fell deeply in love. From the sim-

## HAIL! O FAIR MAIDEN!

RISTEARD O'BROIN SANG.

"Hail! O fair maiden! this morning fair,  
'Tis calm are thy slumbers and I in despair,  
Rise and make ready and turning our steeds  
We'll travel together to Munster's meads."

"Tell first thy christian and surname too,  
Lest what's said about Munster men might come true,  
They'd take me in joy and they'd leave me in rue  
To bear my kin's scorn my whole life thro'."

"I'll tell, first, my christian and surname true,—  
Risteard O'Brin from o'er Munster's dew,  
I'm heir to an Earl and to long towers white,  
And for me dies the child of the Greenwood-Knight!"

"If thou'rt heir to an Earl and to long towers white,  
Thou'lt get rich maidens plenty to be thy delight,  
Who've peers as their fathers and hold the high cheer,  
Thou needest my humble sort not—Cavalier!"

"Come with me, and thou, too, shalt sit with peers,  
Come with me, and thou, too, shalt hold high cheers,  
Thou'lt have halls where are dances and music old,  
Thou'lt have couches, the third of each red with gold!"

plicity of the language, it would appear, at least, to be about two or three centuries old if not older. The O'Breens inherited estates in the county of Clare in former times; and the hero of the present effusion may be of that race.—J. O'D.

Njor ðajtjgear a ð-tjz m'atari njan do flōz,  
 Njor ðajtjgeara beata-uirze na fjor an bōrd;  
 Njor ðajtjgear na halluðe a m-bjoð naince 'r ceðl  
 'S njor ðajtjgeara leaba m-bjað a tman na h-ðr.

B'fēidri zo nzeabmaoir an rōð ro rjar,  
 Zo m-bjað ðr buðe ar ar z-cōirrtjze a'r zman,  
 A rðōirj njor cōir duzt me meallað njor rjað  
 Mjan ta me teirj breoðte real fada ad ðjajz.

### WJIRE BHEAZ DO BARRA.

A Wjajne bjz do Barra do marb' tú m'innirj,  
 D'fāz tu beð dealb me zan fjor ðam munnirj;  
 Ar mo lujze ðam ar mo leaba jr ort a bjm az  
 cuimneað  
 'Sar m'ēirjzjð ðam ar mairj mār do cealz tu an  
 cmoðe 'ham.

A Wjajne zlac mo cōmairle na reoltar tú ar  
 t-airmlear,  
 Seacurj an rtrōirje fear rējðte na h-aðairce;  
 Zableirj an ðjzfeair na nglaožan rjað O'Flairj air,  
 Pōr ē do žrað rējðtjz ðr ē jr tojl led' munnirj.

Do řjl me tu meallað le bmaçra 'rle pōzað,  
 Do řjl me tú meallað le leabairta 'rle mōjðe;  
 Do řjl me tú meallað ar breacað na h-eðmnanj  
 Ałt d'fāz tú dūbaç dealb ar ðeaçt do'j m-bljaž-  
 aij nūað mē.

Jr aojbirj do'j talarj a rjublarj tú řēj air,  
 Jr aojbirj do'j talarj ar a řejnnean tú bēairja;  
 Jr aojbirj do'j talarj 'huair lujzean tú řa ēaðaç,  
 'Sir rō aojbirj do'j b-feair a zeabað tú mār cēple.



“ I’m not used at my mother’s to sit with hosts,  
I’m not used at the board to have wines and toasts,  
I’m not used to the dance-halls with music old,  
Nor to couches, the third of each red with gold.”

O, might we go westward yon bright path o’er,  
With gold and with sun would our coach shine more,  
And sure ’tis not justice to grieve me sore,  
For long, long I’m heart-sick for thee, Mo STOR !

---

### FAIRY MARY BARRY.

O, fairy Mary Barry, I tarry down-hearted,  
Unknown to friend or kin health and wealth have departed,  
When I’m going to my bed, or I wake in the morning,  
My thought is still of you and your cruel, cruel scorning.

O, fairy Mary Barry, take counsel my bright love,  
And send away the stranger from out of your sight, love,  
For all his fine airs, there’s more truth in me, love,  
Then come to me, mo croid’e !<sup>1</sup> since our parents agree, love.

I thought I could coax you with promise and kisses,  
I thought I could coax you with vows and caresses,  
I thought I could coax you ere yellowed the barley,  
But you’ve left me, to the New-Year, in sore sorrow fairly !

’Tis delight unto the earth when your little feet press it,  
’Tis delight unto the earth when your sweet singings bless it,  
’Tis delight unto the earth when you lie, love, upon it,  
But oh, *his* high delight who your heart, love, has won it !

<sup>1</sup> *Mochree.*

Do řubaleđalnoh aň t-řmáľđ leač aľ ľáľň a'ř me  
am aoham,

Պօ յաճախ տալ բա՛լե չան ծա քնչիւն բքնե՛ ԼԵԱՏ ;  
 Պօ չաօճա՛ԼԵ՛ ր մօ ճա՛լմԵ չօ Լա՛ն Բրա՛ժ Ծօ Երե՛լՅ-  
 ԲԻՆՆ ,

'Sgo d-tògfaidh o' h m-bàr me a'c' a' m'ad gur leat  
fèin me.

Պօ շնորհ, 'րօ շնորհ, 'րօ շնո մե օմ' շնորհ  
 շնորհ ծառ,

Ar maidin la feil Nguine na 3-caindeall ran  
teampall;

Do fúilín ba zlaire na uirze na ngeamharta,  
A'r do béilín ba bhinne na druaid 'huaili a labharan.

Փ'օղբայրոյ, 'ր ծ'օղբայրոյ, 'ր ծ'օղբայրոյ ծօղբայրոյ,  
Զ'ր ծառ-բերդոյն արեւմտեւ լոյսէ ծ'օղբայրոյ ոյ  
բ'բայրոյ յ,

Տա մ-բեյծոյիդ ամ Բաղաւրա ծ'օրբոյի ծօ Բաբայ,  
Տսծ օրտ 'ր Օլ ծօծ 'ր ծա ծօ Բեաճած ած իւայիդ:

I could wander thro' the streets hand-in-hand with my  
true love,  
I would sail the salt sea with no fortune but you, love ;  
My nearest and my dearest I'd leave them for ever,  
And you'd raise me from death if you said " We'll ne'er  
sever !"

I gave you—O, I gave you—I gave you my whole love,  
On the festival of Mary my poor heart you stole love !  
With your soft green eyes like dew-drops on corn that is  
springing,  
With the music of your red lips like sweet starlings singing !

I'd toast you—O, I'd toast you, I'd toast you right gladly,  
And if I were on ship-board I'd toast you less sadly,  
And if I were your sweet-heart thro' Erin so wide, love,  
None could see—(here's your bright health)—so happy a  
bride, love !

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EJBHÍJH A RÚJH.<sup>1</sup>

Och! le zṡaḍ ḍuṡt ḡ'l ṡaḍaṡc aṡ ḙeaṡṡ,  
 A Eṡblṡṡ! a Rúṡṡ!  
 Bḡeṡṡ aḡ tṡaḙt oṡt ṡṡ aḙṡḡeaṡ ḡom,  
 A Eṡblṡṡ! a Rúṡṡ!  
 ḡṡo ṡṡṡṡaṡ ṡṡ ḡṡṡṡ ṡṡ tṡ,  
 Sṡlaṡ aṡ t-ṡaḙṡṡṡ ṡṡ tṡ,  
 ḡṡo ḡṡeaṡṡ 'ṡṡo ṡḡeṡṡṡ ṡṡ tṡ,  
 A Eṡblṡṡ! a Rúṡṡ!  
 ḡṡo ḡṡaṡṡḡeaṡṡ-ṡa ḡṡ ḙeṡṡṡṡ ṡṡ tṡ,  
 ḡṡo ḙṡlṡṡ ḙa ḡ-ṡuṡṡ ṡaṡ ḡ-ḙṡṡṡ ṡṡ tṡ,  
 'S aṡ ṡṡ ḙṡṡṡṡe-ṡṡ ḡ'l ḡaṡḡeaṡ ḡaṡ tṡ,  
 A Eṡblṡṡ! a Rúṡṡ!

Le cṡṡṡṡeṡṡ 'ṡ cṡṡ ḙeaḙṡḡaḙ  
 A Eṡblṡṡ! a Rúṡṡ!  
 ḙṡḡṡaṡṡ ḙṡeaḡ ṡṡ ṡṡ ḡom ṡeṡṡ tu,  
 A Eṡblṡṡ! a Rúṡṡ!  
 ṡṡ ḙṡeaḡṡa 'ṡa Bḡeṡṡṡ tu,  
 ṡṡ aṡṡe ṡa ṡeṡṡṡṡṡ tu,  
 ḡṡo ḡeṡṡ ḡaṡ ḙeṡṡ ṡṡ tu,  
 A Eṡblṡṡ! a Rúṡṡ!  
 ḡṡo ṡṡṡ, ṡṡ ḡṡ, ṡṡ ḙaḙṡ ṡṡ tu,  
 ḡṡo ṡṡṡṡ ḙa ḡ-ṡuṡṡ 'ṡaṡ t-ṡaḙḡaṡ-ṡṡ tṡ,  
 Rúṡṡ ṡṡ ḙṡṡṡṡe 'ṡṡo ḙṡeṡṡ ṡṡ tu,  
 A Eṡblṡṡ! a Rúṡṡ!

<sup>1</sup> Eṡblṡṡ a ṡṡṡṡ, i.e., *Ellen the treasure of my heart*. This song is the composition of a Munster bard of the seventeenth century, whose name at present we are unable to ascertain. His object in writing the song was principally to excel the Connaught version, and in which, notwithstanding the fame of the author, Carroll O'Daly, as a poet, and the soul-inspiring subject of his muse, he has succeeded. As the subject which gave rise to the composition is now

EIBHLIN A RUIN!<sup>2</sup>AIR :—" *Eibhlin a ruin.*"

Oh ! I'm dazzled with love for thee,  
Eibhlin a ruin !

To praise you is joy to me,  
Eibhlin a ruin !

My Glory most bright and fair,  
My Solace thro' all life's care,  
My Mirth and my Gladness rare,  
Eibhlin a ruin !

O, nurse amid sorrow, sure,  
O, Dove of the Wood, so pure,  
My breaking heart *only* cure,  
Eibhlin a ruin !

With thy frankness and spotless youth,  
Eibhlin a ruin !

*Could* you deceive my truth !  
Eibhlin a ruin !

More beauteous than Venus, far,  
More fair than the midnight star,  
My Helen without stain you are !  
Eibhlin a ruin !

My red Rose, my Lily white,  
My Treasure unfading bright,  
Darling ! my soul's delight !  
Eibhlin a ruin !

so familiar to every lover of the muse of our country, we will only refer the reader to Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*, vol. I., pp. 328, 356, and to the *Dublin Journal*, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, (1858) where the legend which gave rise to the composition is ably related by Mr. O'Flanagan.—J. O'D.

<sup>2</sup> Pr. "Ne-yeen, or Ive-leen a roon," but commonly written Eileen aroon. It means, "Eibhlin, O secret love !" The romantic

Raçfaiyh tar rai le leat,  
     A Eiblin! a Rúih!  
 'Sgo deó deó hī fāzfauih tū,  
     A Eiblin! a Rúih!  
 Le rtaipaiḃ do bñeazfaiyh tu,  
 Do blarfaiyh do bēal go dlút,  
 A'r řihfuih go řeim led' cum  
     A Eiblin! a Rúih  
 Thabarfaiyh aoruižeačt duiz coir aman,  
 Faoi žēazaiḃ žlara cianh,  
 Ceól na n-éan aih ór ar ž-ceahh,  
     A Eiblin! a Rúih!  
  
 Le díoznaiř tar beačta duiz,  
     A Eiblin! a Rúih!  
 Do luidfuih ar leaba leat,  
     A Eiblin! a Rúih!  
 D'faiřzfuih am' žēazaiḃ tu,  
 Choihžeočaiyh go řeannah tu,  
 Žhiadrfaiyh tar aon beah tū,  
     A Eiblin! a Rúih!  
 A řeiltioh maiřeač modamuiḃ,  
 Sul a m-beiḃioh duiz bun-or-cioh,  
 Och! ēazaḃ ba túiřze liom,  
     A Eiblin! a Rúih!

story connected with this beautiful air and, perhaps, those words is so well known that I shall only repeat it briefly. The composer, Carrol O'Daly, was attached to a young chieftainess, Eibhlin Cavanach, but, being called from the country, her relatives, who were opposed to him, contrived to make it appear to Eibhlin that he was unfaithful, and prevailed upon her despair to wed one of their friends. Carrol returned on the eve of the nuptials, and, wandering in grief along the sea-shore with his harp, composed this air. Next day being introduced to the castle, disguised as a

I'd cross the salt sea with you,  
Eibhlin a ruin !

I'd ne'er—ne'er flee from you,  
Eibhlin a ruin !

What soft tales I'd tell to you,  
I'd taste your lips' sweetness, too,  
I'd sing, 'mid the falling dew,  
“ Eibhlin a ruin !”

I'd bring you where rivers glide,  
Where green boughs o'ershade the tide,  
'Neath music of birds to bide,  
Eibhlin a ruin !

A joy beyond life would bless,  
Eibhlin a ruin !

Should I wed your loveliness,  
Eibhlin a ruin !

My fond arm would circle you,  
My heart be your guardian true,  
Ne'er cailin were loved like you,  
Eibhlin a ruin !

My beauteous Star, mild and clear,  
Sooner than cause a tear,  
O, Death—it were welcome here,  
Eibhlin a ruin !<sup>1</sup>

minstrel, he sang to his harp (probably) the above words. She recognised him and sent him a token, signifying that she was true to him, and that evening they fled together.—ER.

<sup>1</sup> Handel is reported to have said that “he would rather be the author of this air than of all the music he had ever composed. Eibhlin is synonymous with *Ellie*, as in an exquisite ballad by Dr. Campion of Kilkenny in the *Celt* for March, 1858—“O'Dwyer the Desperado”—ER.

“He had no heart for human kind,  
For it was buried deep,  
Under a tree, Ellie—Ellie—  
With your cold corpse asleep.”

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## EJSD A BHEAN BHOCHD!

A maoir 'r mé a'z maòtharh am aonar coir leara,  
 Ar claoir èurèa mallajète an t-raozuil;  
 Ar luèt èirèz do rpalpað nàr nêid dia dà n-anam,  
 Àèt cèadta aco tàcta 'ra rìnead:—  
 Do tèarhaid am aice an rpeirbean èaoir èaile,  
 'S a craob-folt lèi rzaipizète, rzaoilte,  
 A'z zèarizol a'z canað an bèarfa zan laza,  
 A m-biað zaoirdeil-boicèt faoi atuirre coirde!

Cupi fà.      Eirð a bean boèt,  
                     Na bèic 'r na zoil,  
                     Eirð a bean boèt  
                     'S b'j caoir linn;—  
 Nuair èraoèfar zàc poc,  
 Chuir do èrèadra fà coir,  
 An airtneab Whilead,  
                     Theabair ruizè 'rèiz!

Adúbaair mēdā frea'zair, nā zèilldo luèt rcarèa,  
 Dā mēid do b'j azuirh d'ar z-claoir d'job;  
 Traoèfamaoir Zallaib nā dèiz rir 'r Orianze,  
 'S zàc aon eile fèarhaid dā n-dlèze rir:—  
 'S è lèiztear ar beaèa nā naom 'rha n-abrtal,  
 Jr zèillid uair fèarða zur f'ior è,  
 Sul biað cèad a z-cuic caite beid Eirne leò rzarèa,  
 A' r zaoirdeil boèt a b-fearan nā a r'innfear!  
                     Eirð a bean boèt! 7c.



## SAD ONE, O HEAR!

As I pondered alone by an old ruined tower,  
 On the false sinful ways of the world,  
 On the traitors who all for the gain of an hour  
 Let their souls into ruin be hurled.  
 There neared me a maiden whose fair cheek was paling  
 In grief, 'neath her bright tresses streaming,  
 A heart-grieving chant she was mournfully wailing,  
 " Shall the Gael aye in bondage lie dreaming.

*Chorus*

Sad One ! O hear,  
 Wail not nor fear,  
 Sad One ! O hear  
     Us, around thee,  
 We will chace thy fierce foe,  
 We will banish thy woe,  
 And in Freedom's fair mansion,  
     We'll crown thee !

I answered, " O heed not the dastardly faction,  
 Whose lies our fair hopes would encumber,  
 We'll trample the Saxon and base Orange faction,  
 And all of their black-hearted number.  
 For 'tis writ in the lives of the holy and sainted,  
 (We'll trust in their prophecies glorious),  
 " Ere a century goes—our wild pray'rs will be granted,  
 And the Gael be in Erin, victorious."  
     Sad One, O hear, &c.

Sul a b-fazfam an baile faoi deoin dul cum cața,  
 Beid zarda nac meata na ruiže 'zuihn;  
 Chum an zriain-rljoct do rtracad na rpaža 'dri  
 eacajb,

'Sa z-chna do lara na d-tejntib:—

Uz tabajnt rariain an marlad zac raii-riri do  
 caillead,

'S fazbad a nglara 'raii dihiit, [lam,  
 Beid tract pad do maii-riđ clann Adam an an ta-  
 Jo de an bar do ruaii zmačaihn an feill reo!  
 Eirt a bean boct! 7c.

Ni an taob choic na caihnn ir mēienn lynnē tar-  
 naih,

Le cēle 'read zlanfram na tjoitā; [muid,  
 Beid trēienn-riri nari n-aiice nari rtaon riam dā na-  
 Uct cēadta 'co leažad 'ra rjhe:—

Firi maola zo tapaid 'r faoban an a lannajb,

'Siri traoctā biad arii an rjz 'co,  
 U d-taob zaoiđil boctā mearaimre a z-cēiud 'r a  
 n-aiide,

Cead raoctāri an tarriuiht an pice!

Eirt a bean boct,

Na bēic 'rha zoil,

Eirt a bean boct,

'S bi caoienn lynn;

Nuaii traoctāri zac poc,

Chuii do trēada rā coiir,

An airtneab Whilead,

Theabaii ruiže 'rtiž!

Round the ranks of the brave a bold phalanx shall rally,  
A-thirst for revenge and for glory,  
And they'll chace the foul foe over mountain and valley,  
With a vengeance unheard of in story.  
In their rage they will trample and tear them asunder,  
Could the Vengeance of Ages be sparing?  
O, while Adam's tribe lives, men shall whisper in wonder,  
The fate of the Saxons in Erinn!  
Sad One, O hear, &c.

Not on hill-side or carn, our clans we will muster,  
But through the broad country we'll gather,  
And heroes shall lead us, of fame's brightest lustre,  
Whose swords have stained lowland and heather!  
Men nimble and bold, whose keen weapons of power  
Of foes shall clear mountain and valley,  
Oh, the Gael shall rejoice in fair Liberty's bower,  
When once the bold pike-men shall rally.

Sad One ! O hear,  
Wail not, nor fear  
Sad One ! O hear  
Us around thee,  
We will chace thy fierce foe,  
We will banish thy woe,  
And in Freedom's fair mansion  
We'll crown thee !

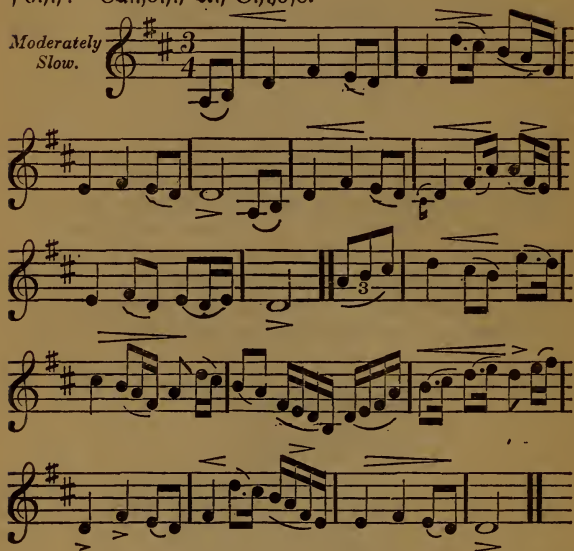
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# NA SLÁINTEJHE.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR RO CHAN.

Fonn:—Eamonn An Chvoic.

*Moderately  
Slow.*



Slán cum na z-choc, 'r cum apd zleanna an t-ruilz,  
 Azur rlan leatra a Thlobnaid Arianh;  
 Chum Sheazain zil Uí Chuine, 'r Sheamaij zan  
 cúir,

Le raon céad om' toil céad rlan cúzab:—  
 Zac la bjoé azuinn cead vault azur con,  
 Baije azur ruic tar éir rnaðaim real,  
 An móinte mhin bog cupi reólas faoi poc,  
 Sin rlan lem' zoin do n naitz rin!

## THE FAREWELLS.

WILLIAM O'CONNERY SANG.

AIR:—" *Edmund of the Hills.*"

WILLIAM O'CONNERY, author of the present song, was a native of Tipperary, and having been intended for the priesthood by his parents, had to repair to the Continent to complete his ecclesiastical studies, and receive Holy Orders, as the penal laws made it incumbent on candidates for this office so to do. During his stay there he composed this song, and transmitted it home in a letter to his friends in Tipperary. After his ordination he returned to his native land, and was parish priest of Bansha in the year 1766. The original song of *Εαμονν αν Χηουε*, or *Edmund of the Hills*, to the air of which the present one is composed, is one of a very melancholy character, and has always been highly popular. It is presumed to be one of those airs begotten of "the last disgraceful century," and reflects, in its plaintive or rather desponding expression, the fate that had befallen the land and its people in that disastrous era. A short sketch of *Eamonn*, will be found at page 218 of our *First Series*. To the persecutions suffered by the Irish, and by the bards, who were particularly obnoxious to the party in power, we are indebted for many effusions of this sort.—J. O'D.

Farewell to the hills and farewell the gay glen,  
 And farewell to thyself, Tipperary !  
 To Seamas and Seaan,<sup>1</sup> two bright faultless men,  
 My heart sends a hundred unchary.  
 We used, long ago, to vault and to chace,  
 And to run after swimming the river,  
 And o'er smooth springy bogs the foot-ball to race—  
 Here's farewell to such longings for ever.

<sup>1</sup> Pr. *Shemus* and *Shawn*.

Slan cum na h-abann—mo zñad lior na nğall,  
 'Szac páirc dear dá nğabmaoir tríte ;  
 Slan cum an dñeam a' r cum arid-žut na nğleann,  
 D'fázdamuinne an am aoibhinn !  
 Tá mo fláinte zo fann ó náinig mé nunn,  
 'S ná tráctaid liom an am na baoire,  
 Mhar a m-bíđ' báire ašur zñeann le fázail an zo  
 ramuin,  
 Ašur flán le nár luntá Brijide !

Slan cum na Múman 'r cum Sheazáin žil de Búrc,  
 Ašur flán cúžalb zo dlút le céile ;  
 Slan cum na Cúlac mar a m-bioč an zñeann,  
 Ašur ržáindeac de' n m-brannda daon leir :—  
 Tá mo fláinte zo fann ó náinig me ann,  
 'S ná tráctaid rlad liom an Mháočail,  
 Do cáill mé mo řjubal mo *vault* 'r mo lút,  
 O d'fáz mé an t-Sjuir 'ran Rae-čoill.

Slan cum an dá Uilliam tá cñad žol am diaž,  
 Ašur flán cúžadra rian a Phactiaž ;  
 Slan cum na ž-clian a d'fáz me a b-řian,  
 Ašur flán le na m-briačna cearta :—  
 Tadořláintir Bhriain' dirlaima' žuinn le blažáin,  
 Žac lá aš cur ciača zñad đjom,  
 Sláinte fada óm' clíab le arid-čear 'r řian,  
 Chum řáin-řear na ž-clian tar řáile !

Cá b-fázřuinn tu a Philib flán cúžad a cúřim,  
 Slan cum tuille đod' cđmarra ;  
 Slan cum mo cúmáin ta ž-čnoc na cúřia,  
 Slan ašur řitče dom' řčđnac :—  
 Žo d-trážřid an tuile tá 'điri mé 'r tura,  
 Žñad beid ašam a ž-čomad duir  
 Láin an mo žloine, flán cúžad a cúřim,  
 Do fláinte tar mair 'noir óluim !

Farewell to the river—my love, *Lios na n-gall*,<sup>1</sup>  
 To each green where we spent out our leisure,  
 To the high voice of glenns,<sup>2</sup> to my countrymen all  
 That we left in the old days of pleasure ;  
 My good health did flee since I came o'er the sea,  
 They ne'er talk of the days of our childhood,  
 Of the goal, of the Gael, of the Brigid-tide ale—  
 O farewell to my home and the wildwood !

Old Munster farewell, hill, valley, and dell,  
 My friends fare ye well all together,  
 And to Culach for aye where we once were so gay,  
 And could quaff, besides joy, a brave mether.  
 My good health did flee since I came o'er the sea,  
 They ne'er talk to me here of fair Maethill,  
 I've lost the gay bound—the light foot on the ground,  
 Since I left ye, blue Siuir and old Raehill !

Farewell the two Williams who mourn for me yet,  
 And Patrick, farewell to you, surely,  
 Farewell to the priests whom I left with regret,  
 Farewell to their words spoken purely.  
 O'Brian, with us here was thy health all the year,  
 And each day drank with deepest emotion,  
 Farewell from my soul to the torture and dole,  
 That drove the brave chiefs o'er the ocean.

My Philip, adieu ! I've ne'er forgot you,  
 And adieu to your neighbours and nearest,  
 Adieu, too, I send to my hill-dwelling friend,  
 And forty farewells to my dearest.  
 Till the dark floods abate that us separate,  
 I'll love thee with fondest devotion,  
 With hand on my glass, here's to thee, sweet lass !  
 “ A bright health from over the ocean.”

<sup>1</sup> The resounding echoes. <sup>2</sup> *Lios na n-gall*, the fort of the stranger.





## BESIDE THE LEE.

MICHAEL OG O'LONGAN SANG.

Down by the branchy Lee,<sup>1</sup>  
Ere dawn I chanced to be,  
While roving slow, o'er earthly woe,  
A musing mournfully :—

How ruin did efface  
The flower of Gaelic race,  
The noble Gael—who now bewail  
Their home a desert place.

Thus lonely and downcast  
I mourned o'er the past,  
While warblers made in the emerald shade,  
Their music sweet and fast.

When gently at my side  
Appeared a queenly bride,  
Of fairer grace in form and face  
Than aught of earthly pride.

Her curling tresses greet  
Her small and gentle feet ;  
The golden fleece—the prize of Greece,  
Might shame those locks to meet.

Her eye-brows dark and slight  
O'er-arch her eyes of light,  
And balm-fire tips her tuneful lips,  
Her teeth are marble white.

<sup>1</sup> The Lee of woods.

A mama cruinne zéar,  
 Tu z dač an aoil an daol,  
 Le d-tarcair nízítear rneac̃ta ríon,  
 'Sda nabairín an zéir !

Ba čana tpoizíte caoñ,  
 Le' n meallad̃ m̃ile laoc̃,  
 Da n-añarcaizéad̃ an talam̃ tpuim̃,  
 Na ratalaizéad̃ an b̃eirt !

Fačaim̃ díoznair r̃zél,  
 Do' n ainh̃ir m̃ín-tair t-r̃éim̃,  
 A h-ainim̃ čruinñ do čazair̃c l̃inñ,  
 A tpeab̃ 'ra t̃ir mar̃ aon !

Nō alad̃ m̃ín na z-čraob̃,  
 Do čar ar̃ir a z-c̃éiñ,  
 Tar fair̃z̃ide zo fear̃an JR,  
 Le fear̃c do Naoir̃ tar aon.

D'fneazair̃ r̃í zo r̃éim̃,  
 Ñí neac̃ do' n buid̃in r̃iñ m̃é,  
 'S me beañ m̃ic Coill̃ na leab̃ar̃ r̃zr̃íob̃,  
 Ba zarda, zaoirm̃ar̃, zéar.

Seal dam̃ aoir̃ da éir̃,  
 Az clanna M̃ílead̃ tpeañ,  
 Ir̃ mar̃ r̃iñ b̃íor zo rear̃zair̃ r̃íodac̃,  
 Zup̃ čair̃oíl̃ Zail̃ faoi' m̃ deoiñ !

---

Her bosom's pearly light  
Than summer clouds more bright,  
More pure its glow than falling snow,  
Or swan of plumage white.

Proud hosts would follow fast  
As brown leaves in the blast,  
Had they but seen the heavenly sheen,  
Where she had softly past.

I sought of her to name  
The bright land whence she came,  
Her name and race, her bidding place,  
The story of her fame.

Was she that swan so fair,  
Of clust'ring branchy hair,  
Who came in grief with Ulster chief,  
To meet her dark doom there,

With grace she answered me,  
"Not Deirdre dost thou see,  
But e'en the wife of Mac Coill of strife,  
And deeds of chivalry.

"I've bided since his fall,  
In mighty Milead's hall,  
'Mid joy and peace that ne'er did cease,  
Till came the heartless Gall.

---

## ՊԱՂՐԲԻՆԵ

ԲԻԷԼԱՅ ՊԻԵ ՇԱՐՔԻՊԱՅԻՆ՝ ԾԱ ՇԼԱԻՆՆ.

ՇԱՐՔԵԱԾ ԲԷԻՆ ՄԱ ԷՂ ԼՈՄ,  
 մօ ՇԼԱՆՆ ԵՐՈՅԸ ԶԱՆ ՄՅՈ-ՄՆՆ,  
 օՐ ՄԷ ԾՈ ՇԱՂԼ ԵԱԾ ԵԱՇ,  
 ՇԱՐՔԵԱԾ ԵԱԾ ԶՈ ԾԵՈ-ՄԵԱԾԱՇ !

ԵՐ ԼԱՅ ՄՈ ՇՈՆՊԱՄ ԵՐ Ծ-ԵԱՇԾ ԾՈ՛Ն ՇԱՂԶ,  
 ԾՈ ՅՈՆ ՄՈ ԵՐՈՅԸ ԼԵ Կ-ՍԱՇԵԱՐ ;  
 ԱՄ ԱՕՆԱՐ Ա Ն-ԵԱՐԵԱՐ ԲԱՅԱԼ,  
 'Ր ԶԱՆ ՆԵԱՇ ԾԱՄ՝ ՅԱՐԾԻԼ ԱՆ ՇՈՆԾԱԼ !

ՕՐ ԷՂՅՈՆ ԾԱՄ ԵՐԱՇ ՄՈ ՇԼԷԼԵ,  
 ԵՂՅՐԻՆ ՇԱՐՔ ԼԵ Կ-ԵԱՐ-ՄԷԻՆՆ ;  
 ԵՐ ԵԵԻՆՆ ԱԵԱ ՄՈ ՇԵԱՆՆ ԱՊՇԾ,  
 ՄՈ ՅՍԾ ԵՐ ԲՈՆՆ ԶԱՆ ԲԵԱՆԾԱՇ !

ՈՂ ԵՐԱՅ ԵԱՆ ԱՅ ՇԱՐՔԵ Ա ՇԷԼԵ,  
 ՆԱ ԲԵԱՐ ԵՐ ԾԻՇ Ա ԵԱՆԾԷԼԵ,  
 ԵՐ ԵՐԱՅ ՄԷ ՄԱՐ ԷԱՆ ԶԱՆ ՆԷԾ,  
 ԵԱՐ ԷՂՐ ՆԱ Ն-ՕՅ ՆԱ ՄԱԼԻԾ !

ՆՈ ՄԱՐ ՅԷՂՐ ԵՐ ԲԼԵԱՐԱԼԵ ԵՈՆՆ,  
 ԱՅ ՇԱՆԵՒՆ ՇԵՈԼ ԼԵ ՆԵԱՄ-ԲՈՆՆ ;  
 ԵԱՐ Ծ-ԵԱՇԾ ԾՈ՛Ն ԵԱՐ ԲԱ ՆԱ ՆՅԷԻՆ,  
 ՇԱՆԱԾ ՇԵՈԼ ԵԱ ԵՐԱՅՄԷԼ !

<sup>1</sup> This poet, who laments the loss of his four children, had been outlawed for some political offence, perhaps that of learning to read, and was obliged to seek refuge among the mountain glens. He constructed a shieling there, which, during his absence, fell upon his family, giving his "Loving four" to death. It appears to me so full of pathos and delicate feeling, that I have given a translation,

## A CAOINE

BY FEILIM MAC CARTHY FOR HIS CHILDREN.

I'll sing their caoine,<sup>2</sup> if I can,  
 My loving ones, my heart's dear clan,<sup>3</sup>  
 Since, o'er all men, I'm lorn to-day,  
 I'll sing their caoine mournfully,

Weak my stay of life e'ermore,  
 My heart, dread death has wounded sore,  
 I'm lonely—lonely in the Land,  
 No kindred now around me stand,

Since I must tell, thus left behind,  
 The Cause of Tears with darkened mind,  
 Since sick my head to-night with woe,  
 My voice, too, faint and trembling low.

Ah, not so sad the young bride's heart,  
 Or husband's when their Loved depart,  
 Like nest-less bird's my bitter lot,  
 Wailing the young that they lived *not*.

Or like to swans the waves among,  
 When singing their unwilling song,  
 As death comes nigh them and more nigh,  
 Singing their dirge with piteous cry.

as literal as almost could be given in prose, resolving rather to let elegance of style suffer, than to veil from the reader *one* of poet-outlaw's touching thoughts. To properly appreciate it, therefore, it must be read in the original, where beauty of style and thought are combined.

<sup>2</sup> Pr. *keen-ye*, a dirge.

<sup>3</sup> Which signifies "children" as well as "tribe."

Cannadfa lem' nae zo bnač,  
ceól nač bhinn zač aon lá;  
ó éarladh zo tréigíte fann,  
caoinefead féin mo céad clann!

Jr chead liom Ceallacán a g-cíll,  
taobh ne Cormac chear mhin;  
Anna azyr Mhairne, mo fearc!  
monuan fá h-c aon fearc!

Mó ceachtar clainne gan béim,  
nár b'iarthar tréigíte aon aon céim,  
adbar cheadt mo éiríde zo deó,  
beic dá g-caoine aon aon ló!

Buidín d'fúil Eibhir na rluaž,  
le'm zač Eirne gan djo-mbuač;  
a h-dul uaim a g-cné zo h-óž,  
a g-cruic 'ra ríamh gan claochló!

Do bí a n-aoðal, žid ar b-feirde iad,  
le mjožalb calma Scitla;  
mížte Spáinne na lann n-éar,  
ba iad a n-aoðal gan aon bneadž.

Clanna Mjlead tall 'ra bur,  
ba iad a n-aoðal gan amhur;  
do bí a n-aoðal ne mačalb rean,  
le mížalb cnoða Sažran.

Ba bhinn liom a n-ólóir až teačt,  
'r iad až ruic a n-éirífeacht;  
cé bearrfarr dam fáilte ná pódž,  
ór marb iad fá aon fód!

I'll sing each day until my death,  
 A lay which never sweetness hath,  
 Since I am worn, and weak and drear,  
 I'll sing their dirge, my children dear.

Ah grief! in clay lies Callachan,  
 By Cormac's side, my kind-voiced son,  
 Anna and Maire,<sup>1</sup>—ah, my own  
 White Loves, are 'neath the same chill stone.

My children four without a stain,  
 Few the good gifts they did not gain,  
 Wound of my bleeding heart for aye,  
 To weep them all in one brief day!

The flowers that came of Eber Mór,  
 Dear Erinn's prosp'rous king of yore,  
 Are gone in vigour, youth and bloom,  
 Unchanged, from me into the tomb.

They came not of a craven brood,  
 From Scythian chieftains flow'd their blood,  
 Milead's<sup>2</sup> offspring, near and far,  
 Their kindred brave, in truth, ye are.

The Spaniard-kings of sharp blue spears,  
 Were kin to them, and scarce their peers,  
 To them were Sacsan's<sup>3</sup> kings allied  
 In other times, when that woke pride.

Sweet their cries, whene'er I'd come,  
 Gaily running to greet me home—  
 Who-hence shall kiss or welcome me,  
 Since they lie low!—mo émoide! mo émoide!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pr. *Mauria*.

<sup>2</sup> Pr *Meel-ya*, sometimes called Milesius.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. England.

Pr. *mo chree*, my heart.

Պոստա Բ-բեաճբայրն ծո Շիրօրծ ա Յ-բուր,  
բաւր օ Judայի՛ն ալժիր ;  
ծո Լեաֆայրն լաճ Յան մօլլ քա՛ն Լի,  
ո՞ծ ծո Ելծմնն ար Խաօր Դա Կ-ելրիւ :

Ար Բ-բալբրն *Lazarus* քան ալճ,  
ծո շնեաճ **CRJOS** ծո ո՞ծ շրալճ ;  
ծո ծօլրէ քարա ծեար ան իրն,  
շէ Յար Բ-բաճա ա ճաօճալ օ՛ն շէ իրն.

Եր շօքա ծամքա շաօլ ծօ ծնեաճ !  
՛ր Ելժ լեմ՛ քաճ ծօ քաճճնեաճ,  
ա Կ-ժլալճ մօ շլայրնե Խա մալժ Յնէ,  
՛ր մաճար **ՓԵ** քար քիյնիճ.

Որն քեաճ ՊԱՅՐԵ, մաճար **ՓԵ**,  
ար Բ-բալբրն ա միւ ծա օլեմն ;  
Յան շաօլ ծօ ծեարեաճ օ շրօլծե,  
ոյ Դար ծամքա մ քալլիժ !

Եր մէ ծօ շալլ մօ ճեաճաճ ճաօլծլ,  
Եր մէ ծօ շրեաճաճ ար շօն շ-րլիճ ;  
ամ ալրիճեաճ ա Բ-քելն մօնար !  
ծա Կ-ժելր Եր մէ ան շրեար շրաճ !

Ա մեծան-օլծե Դա ծ-շրօմ քան,  
շրեաճ մօ շրօլծե ծօ ո՞ծ շրաճ ;  
մօ շեաճքար շալծ ծօ շալլեար լաճ,  
ա ոյմեյրտ ալրե ար շօն քլան !

Եր մօ ծօ քաօլեար ար ծ-շեաճ ծամ շաօլ,  
մօ շլանն ամ շլմեյլլ ծօ մ-Ելծլր ;  
Դա ա Կ-աօնար ծօ Լաճ ա Յ-շլլ ;  
Եր մէ ծա Կ-ժելր ար քելն-շրիժ !



Unless I lookt on CHRIST's keen thorns,  
His anguish, wounds, and bitter scorns,  
I'd quickly join them in the clay,  
Or it would wring my sense away.

On seeing Lazarus lie low,  
CHRIST mourned for him in saddest woe;  
With weeping tears his sight grew dim,  
Yet He was far from kin to him.

'Tis *more* just, I should darkly weep,  
And mourn for life in grief most deep,  
After my children, my beauteous Four!  
As She, the Virgin, sorrowed sore:

Mary could not refrain from tears,  
As though her heart were torn with spears,  
When He was crucified and scorned,  
'Twere shame I'd mourn not when she mourned.

'Tis *I* have lost my kin most near,  
'Tis *I* am robbed of all most dear;  
In the narrow house of pain, I lie  
Thrice woeful since my loved did die.

In hushed midnight of heavy sleep,  
Ah, plundered heart! ah, ruin deep!  
My stainless Four, I lost them all,  
In *one* short moment, 'neath the pall.

And I used think when grey age frowned,  
My children dear would gird me round,  
Ah! not that unto death they'd go,  
And leave me here to heartless woe!

Ba ðljǫ ðam urriam óm' ðlann,  
 ða ð-tuǵar fearc mo céad mhaon;  
 ór mé ba ríne ná iad,  
 i r dam ba ðleacét an céad rian?

I r triuaǫ ðóib do tréij mo páirt,  
 'r d'ímčij uaim an aon ðail;  
 nár léij liomra túr ná rlijé,  
 ór mé do ríne ná peacuiðe!

Beaǫ mo dúil a ǫ-ceól ná rult,  
 i r uaizneac mé ne tamall;  
 nǫ binn liom duan ná ðan,  
 i r cornúil mé le h-amadán!

D'ímčij uaim mo ǫhé 'r mo neart,  
 táim ǫan céill, ǫan toirðeart;  
 nǫ eaǵal liom an bair dam fíor,  
 tar éir ná ǫ-cáirde do cáillear!

Al an ruain, a meóðan oíðce,  
 i r boct bíðimre aǫ eaǫcaoine;  
 mo ðlann ór mo cómairi aǫ teacét;  
 d'iarriaið oim ǫluaireacét?

Do. cǫðim iad 'ran oíðce táll,  
 nǫ rǵaraið ríom an aon báll;  
 bíǫid am ðiaij amuið 'ra rtiǫ,  
 ǫo leanrað iad ran m-bél lic!

I r cumann ðóib teacét am ðail,  
 i r íonmáin liom a nǫrrián rǵail,  
 i r ǵearri ǫo raácad leó ran t-rlijé,  
 ne toil naomta an áirid ríǫ.

To me my children's love was due,  
(I gave my whole heart unto you)  
Since I, too, was more aged than they,  
'Twas meet, respect to me they'd pay.

Yet, woe is me ! they've left my side,  
Close by my heart they would not bide,  
Nor let me first the Dim Way pass,  
Because that I have sinned—alas.

Small my care for sport or rhyme—  
I'm very lone, this little time,  
Not sweet to me is harp or “rann,”  
I wander like a sense-less man.

Gone my fairness,<sup>1</sup> gone my strength,  
'Tis I am broken down at length ;  
Death's face alone I care to see,  
Since my fair offspring went from me !

In hushed midnight of heavy sleeping,  
When I am watching, sobbing, weeping,  
My children glide before my woe,  
Praying that I would with them go !

I see them in 'the night-time ever,  
From me in no place do they sever ;  
At home, abroad, still near are they,  
'Till I go with them into clay.

Sweet to them that visit made !—  
Dear to me each Sun-like shade !—  
'Tis soon I'll follow on their way,  
With GOD's most blessed will, I pray.

<sup>1</sup> ʒné, literally, my visage, that is, his appearance had completely changed.

Jr leam iſ truaſ fā rſjor an bean,  
 tūz dā claiſn ārd ſean;  
 tūz dōſb ſrāð 'ſur laēt a cſoſde,  
 iſ truaſ ljom ī fā cearſuſſe!

Jr truaſ ljom a lāmā zo laſ,  
 ō beſt aſ bualað a bān ſlaē;  
 iſ flūc bſdear a ſoſſſ uſm neōſn,  
 do ſſoſſt a cſoſde le h-ahmōſn!

Nj h-ſonſnāð ljom ī zo boēt,  
 iſ ī do cāſll a cuallaēt,  
 iſ ī tār mſnāſb Jhnre Fāſl,  
 do cōſarſ cſreac an tſrom āſſ!

Āh ſleanh dā h-deārſnāſb mo cſreac,  
 'rdo cōſſſ mo mſeſſſſ ſan ſuſſreac,  
 mallaēt DĒ do ſnāē ſa bun,  
 a h-ēſſſc āſ mo cūmāſſ!

ſleanh an āſſ ō ſo ſuar,  
 baſſſſm āſſ zo bſē būan,  
 neſm an ſeſll do ſſh oſm,  
 ſa dſaſſ do ſſſor le mſ-cōēſſam!

Nār ſaſce ſſſan le ſolur ſlan,  
 ſār ſaſce ſae ſā ſaeltan;  
 dſombāð ſēſh do ſſſor ſa cōſſ,  
 tūz mē ſan aōſſ am ſeanōſſ!

<sup>1</sup> It is the custom of the people, especially the women, to strike together their hands, when in great sorrow.

<sup>2</sup> "'Tis she o'er all of Erinn's daughters  
 Has seen the *ruin* of slaughters."

Callanan has thus translated it, and his note, telling the reader that it is almost word for word, will also explain why in my trans-

Woe is me *her* dreary pall,  
 Who royal-fondness gave to all ;  
 Whose heart gave milk and love to each,  
 Woe is me, *her* plaining speech.

Woe is me her hands now weak,  
 With smiting<sup>1</sup> her white palms, so meek,  
 Wet her eyes at noon, and broken  
 Her true heart with grief unspoken.

I wonder not at her despair,  
 'Tis she has lost life's help, most fair,  
 'Tis she, o'er all of Erinn's daughters,  
 Has seen the ruin of woeful slaughters !<sup>2</sup>

O Glenn ! which saw my heavy loss,  
 And all my joy didst darkly cross,  
 God's malison fall on thee, dread,  
 In eiric<sup>3</sup> for my darlings dead.

Gleann an air, the "Slaughter-glenn,"  
 Be hence thy name amongst all men ;  
 Venom-treason thou'st done to me,  
 And now accursed shalt thou be !

May thou ne'er see the sun or noon,  
 May thou ne'er see a star or moon,  
 For that thou'st seen a deed of tears,  
 Which makes me old before my years.

lation I have adopted his lines, with the addition, however, of an adjective which is in the original. It is needless to say that after Callanan's elegant version, I would have been sorry to attempt another, had he been equally faithful throughout, or even had his copy given *all* the poem. Many of the stanzas above translated are not in the poem he so beautifully versified.

<sup>3</sup> A fine or amercement inflicted on whomsoever caused the death of a person.

Nar fái ce neac ár zo brát,  
 blát, duille, ná trom fár,  
 lan-mheir tomad ar 'r bíde,  
 nír do žnát nar ržarnajš!

### An Fearc-laoi.

Ta marb ran b-fearc ro rrair do clainn Chárr-  
 čajž,  
 Ba žeanamnac rtaid, ba mairre do rjol Adaim;  
 A n-anamha ó ržar beid fearca rjoččanta,  
 Na n-ainžiolajb žeala ar h-allaš an rjž neamda.

Žho dearižad dearc 'r cneac mo čnoide cráidte,  
 Adbar mo čnead 'r neart mo šjožbalaš;  
 Žho čeačnar žeal žan p-neab ar aon lačair,  
 Faoi čarnajb leac a b-řad om' čaoi čairidib.

Adbar cair do lažaiš tlač zo pollur me cúmac,  
 'Sdo neartajž trát na cneada báir reo am řočair  
 zo dlút; [a n-úr,  
 Žho čeačnar cair a b-fearc ar lár řaoi čločajb  
 Anna, Máire, Ceallačán, 'r Cormac řionn.

May never eye behold in thee,  
Flowers, thick-grass, or leafy tree ;  
Decay of growth by slope and river,  
Be thine for ever and for ever !

## THE TOMB-LAY.

Mown down 'neath this tomb lie the Flowers of Clann  
Carrtha,  
The Purest of hue, earth's adornment each morrow ;  
May their Spirits gone forth know peace and not sorrow,  
Bright angels the heav'n-king's radiant halls thorough.

My redd'ner of sight, my joyless heart's plunder,  
Strength of my ruin, my misery's pander,  
Is :—that lifeless for ever my bright Four lie under,  
The grey carn afar, from my sweet friends asunder.

The grief-cause that darkens my light, now for ever,  
And strengthens the death-sighs that thro' my heart quiver,  
Is :—that I, the dark grave with my pure Four can't share  
With Mary, Ann, Callachan, and Cormac the fair !

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# TREJTHE EJRONN.

ՈՂԱՔՆԱՍԾ ՁԱՇ ԾՈՁԻՆԱՅԻՆ ՁԻՇ ՔԻՆՅԻՆ ՇԱՅԻՆ  
ԱՅ ՏԻՄԻՆՈՅԻՆ ՔՈ ՇԻՆ.

Ոյոր Ե-բորաճ ըն Ե Շ-բոճայ Ելնի մօր,  
չար նա ըյօր, նա Ե ծ-թօրճայ Ելրեամօր;  
լեաճ Ե Շ-բորա, Ե Ե-լմ, ծօ ծեանաճ ծօլն,  
ան տան ծօ Եաճար Շաօլծլ Ե Ե-Ելլորն Եօ !

Ոա մար ծօ ծյօլ, նա ըալլ նա Շ-ճէր Եա մօ,  
ան ճար, նա Ե-սլԵ, նա Լալլ, նա Ե-լն, նա ըօլմ;  
նա'ն Եալորն Ել ար ըաճ մյ ըան Շ-բն ար ըօճ'  
ան տան ծօ Եաճար Շաօլծլ Ե Ե-Ելլորն Եօ !

Շաճ Եօճ ծյօն ծօ Ել Շան Եարլա Եօլ,  
նա ըաճճ ար ըյօճ ըմճլլ ըալ նա ըճօլ;<sup>1</sup>  
Եաճ մյն, նա ԼալլԵ ըա Եա մ-Ելլլ,<sup>2</sup>  
ան տան ծօ Եաճար Շաօլծլ Ե Ե-Ելլորն Եօ !

Ոա ար ճալ ան Շան, ըյօճ, *stays* նա *cloak*,  
ըճար նա ըալորն սլմ, *crape* նա ըլլ,  
Եաճ ըլն, ծար Լոր, նա Եաճ ըլն,  
ան տան ծօ Եաճար Շաօլծլ Ե Ե-Ելլորն Եօ !

Շաճ ճալ ծյօն ծօ Ել Շաճ Լա 'նա Շնծ,  
'ը Շաճ Եօճ ծյօն ծօ Ել Շան ըալ Ե ըլմար,  
նօ ըալ ըան Շ-լլ ըմ ըլն ծեանաճ ծօլն,  
ան տան ծօ Եաճար Շաօլծլ Ե Ե-Ելլորն Եօ !

<sup>1</sup> Շնծ, sometimes means the neck.

<sup>2</sup> In this verse reference is made to the high-heeled shoes worn about 1750.

<sup>3</sup> Sometimes spelt Heber. <sup>4</sup> In Erinn alive, or in "Living Erinn."



## THE ATTRIBUTES OF ERINN.

DIARMID MAC DONAILL MAC FINEEN (THE SLENDER)  
O'SULLIVAN SANG.

O, such things were never known in the days of Eibir<sup>3</sup> Mor,  
North or South, East or West, from the centre to the shore,  
Men paid not half their taxes with the butter! long ago,  
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo!*<sup>4</sup>

They never trudged to market with the lean or with the  
grease,  
With the calves or the hogs or the eggs of hens and geese,  
Ah, the milk soured *not* in crocks, but most plenteously did  
flow,  
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo!*

Not a churl writhed his mouth with the snaky<sup>5</sup> English  
tongue,  
Nor lounged with silken collar where a hempen should be  
strung,  
And those hard and hideous hats!—they'd have made them  
“scare the crow,”  
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo!*

Old women did not swagger then in satin scarf or cloak,  
Nor tighten up their whalebones till they seem about to choak.  
Faith! bonnets like straw barrels never—never were “the go,”  
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo!*

*Then* each scandal-chatt'ring hag had to mind her own affairs,  
Each lazy sluggish clown dared not give himself such airs,  
But digg'd or gathered sticks and at wages *very* low!  
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo!*

<sup>3</sup> From its hissing sound, and from its being so slippery that no English Deputy could hold his word.

Nĩ cajiŋĩđ rĩhaoĩr, nĩ bĩđ' tēa aĩ bōĩđ,  
 nā bĩaŋa rĩoda čoiđče ađ rēĩde a rĩōn;  
 nā ƣaŋ ađ mĩhaoĩ čum đaoĩŋe tēačt nā cōĩr,  
 aŋ taŋ do bādaĩ đaoĩđĩl a n-Ŋĩrĩŋŋ beō!

Đač bačlač bĩđear le rĩoda ađ rēĩde a rĩōn,  
 'r a čaĩle buĩde do mĩhaoĩ a n-đaoĩ-bĩaŋ rĩōll;  
 ačaiĩr mōĩŋe, do bĩ, ađ aoĩđearačt bō,  
 aŋ taŋ do bādaĩ đaoĩđeĩl a n-Ŋĩrĩŋŋ beō!

Aŋ aĩcme bĩ a đ-ŋĩŋŋe cĩē 'đur ƣōđ,  
 aĩ eačaiŋ ƣuiđĩđ 'r ƣĩaiŋŋe ƣae nā đ-ŋōŋ;  
 đeallaĩm đĩb, đo ƣĩor, nāĩ b'ē ba nōr,  
 aŋ taŋ do bādaĩ đaoĩđĩl a n-Ŋĩrĩŋŋ beō!

Aŋ bĩaŋ do bĩ aĩ leač Čhuĩŋŋ, do čĩēĩđ aĩ đ-ŋĩēōŋ,  
 do leač aĩĩr aĩ Ĩŋŋe ƣhēĩĩm ceō;  
 bĩaŋ aŋ đĩola, nĩ ba čēaŋŋa leō,  
 aŋ taŋ do bādaĩ đaoĩđĩl a n-Ŋĩrĩŋŋ beō!

Aŋ ŋĩač do bādaĩ đaoĩđĩl a n-Ŋĩrĩŋŋ beō,  
 ƣleadač, ƣĩōŋŋač, ƣĩōčmāĩ, ƣēaŋŋač, ƣōđaiŋ,  
 đaiŋ 'r đĩaoĩŋe 'r đĩol ađ ŋeačt nā đ-cōĩr,  
 aŋ taŋ do bādaĩ đaoĩđĩl a n-Ŋĩrĩŋŋ beō!

<sup>1</sup> The poet does not intend to cry down those who distinguish themselves by manly industry and honourable perseverance in labour, but solely those who started up to insolence and riches by betraying their country, and proving false to honour, freedom and friends.—ER.

<sup>2</sup> Another name for Erinn.

None made a snuff-pit of his nose nor dyed his throat with  
tea,  
Nor flaunted a silk handkerchief to blow his trumpet wee !  
Nor fan had any woman but the breeze that heaven did blow,  
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo !*

Lo ! each silly snob that calf-like now sucks his little cane !  
Lo ! each yellow woman of them all, with bigger purse than  
brain ;  
Their "poor dear pas" before them as mere cow-boys used  
to go,  
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo !*

Those gentry, who so grand ? who are seated now a-horse,  
Were trenchers of the black earth and cutters of the gorse,  
By the right hand of my father ! you'd not touch them with  
your toe,<sup>1</sup>  
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo !*

But that Flag which o'er our Bravest spread red ruin in  
the North,  
O'er the whole of Innis Feilim,<sup>2</sup> like a cloud is now hung  
forth,  
Ah, FLAG OF GLOOMY CHANGE—thou hadst caused most  
bitter woe.  
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo !*

When the true and gallant Gael were alive in the Land,  
Fame was fanned and flourish'd and the deeds of heroes grand,  
Sages and sweet poets saw a brilliant guerdon glow<sup>3</sup>  
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo !*

<sup>3</sup> This is no false praise. Never was literature so cherished as in ancient Erinn ; in *one county* Dunnagall, the rental of the lands bestowed on the Ollavs, or Doctors in Learning, was equal to £2000 a year, of the present currency.—(For proofs, see *Annals of the Four Masters*, or *Irish Penny Journal*, vol. I., p. 229.)

Stadfead djob, nī muidfead a d-tréite nōir,  
 feabar a nzhōm, a d-tígeaēt nā z-céimioh fōr,  
 nī' l aзам m le dīol nā tréadta bō,  
 'r mačad čoičce arijr аз déaηad brioη !

2huna z-carfead Jora Cnort le tréan neart rloz,  
 zo ceart a řihneart, an nīz řih Searlur ōz ;  
 do řzaipead 3aill tar tohoh zā teacēt zo deō,  
 'rzo b-řneabfead 3aoiđil arijr zo h-Elmoh beō !

## 21N FRE23R21Dh.

CONCUBH2K O'R1ORD21N KO CH2N.

21n tar do badar 3aoiđil a η-Elmoh beō,  
 ba larīmar līohmar laoiče 'r lēižioh zo leōr,  
 ba mačmar mīh-moirz nīžče аз nēižtiōc leō,  
 'rba 3arđa zñioh-žlan zñiohđa 3aoiđil a ηgleō !

Ba čaītiōc tairiž tīne аз teacēt le tōir,  
 ba řzaipeac řzaoihte řzeimealtac řziamđa řzōir;  
 ba māipeac mīohlad mīh-čneart maoida mōđamūl  
 3ac aihziř čaoih do řñioh-řliōcē Elbīr mōir !

Da maipeac řihneart řaoiče řeadihar řōžamūl,  
 an t-ačair 2hūmīneac līh dā ηglaodtar Eožā ;  
 2hac 21irt, 2hac Cuih, nō buiđih nā řēihne fōr,  
 do čarīac 3aill mar čaoihne tréada cīō !

<sup>1</sup> Foreigners (pron. in Munster *gowl*), hence the nickname Gow-la, i.e. Gallda, "the English," or "the foreign," applied to any one aping the English in manners, speech or politics; it is considered as

But I'll cease me now from lauding their chivalry so gay,  
 Sure—manly dauntless actions were as deeds of every day!  
 No hogs have *I* nor butter, and henceforth I must go  
 (For what were even heroes now) under never-ending woe!

Unless it pleaseth Christ our Lord to smite the Fiend at  
 length,  
 And restore unto our Mother-land her Freedom and her  
 Strength,  
 To scourge the ghastly Gall<sup>1</sup> from our sullied shores and, oh!  
 Bring the true and gallant Gael back *a n-Erin* beo!

---

### THE REPLY.

CONOR O'RIORDAIN SANG.

When the true and gallant Gael were alive in the Land,  
 The lays were lightning-flashes, the lore a blazing brand!  
 Prosp'rous, bright-eyed princes met the bards with honour  
 grand,

When the true and gallant Gael were alive in the Land!

O, gracious were the Chieftains, the Pure of deeds and might,  
 The scatt'ring, shatt'ring Spears of Truth, the Shields of  
 valour bright!

Most beauteous, gentle, generous, each maiden was and bland,  
 When the true and gallant Gael were alive in the Land!

Ah, did our fathers live the life, those flashing Gems of yore!  
 The Sire of all the Munster land, the dauntless Eogan Mor,  
 Mac Airt, Mac Cuinn, or that high host, the fearless Fin-  
 nian band,

They would drive like shiv'ring sheep the gaunt Gall from  
 the Land!

the most odious that can be applied, for it supposes half-idiotcy, or  
 traitorous villany.—ER.

Da maíneadaoí, an buíðin, éuz tréan-éioíð ríó,̃,  
 a 3-carmaíre buíðinne Chuiñn na 3-céad cat  
 'r Eógan;  
 nó a 3-cat na h-aíne do claoíð Turzérur treóin,  
 nī na cáad 3aíll a n-íorzuíll fáobnae leó!

<sup>1</sup> Conn of the Hundred Battles ascended the throne, A.D. 122, died 175. The following is an account of his rivalry with Eogan, abridged from an excellent work "The Battle of Magh Leana," published by the Celtic Society, 1855:—

Eogan Mor, having been defeated in the battle of Cloch Barraighe, sailed with the remnant of his army to Spain. He left Great Beare Island utterly in the beginning of August, and after a voyage of nine days reached that country; the monarch welcomed him, and permitted him and his troops to reside in the west of his territory, allowing them free quarterage. The noble mien and qualities of Eogan won the king's heart, and he gave him his daughter Beara in marriage, by whom a son and two daughters were born unto him during his banishment, the son was named Oilioll Olum, and became afterwards one of the most celebrated of our ancient monarchs. The soul of the exile began to weary of that foreign land, and at the end of nine years he so longed with a filial longing to look upon his Father-land, that he communicated his desire to Ehear the king. At first the monarch attempted to dissuade him, but, seeing his sorrow, he commanded that his own son and heir, Fraoch Mileasach, should accompany him with 2000 warriors, Spaniards, and foreigners (allíuipiaí). They landed on Inis Greagraidhe (called since Great Beare Island, *Inis Beara*, in honour of Eogan's queen). On invading Munster, he succeeded in obtaining pledges from its principal chiefs; two kings of Ulster (Ulae) also allied themselves to him, and soon the whole island, except Connacht, revolted against Conn. He soon acceded to a division of the kingdom, hoping to recover all when Eogan's foreigners would depart. Fifteen years rolled by, the foreigners sought to return to their homes. Eoghan, however, having perceived the falsity of his rival, wished to decide the matter at once, sought for cause of war against the Northern king, and found it easily enough. He complained that an equal division of steeds, arms and armour had not been made, and demanded it; Conn refused, saying this was not contemplated by the treaty. Nine battalions of warriors marched with Eogan to Kilmore Wood, King's County, crossed the Eiscir Riada, or dividing mound, and encamped on the heathy plain of Leana. The king's many-coloured pavilion was lifted on a smooth hill, and three strong *duns* built outside the camp and garrisoned by the foreign troops. He of the Hundred Fights then advanced his many-coloured banners

O, did they live the life again those hero-hosts, so gay,  
Who fought with Conn<sup>1</sup> the hundred fights, with Eogan  
urged the fray,  
Or had we here Turgesius' foes, or chiefs like them to  
stand,  
We would give the gloomy Gall a deep grave in the Land !

towards Magh Leana, and sent messengers to Eogan,, offering him the royalty of the whole Island with the exception of Tara, Tefia, and Connacht. These terms were rejected by the Southern king, who wished for Tara ; and, despite the opposition of his councillor chiefs, he caused the messengers to be executed for expressing their feelings in favor of Conn with too great warmth. On hearing this at eve, all hesitation left Conn ; he burned to revenge this evil deed, and determine on a nocturnal assault ; an expedition to surprize the enemy by night was not pleasant to the brave Irish chieftains ; but, in consideration of their inferiority in point of numbers, they gave assent to it. Conn then called together his leaders, and gave each of them to choose which leader of the foe he would oppose, ex. : " which of you shall ward off from me the seven sons of Sigir ? " said Conn. " We are they," said the three destroying sons of Connall. At early dawn they surrounded the *dun* of Fraoch Mileasach, who, surprised in his sleep, rushed to the fight in his embroidered shirt of many devices, and was slain, after a short brave struggle by his mailed and armoured foes. Their shouts of triumph awoke Eogan Mor and the main body, who also were assaulted ere they could fully arm. The fierce battle began. " Forth came the seven firm-advancing sons of Sigir from the van of Eogan the Brilliant's army, with heavy, powerful, terrible anger, till they reached the very centre of Conn's army, and they cleared broad passages, and cast open immense portals in that crimson irruption, until they were encountered by the three valiant defending sons of Connall. It was Ceidghin (and his troop) who first sustained their shock ; and he spent his might on Sigir's sons till each of these heroes had wounded him, and he them. Bitter wonder seized the children of Sigir, that the strength of one man should grow and increase against them thus, and they inflicted seven wounds together on Ceidghin. Ceidghin perceived and thought that his tribe was not strong to press on the friends of Sigir's sons, and that he would *not* prefer that his kindred should have to sue them for his eric, to avenging himself upon them then ; and he dealt them seven gaping, horrid wounds, so that each were a door of death in one year's time. To his succour came then the other two sons of Connall (and their troops). They strongly pressed the fight, for they were the freshest and soundest for thrusting, till the spear of each foe was harmed in his opponent's body



by the hot-boiling of the blood distempering them. Yea, until those which were not harmed were broken, so that there were fragments, wood-hacked, flesh-soiled conspicuous splinters in the warriors' bodies. The sons of Connall then lifted up their spirits, and their combat above their antagonists. They dealt battle wounds and a manly, powerful, beating of thick, heavy, terrible blows upon those brave men. They desisted not from striking and ever-beating till they left the corpses shattered and hewn of those seven gallant champions after having severed their heads from their bodies." The Irish narrator proceeds to describe in most poetic and elegant terms the severity of the battle and the chivalry of the chieftains; at last, Eogan Mor met Conn, and each wounded the other, so that Conn fell to the ground; his fall was a signal for a general rush to his rescue, and Eogan the Great was slain. "Lay down the hero-warrior," said Goll Mac Morna, *whom also he had wounded*, "his death was not the death of a coward."

A curious confirmation of the authenticity of this history is to be found in the fact that there still exist descendants of those dauntless warriors, not only in Kerry, near where Eogan Mor landed, but also in *Ḡleanna móra nēra* of Tir-Eoghan, where they always have preserved the tradition of their coming from Spain. Without a knowledge of ancient Irish history, this would seem improbable to the ethnologist, for their name Sigerson or Segerson, and they have always maintained the "Son" among themselves in preference to the Gaelic Mac, points at once to their Norwegian descent. It is easy to account for their having been in Spain, as the adventurous and fiery spirit of the Northern Sea-kings carried them further than that. Probably the "small" or petty king, Sigur Sir who left Norway for the Orkneys, or some of his relatives, made an irruption into Spain, touching at the north of France, (where, I am informed, live another tribe of Sikersons, the *g* being changed to *k* to preserve the hard sound), breaking down the power of the feudal nobles, and freeing the trampled serfs for a time, as was the wont of the Vikings. As a corroborative proof of these views Eogan Mor's 2000 auxiliaries are mentioned as being composed of Spaniards and foreigners, or more correctly, *men from beyond the sea*, (*all mu-naḡ*, i.e. *allall*, from the other side, hence *all*, beyond, and *muḡ*, the sea).—ER.



## APPENDIX.

OUR Irish readers will not find fault with us for giving them this sheet without the aid of an English translation; and we hope the time will soon arrive when Irishmen will be able to read and translate for themselves any compositions they may meet with in their mother-tongue. Collins' translation of the *Exile of Erin*, the authorship of which some claim for George Nugent Reynolds, whilst others ascribe it to Campbell, is so popular in Munster that we give it the first place in our Appendix Sheet.

AN DJBEARTACH O EJRIINN.

Do čaiņi3 čum na taoide dībearčāc ō Ēiņiņh,  
 U dīaoi rīuēc ō'n rēiņi a3ur ēadaēc ō'n ari;  
 Ba r3iormari do čaoineac a čiri 'r ē'n aonari,  
 'San oīdce paoli blēiņ-čhoiē na r3ēiņde 3an r3āc:  
 Bhī a rīuile '3ur iņiņiņ 3o čuuiņh ari an rēaltan,  
 Do ču3ac rīor an lae dō a ŋ-3iņe na Fēile;  
 3ari a 3-čanaēc rē le dīo3iari a čnoiēde 'rči3 an  
 dīēacēc ro.  
 Buad a3ur tīēiņe leat Ēiņe 3o bīač!

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# 222RBhN2 2hONNCh22h 22hJC CR2J2h, O ShLJ2Bh 3-CU2.¹

UJLJ222 0'222OR2JN KO Ch2N, 2.2. 1760.

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¹ DONNCHADH (now Denis) MAC GRATH, the subject of this elegy, was a native of *Tuam an fíona*, (Touraneena) a small village in the parish of Sliabh g-Cua, in the county of Waterford. The village took its name from the large quantity of wine used at his table, and freely administered to his guests, the bard, and the traveller; his house, as was customary in Munster, being open to all without distinction of rank. He was possessed of large property in the parish as well as in various other parts of the county, which fell to his son James, who went by the name of *Séamur mac Donnchad*, or James the son of Donchadh, who resided at a place called Ballynagulky, in the beginning of the present century. This after his death fell into the hands of his son, another James, who died about the year 1816. The Magraths are very numerous in this parish, and as a body are very respectable and wealthy. Moran, the writer of the elegy, taught classics at a small village called Knockbee. He was the author of many beautiful compositions in his native tongue. His manuscripts are now in the hands of Doctor John O'Connor, of Jolland's Prairie, Washington County, Wisconsin, America. At a recent book sale here we purchased his copy of O'Brien's Irish Dictionary, with the following note in his hand-writing on the margin of one of the leaves—"Hic Liber Pertinet ad Gulielmum Moran, Anno Domini 1774." He was the contemporary of *Donnchadh Ruadh mhic Connara*, who thus alludes to him in *Eachtra Ghiolla an Amallain* :—

UJLJ22 0'222OR2JN 2222 222-2r2322222,  
 22 2r222222 2222 222 2r 2r22 2222 2r'2222.

William Moran the bard and sage,

Who would chaunt my death-song when laid dead on the table.

A poetess named *22222 2r 22222222*, was contemporaneous with Moran, and resided in this parish also. Her compositions are not so numerous as those of Moran's, but such of them as we have

Bar zan brēaz yr léan do mīltib,  
 tar ēir trom zoīn an cūrr do bīodba ;  
 fāt an rzēl an n-dēanm fēll orit,  
 do cūrr zan anmūn farrruīne an cōrīde-žil.

Mo nuad-ēneac do cūanariz an n-īnnrīnn,  
 ō Thuad-Mūmān<sup>1</sup> zo h-uac̄tar na z-crīoc̄ ro,  
 ō Chīll Chānīc<sup>2</sup> zo h-īomallab̄ Duībneac̄,  
 a m-bēal zac̄ duīne zur bārnead̄ dod' rzrīob̄ tū !

Al cōrneīll cōran̄ac̄ por̄ta ran īor̄zūl,  
 a cōrneīll ōr̄n̄deīnc̄, ōr̄n̄deīnc̄, fīoc̄mān,  
 a cōrneīll rluaz̄ na ruaz̄ do dībīnc̄,  
 Donn̄eac̄ rōlur̄mān<sup>3</sup> do c̄lān̄n Chīnāc̄ aor̄bīnn.

Ir brōn lōm do nuad̄cār zo rzīor̄mān,  
 zac̄ lō zeal zo deōn̄ac̄ ad c̄aor̄ne !  
 do c̄lān̄n m̄āc̄ zan tean̄n̄ta cūm zīōmān̄ta,  
 'r zan rūl̄ aco le h-aīn̄anc̄ orit c̄ōr̄d̄c̄e !

Do cōm̄zur zo brōn̄ac̄ yr fīor̄ ran,  
 do cūallāc̄t az ual̄far̄nc̄ a n-d̄aor̄b̄ruīd̄ ;  
 do lūc̄t leān̄ta zan tar̄mūn̄ dīdīn̄ orit,  
 a' r do cōm̄altūīde zan tr̄eōr̄uīz̄e, zan aor̄b̄neār !

seen prove her to have been of the highest order among the bards of her time ; and Munster at this period yielded a large crop of those gifted men.—(See *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, 1st Series). There was also another poetess named Lucas, who was no less gifted than Donogan, but her muse was entirely devoted to *keenīng* at wakes, of which she made a regular profession, and earned a sufficient livelihood by it. The compositions of those poetesses must be traditionally retained in the parish ; and if any one would take the trouble of their collection, an opportunity may offer of leaving them on record, instead of dying away as they are now likely to do.

<sup>1</sup> Tuad-mūmān, Thomond or North Munster.

<sup>2</sup> Cīl-Chānīc, Kilkenny, which takes its name from St. Canice, who founded a Cell there in the sixth century.

<sup>3</sup> *Alīer* rōlur̄-ēn̄ob̄, bright-handed.

ԹօջԲայԺ չարժա ԵԱԺԱՐ ԵԺ ԵԱՅԻՆԵ,  
 Ե Կ-ԱՐԱՐ ԵԱԼԱԿ ԲԼԵԱԵՒԱ ԺՈ ԲԻՆԿԵԱՐ ;  
 ԵԼԼ-ԵԵՂԵՆԵ<sup>1</sup> ՉՈ Կ-ԱՕԲԱՐԱԵ ԺԱ ԵՆԿԻՆԿ,  
 ԺՈ՛Կ ՉԽԱՂԼԵ<sup>2</sup> ՉԱՐ ԵԱՂԼ ԲԻՆ Ե ԲԻՅՈՒՄ-ԲԼԱՂԵ.

ԼՈԵ ԼԱԵՐԱ Ե Կ-ԱՂՉԿԵԱՐ Ե ԵԱՅԻՆ ՏՅՈՂԵ,  
 ՄԱՐ Ե Մ-ԲԻԺ ԵԵՕԼԵԱ ՛Ր ՕԼ ՛Ր ԲԻՅՈՒՄԱ ;  
 ՄԱՐ Ե Մ-ԲԻԺ ԲԱՐԵԱՂՅԻՄ ՉԼԵԱԵԱՂՅԵԱԵՒ ԲԱՅԻՇԵ,  
 ՉՈ ԲԱՐԱ ԲԻ Կ-ԱԼԼԱԺԱԲ ԲԼԱՂԵ-ԲԻՅ ԵՆ ԺՈՂԵ-ԲԻՅՈՂՅ.

ՊՈ ԼԵՅՉԱՆ ԲԵԱՐԺԱ ԵՅ ԵԽԱՐԵ ԿԱ ԵԱՅԺԻՆԵ,  
 ՉԱՆ ՉԻԱՂԱՐ ՄԱՐ ՉԽԱՂԵ<sup>3</sup> ԺԱ ԲԻԱՐԱԺ ;  
 ԲԱՅԻՇԵ, ԵԼԻԱՐ, Ե՛Ր ԵՐԱԵՒ ԿԱ Ժ-ԵԻՄԵՅՈԼԼ,  
 ՄԱՐ ԵԱ ԺԱԼ ԺՈ Ե ԿՅԼԱՐ Ե ԲԻՆԲԵԱՐ.

ԺԱ ԵԱՅԻՅ ՏԻԱՂԵ<sup>4</sup> ԻՐ ԺՒԲԱԵ ԺԱ ԵԱՅԻՆԵ,  
 Ե՛Ր Օ՛Կ Չ-ԵԱՂԻԺ ԲԻՆ ՉՈ ԵՐԱԵԱԲ ԿԱ Կ-ԱՅԻՆԵ,<sup>5</sup>  
 ԲԼԱԲ Չ-ԵԱ ԲԱ ԽՈՐ-ԲՅԱՄԱԼ ԺԱՅԻՐԵ  
 ՛ՐԵԱ ԵՐԱԵԺ-ՅՈԼ Ե Ժ-ԵԱԺ-ԽԱԽԱՂ ԺԱՐԻՂԻԲ.

ԵԱ ԵՐԱԺ-ՅՈԼ Ե Ժ-ԵԱՂԵ ԵԺԱՂԿ ԲԻՂԿԻՆ-ԻՅԵ,<sup>6</sup>  
 ԵԱ ԵՐԱԺ-ՅՈԼ Ե Ժ-ԵԱՂԵ ԵԽԱՐԱՂՅ-ԲԼԱՕԺ<sup>7</sup> ՕՐԵ,  
 Ե՛Ր ԵԱ ԵՐԱԺ-ՅՈԼ ԲԼԵԱԵՒԱ ԿԱ ԲԱՂԵ ԲԻՅՈՐ ՕՐԵ,  
 Ե՛Ր ԵՐԱԺ-ՅՈԼ Ե Ժ-ԵԱԵԱԲ ԿԱ Չ-ԵՂԵՕ ԵՐԵ.

<sup>1</sup> ԵԼԼ-ԵԵՂԵՆԵ, Kilbenny, near Mitchelstown, the ancestral inheritance of Mr. John O'Mahony the Irish exile.

<sup>2</sup> ՉԱՂԼԵ, the Galtee mountains near Caher.

<sup>3</sup> ՉԱՂԵ, Guaire Aidhne, the hospitable king of Connaught in the seventh century. See *Tribes of Ireland*, p. 40, n.

<sup>4</sup> ՏԻԱՂԵ, the river Suir.

<sup>5</sup> ԱՅԻՆԵ or ԵԼԵԱՂ ԿԱ Կ-ԱՅԻՆԵ, a small river which runs through Ballinmacarbury, and falls into the Suir near Newcastle.

<sup>6</sup> ԲԻՂԿԻՆ-ԻՅԵ, the river Finisk, which rises at the north-west side of the mountain called ԵՂՈԵ ԿԱ ՏԻՅԵ ; or Knocknasheega, running through ՊԱՂԵ ԵՆ Ե-ԲԵԱԺԱԵ, or the hawk's plain ; Ballinamult, where Mr. Denis Keily owns extensive mills ; thence by ԼԻՅՐ ԼԱԵ (Lisleigh) the lands of Mr. Patrick Nugent, on which there is a huge rock, called ԵԱՐԱՂՅ ԵՆ Ե-ՏԻՂԻՐԻ, or the Generation Rock, overhanging the river, in the crevices of which the owl and wild cat find a hiding place ; thence by Farnane, the residence of the Walshes, on whose lands, at a place called ԵԼԵԱՂ ԵՆ ԵԵԱՐԱԼԼ, or, ԵԵԱՐԱԼԼ ԼԻԵ ՕԺՐԱՂ (Lickoran), are the ruins of an old

Crúad-žol Žeapaltač<sup>1</sup> fearda fjočmar,  
 a' r crúad-žol Barrač<sup>2</sup> na d-Teamari ba žaoið-  
 eal duir;  
 crúad-žol Róirteač<sup>3</sup> óž a' r críonna,  
 a' r crúad-žol clanna Šlobún ad éiméjoll.

Crúad-žol clíar a' r tríač a' r taoiríž,  
 crúad-žol dáim a' r báim a' r buíðinne,  
 crúad-žol cráidte báir na naoi m-ban  
 tuž rúža a nočta 'ra m-briollaž ó énoide duir.

Do éižeač a n-arm marí Šamron cum ruižte,  
 nō marí Chonall<sup>4</sup> a m-briollač a naimde;  
 nō marí Oržuri a mullač žač maoil-čhoic,  
 nō marí Fhionn míc Cúmaill Uí Bhaoiržne.

Nō marí Bhalar<sup>5</sup> na n-dearica ran joržuil,  
 nō marí Alcil až tairdioll cum mađma;  
 nō marí Hector a n-deirín na Tríaoi jorín,  
 nō marí Cháiribne<sup>6</sup> ar fáitce na rížte.

Al n-diaž Dhonhčad, ceann coranta na buíðinne,  
 mac Thomáir míc t-Šiomađ na ž-caoil eač;  
 mac Dhonhčad na d-tríom eačnad da džonam,  
 mac Sheadžain mōir an flaitríž fiontač.

Do ruižeađ mo laož-rí ar čaol eač žnoide mear,  
 nainceač, léimneač, cráorač, cjoirta;  
 beannač, beáirita, blač, ar aoir-dac,  
 a' r cloideam na láim cum áir ar naimde.

church dedicated to St. Odhran, who lived in the sixth century, in which suicides and still-born children are interred;—on then by Mountain Castle the seat of Mr. James O'Keeffe, till it falls into the Blackwater at Affane, three miles below Cappoquin.

<sup>1</sup> Carríajž ílaoda. This place goes now by the name of Cúrríac na ílaodaíže, on which Slady Castle, built about two centuries ago by Philip Magrath, stands, but is now nearly in ruins. Travelling through the place last summer, we saw the whole side of the building levelled to the ground. We think this old mansion is on the estate of Mr. Chearnley of Saltibridge, Cappoquin, and if

Եր յօմձա արիւնքս քո արեւած քո լալէջէ Լեւտ,  
 Լե արեւածար քո լալիքս քո լալիքս քո լալիքս,  
 Եւ ինչ քո լալիքս քո լալիքս քո լալիքս,  
 Եւ ինչ քո լալիքս քո լալիքս քո լալիքս!

Երեսնական չափն ապրի Բարսեղյան,  
 և զորոք Բարսեղյան և Գրիգորյան Բարսեղյան ;  
 և զորոք Բարսեղյան Բարսեղյան Բարսեղյան,  
 Բարսեղյան, Բարսեղյան Բարսեղյան Բարսեղյան.

Պրաշան ծանա, ծալեա՛ծ, ծյօլեա՛ծ,  
 փա՛ծա՛ծ, քալեա՛ծ, քարծա, քյօղեա՛ծ ;  
 քարա՛ծ, քալե՛ցլից, քալջեամսլ, քյօժմար,  
 ա՛ր յա տսշ րեհա ա յ-բարսիսի յաօշսլ.

Պօ ճօնչսր ճա մ'եօլ ճամ ա յ-լսմալի,  
 ա'ր բօլսրե ա Բ-բրմօր Եարտ ԼԵ ԼԵՕԻՇԻՆ;  
 Յսր ԼԵՃԶԱՆ ճօ Բօր-բսլ յա յի՛ճ տս,  
 շս՝ ԲօճԼԵ ճսմ ԵօԼԱՅՐ օ ճրԵՕԻՇԻՆ.

Երաժար բարձա ճլանն իմ շիւթս,  
 և՛ շիւթս շոյ ճիշ ծո՛ղ իշխեա՛ծ քո ;  
 Ծ՛բարչալ Բանն օ ղճամալլն ծափրե,  
 Լ՛ի նստած շոյ-սիրտ՝ քոյրն ու յայնժե.

so, it is a matter of astonishment, that a gentleman who takes so much interest in archæological matters as he does, will not save this ancient building from total destruction; or does it not come within the cognisance of the Kilkenny and *South-east of Ireland* Archæological Society?

<sup>1</sup> Γερμαλαῖς, the Geraldines. <sup>2</sup> Βαρρᾶς, the Barrys.

<sup>3</sup> Róirteac, the Roches, Lords of Fermoy.

\* Connall. This is Connall Gulban.

<sup>5</sup> Balapp. This is Balar Bemeann of the evil eye, whose daughter was married to Crom Dubh, after the death of St. Patrick, according to some of the bards of the west of Ireland. See *Tribes of Ireland*, p. 42, n.

<sup>6</sup> Cairbre. This is Cairbre Liffeachair, monarch of Ireland, A.D. 277. See *Book of Rights*, p. 146, note *w*.



Brátairn fōr do' h pōh-fūil raoite,  
 le'ri buadað fealb a'r ceannar na z-cuioð ro;  
 mar atáð Seapaltaiz Sheanar<sup>1</sup> a'r Jožma,  
 Barriaiž a'r Rōiriz, cuioð na cmaoibe.

Brátairn dražan o' h arð-eloic aoibhnn,  
 nari ob rbarinn an eazla buidhne;  
 muidne an Zhleana<sup>2</sup> ba dearb do žaoideal do,  
 a'r muidne Finne<sup>3</sup> h h-jomarca djonam.

Brátairn Brúnaç,<sup>4</sup> Búrcac<sup>5</sup> buideanhar,  
 brátairn Žnaraç<sup>6</sup> fearda an aoil-brioiz;  
 brátairn Buicléaraç<sup>7</sup> na raoit žlain,  
 fuair žradam a'r žairm o' h miz ceart.

Caoin brátairn d'fūil taidte žaoideal tu,  
 mac Thomair, an buinžean, o' h z-caoin lior;  
 mo diombad na riab laim 'ran nžijnom leat,  
 zo m-beid fūil na riut o' cuoide an t-riuit.

Ba cōiri dam, dá m'eól dam, do caoine,  
 a cōmžuir, a cōmðalta, 'ra djožriar;  
 do bjoir zo h-ož ad cōmair an aoil ržoil,  
 'rir brōh liom tu an feočan řa liožaib.

Ba tu an feabac a nŽaillte an maol choic,  
 ba tu an řažaiðe řanhuizēac cuoideamuil;  
 ba tu an mairuðe clairuizēac taoiriz,  
 a'r Phoenicř feairiinn do řleacra a'r do řijnreap.

<sup>1</sup> Seapaltaiz Sheanar, the Geraldines of Shanet, Co. Limerick.

<sup>2</sup> Rōine an žleana, the Knight of the Glen.

<sup>3</sup> Rōine řinne, the White Knight.

<sup>4</sup> Brúnaç, the Browns, lords Kilmaine.

<sup>5</sup> Búrcac, the Burkes, lords Clanrickarde.

<sup>6</sup> Žnaraç, the Graces of Courtstown.

<sup>7</sup> Buicléaraç, the Butlers, dukes of Ormond.



Ba tu an t-íonruige d'fuarzlad fíor-bóict,  
 ba tu an leóđan zo tréan a z-coimearzáin,  
 ba tu an céad ačac fearaionn ír fíora,  
 a'r ba tu an čaraid do' h-eazlaír fíne!

Uo đian-čneac a fíall-fíaič nár b'írioll,  
 'ra hgleō na lann nár b-fann do haimde;  
 a d-táinid niam dā m-biad ar maol-čhoic,  
 lam ar lam zo b-fađad a h-díččeanh.

Uđbar mo čair an trác nuair rnuainzim,  
 fearar do čail-rí 'r tārđ do žhíomairč;  
 mar tair a luimneac<sup>1</sup> dnuide ođ' đaoihib,  
 a z-cóimrainn fá čōta do hjođ-đlaír!

Žan žair čiar ađ tríall ad čimčoll,  
 žan žair éiđr ađ dēanaim žuinh durt;  
 žan žair ceol ad čomair le laoičib,  
 ačt žair clođ ad člor žac h-oide!

Or é an t-éađ ír dēanac čričc,  
 do članh Uđaim ararad 'r Eaba,  
 žuđim an t-ačair an leahb 'ran haoim rriud,  
 žuide na h-arřcal ruair žaimm ó Jora!

Uuirne 'rha h-ainžill zo dearb ađ žuide leat,  
 žuide na haoim zo léir le djođruair;  
 do brieč tanma a realb na roillre,  
 ruar zo cačair-řuirt fíaičir an riđ žil.

Uu fearc laoi.

Ír oirdearic do čoirčear řad' čoin a leac,  
 Borib bile corančac ceair-řaoi 'žur fíaič;  
 Do čoranhlačt hoi b-follur đama z-čriččailb Uirt,  
 Dončad žeal-briohnačac, mo dīč, mac Čriaič!

<sup>1</sup> Luimneac, Limerick; by this stanza the reader is led to infer that he died in Limerick and was interred there, which is rather doubtful, as Knockbee is the ancestral burial place of the Magraths.

## AN DUJNE BOCHT UASAL AS JARR- AIDH DEJRCE.<sup>1</sup>

Go m-beannuige Dha a zur Mhuine a zur Padruiz,  
Rij an Domhad, mha na z-ceannuigte, a zur  
da ceann Choricuige duir, a iugion an deazadar  
le toza mader, — uam har cainead, — a d-tiz  
an tabairne, — 'rzo mad buan a mairrre — a  
reilb na h-aite.

Cionnur ta tu a bean aluinn? Dar na mionhad ta  
tu zo marc mar ba dual a zur ba dutdar duir a  
beir. Cionnur ta Dairmuid 'na an clann?  
Tar zo bhadhar teann, — marc o Dha na  
ceann.

<sup>1</sup> This is the begging petition or prayer of a beggarman, named O'Farrell, who levied tax on the farmers of Munster, and in the county of Waterford in particular, in the beginning of the present century. On arriving at the farmers' houses he recited this petition, and his contributions consisted entirely in wool, butter, and oatmeal. I remember my mother handing him about 7 lbs. of wool, which he indignantly threw in her face, vehemently swearing that he would satirize her to death if she did not give him a stone weight, which she was obliged to do. He had his horses and cars to carry his booty to the markets of Dungarvan or Waterford to make sale of them. There never yet was colored cloth known that he had not a patch of it on his coat; he wore an old pair of top-boots with long spurs, and his lean horse was of a dapple grey colour. His visits to our house were always in May, and quite regular up to 1808, but what became of him after we never heard. On the old road from Kilrosenty to Kilmacthomas, in the county of Waterford, there was at this time and even later, up to 1817, a village called *bóchar na m-bocach*; or the beggar's road, altogether inhabited by *bocachs*, or beggars, which they deserted in the month of May, barricading the doors of their huts, never returning till September, meantime engaged in collecting through the country, and making sales of what they gathered. This copy was made from a manuscript written by a scribe named Power in 1802, whom we met herding cattle for a gentleman near Tramore in the county of Waterford, in 1836.

21 read, a bean mairt an tíghe,—’ra múin d’l mo  
 éiríde. 22 ro, “Cam-éuaínd,” “Cuinead zān  
 iarraíð,” “Fada zo d-tānīz,” “Eadan meir-  
 zead,” “Súbāl zo deirneannac,” “Dalta na  
 duibe,” a’ur “Cúl le h-āzā,” tānīz dod’ fēa-  
 cúnt,—le hūad-rzēala,—’r mā āl le Dīa é,—  
 ir mairt an t-ionad do fēin é,—ir mairt cēanna,  
 —a mīala na mīne,—ir tu rīol na raoite,—  
 ’r maircrluaž an fēona,—’r mairtīb na tíne,—  
 do bēarfaí uait ó éiríde é,—le deīz-īnīnīn.

Fóceann Dīa zān oirnead na déirce ro do rpréíð  
 rzaoilteac,—do éaz daoine;—nā bualað bar,—  
 nā rīle norz,—nā lomāð laītrīzē,—nā rīt teīne  
 zān teararīzān,—nā bīað očarra,—nā tōrra-  
 mā,—nā éaz daoine,—nā crōčar,—d’imteačt  
 orit fēin nā ān aon duīne ir duīne duīt,—  
 ó nočt zo bīažūn ó nočt,—nā ó nočt fēin, a’ur  
 déin an déirce ar an b-pāirte bočt,—zān zār-  
 ruīde zān zōrit,—zān rīāite ar a čōrp—nā fōr  
 pīora h-očt,—ionā pōcað beaz a nočt,—dā  
 b-fuaí ačārī bār lā cruaíð fuar earraíz,—  
 a’ur dār bācað a māčārī a d-torī mōr aīrīnīn,—  
 mīle mīlleōn molað, zlóine, onōin, a’ur buīdea-  
 čar le Dīa, *Deo Gratias!*

23 ac do Chaītrīona de Naīr<sup>1</sup> a’ur do Sheāzān  
 bočt O’2hūncūzāð,<sup>2</sup> ó Thobār Rīz an Domnað,  
 a’ur ó bēal Cīoirē Fīlīnne<sup>3</sup> mīre, mān a nze-  
 bað me na h-očt nglān turīar dēaz zo dīažā  
 ar éiríde mo dā deārīannīn, a’ur ar rzāčān  
 mo dā zlūn rīor ar rīāīð na m-bīorīānāč<sup>4</sup> a

<sup>1</sup> Catherine Nash.

<sup>2</sup> John O’Murphy.

<sup>3</sup> Cīoirē fīlīnne, the cross-road of Knockfirin, county of Li-  
 merick.

<sup>4</sup> Sīāīð na m-bīorīānāč, i.e. the street of the sprats, the name  
 of a street in Waterford where sprats were sold.

b-*f*ia<sup>z</sup>hurre an *Ź*čar *Seāžan* *Ţōjbīn*, an čear-  
lar *Phorclai*uze ar<sup>z</sup>;*z* ; a<sup>z</sup>ur bī<sup>z</sup>deac *rē fā* bīa-  
žaid an<sup>z</sup>ma mo čime, a<sup>z</sup>ur cu<sup>z</sup>i *mōmā*d an t-aon  
čmočai<sup>z</sup>ne a<sup>z</sup>mā<sup>z</sup>n cīuad *mua*d leič<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ne<sup>z</sup> rī<sup>z</sup>n a<sup>z</sup>  
*ma*n<sup>z</sup>ce *fī*or an u<sup>z</sup>lar do *pōicī*n. O *mō* dē<sup>z</sup>n,  
a<sup>z</sup>ur zo *re*ī<sup>z</sup>bī<sup>z</sup>de *Ţ*ia *du*z,—*r*zo *h-e*ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>d  
*z*ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>an or<sup>z</sup>,—*r*zo *ma*d *ma*mā<sup>z</sup>n *ze*al a *ma*čar  
bī<sup>z</sup>ad *du*z.

Na *z*ab leič<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>zeal *h*om an<sup>z</sup>or, *nā* bī<sup>z</sup>deac an t-ea<sup>z</sup>ac  
a<sup>z</sup>am le *fāž*al u<sup>z</sup>ar a *š*alta do *māč*ar, a<sup>z</sup>ur  
*fī*or a<sup>z</sup>ad *fē*n *z*ur ab olc an e<sup>z</sup>ar<sup>z</sup>ad an bī<sup>z</sup>ē<sup>z</sup>;  
an an a<sup>z</sup>č<sup>z</sup>ar zo *lob*an<sup>z</sup> *rī* an *fī*ac<sup>z</sup>u<sup>z</sup>l—zo m-bī<sup>z</sup>ē-  
an<sup>z</sup>an<sup>z</sup> *rī* an an<sup>z</sup>al,—a<sup>z</sup>ur zo m-be<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>nean<sup>z</sup> *rī* an  
tan<sup>z</sup>am boč<sup>z</sup> *lē* *fī*or zo *fī*or-*ī*oč<sup>z</sup>tar *ī*f<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>n *dā*  
*pī*an<sup>z</sup>ad an *re*ad be<sup>z</sup>dear *Ţ*ia a<sup>z</sup> *ca*īč<sup>z</sup>ē<sup>z</sup>m *nā*  
*z*lō<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ne. *Dā* bī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup> *rī*n, a *ī*n<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>on *ōz*, *tu*ī<sup>z</sup> *fē*n  
a *lī*ad<sup>z</sup>ac<sup>z</sup> *r*zī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ob *ō* *š*ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>,—*r*nū<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>m *ō* *č*lō<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>, a<sup>z</sup>ur  
*ma*d<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>a *ze*ā<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>, *r*zallao<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>deac, do *č*ū<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>neara *š*ī<sup>z</sup>om  
a<sup>z</sup> *te*ac<sup>z</sup> a<sup>z</sup> *ī*ar<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>d *nā* dē<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ce *ī*o or<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>a *ma*ī  
*nā*č *ta*ba<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ad *dā*m *ī*, a<sup>z</sup>ur do bē<sup>z</sup>ar<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup> *č*ē<sup>z</sup>an<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>a,  
a<sup>z</sup>ur *ī*ī *h-ē* a<sup>z</sup>mā<sup>z</sup>n,—le *h-an*am do *č*ar<sup>z</sup>ad,—*tā*  
le *č*ī<sup>z</sup>n a *d-ta*lām,—*cu*ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>nead *fē*n an u<sup>z</sup>ar a  
be<sup>z</sup>dear an bī<sup>z</sup>ē<sup>z</sup> *dā* bī<sup>z</sup>ē<sup>z</sup>,—a<sup>z</sup>ur an tan<sup>z</sup>am *dā*  
*m*ē<sup>z</sup>ad<sup>z</sup>č<sup>z</sup>an<sup>z</sup> a<sup>z</sup> *Ź*ī<sup>z</sup>ē<sup>z</sup>al *nā*oī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>a *ā*ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>caī<sup>z</sup>n<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>oll, a<sup>z</sup>ur  
*nā* *č*ē<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ne *ī*ē<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>a *ī*īč<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>od *nā* *ī*ē<sup>z</sup>ar<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>m an *dō*ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>re  
*ī*f<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>n; a<sup>z</sup>ur *č*ī<sup>z</sup>ū<sup>z</sup>caol *mō*ī<sup>z</sup>a *ca*mā, a<sup>z</sup>ur *ū*ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>d  
*mō*ī *z*ab<sup>z</sup>an<sup>z</sup> a *lā*ī<sup>z</sup>m *z*ac *h-du*ī<sup>z</sup>ne aco. Uch! mo  
*lē*an! *ī*r dē<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup> *le*at mo bē<sup>z</sup>an<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ac<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>a be<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup> a<sup>z</sup>ad  
an u<sup>z</sup>ar *ūd* ad *ī*uar<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup> *ī*uar zo *ī*lā<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ē<sup>z</sup>ar *mō*ī  
*nā* *nā*oī<sup>z</sup>; *dā* bī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup> *rī*n, *ī*ē<sup>z</sup>ac zo *ta*ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ē<sup>z</sup>ac, *ī*ī<sup>z</sup>ū<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>-  
*mē*ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>oč, an an *du*ī<sup>z</sup>ne u<sup>z</sup>ar<sup>z</sup>al boč<sup>z</sup> a<sup>z</sup> *ī*ē<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>om an  
do *z*ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ara.

*Ź* *z-cl*ū<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>nean<sup>z</sup> *tu* *le*at *mē* a *bē*an *nā* *co*ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>re *mī*ne  
*z*an *ī*ī<sup>z</sup>ē<sup>z</sup>ac? *Č*ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>oč *mā*ī<sup>z</sup>ē<sup>z</sup> a<sup>z</sup>ur *č*ī<sup>z</sup>on<sup>z</sup>n or<sup>z</sup>,—a<sup>z</sup>ur  
*lū*ī<sup>z</sup>ē<sup>z</sup> *ta*ī<sup>z</sup> *ē*ī<sup>z</sup> *mī*c or<sup>z</sup>,—a<sup>z</sup>ur *ē*ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>d bī<sup>z</sup>ī<sup>z</sup>or<sup>z</sup> or<sup>z</sup>,

—dā iarraidh ar Dhiā zān leab tārna,—na  
earnadh búrde ionat; aḡur éirizidh ad fearaíh,  
—a’r nār fázhadh tú tnearfāirt,—aḡur tabair  
cúgham trí cúid cáire, dā cúid aráin, rúplóin  
mairtfeóla mórdā, urcār do p̄iora trí rḡillnḡe,  
p̄ic éiríe-neac̄ta, céad imeadh, aḡur cloc̄ ol-  
lāinne; aḡur rḡaoil me uairt la zearri zéim̄id̄.

Féac̄ ro, a bean an tḡe. Peac̄uḡe r̄iol Aḡair̄  
ar m̄anam muna nḡeabhad me na cúḡ nḡlan  
turair t̄im̄c̄oll na z-cúḡ nḡlan altōirḡe tā a  
z-Cill Chriadh,<sup>1</sup> trí feac̄t̄m̄ine ó’ n z-ceadaoin  
ro cúghain, éadon, mā tā ré a n-dān dam zo  
d-tabairfadh m̄’āghaid̄ roir̄ ó dear ar Bhaile  
Mh̄úirne<sup>2</sup> na m̄oir-cōinac̄ta, aḡur éirizidh ad  
fearaíh a m̄aḡdean m̄aireac̄, aḡur cuir̄ noimat  
an déiric̄ daonnac̄ta a m̄oir-c̄-éirizidh an luair̄,—  
a n-deanḡe an t-raḡair̄n,—a z-craor na  
colna,—aḡur a n-anh̄ian na b-peac̄uḡe, roir̄  
bualadh na n-úir̄d,—a’r rḡneac̄adh na n-diaḡal  
aḡ cōin̄-ḡuarzān an daor̄-peac̄aḡ zo mallāḡte,  
dian, dāna, dorir̄uḡe.

A beir̄n banam̄uyl do’ n p̄oir̄ daḡam̄uyl, an uair̄ nac̄  
b-fuyl d̄uyl aḡadh an déiric̄ ro do ḡabair̄t uair̄  
zo fonh̄mar, rḡaoil do ḡáir̄n caoin̄ chearḡa  
liom; aḡur rocar̄ōc̄adh mé na feac̄t̄ m̄aluḡe  
uir̄ne dār̄ ab aḡuim̄ “m̄ala an toill,” “m̄ala  
an t-r̄linḡeair̄n,” “m̄ala an t̄air̄p̄air̄n,” “an p̄i-  
ucair̄ne,” “an pacair̄ne,” aḡur “an m̄ealbōḡ  
m̄oir̄,” na “feac̄t̄ d-teac̄tair̄ḡe,” cōta cair̄-

<sup>1</sup> Cill Chriadh, the abbey of Kilcrea, celebrated by Mr. A. J. Geoghegan in his poem entitled “The Monks of Kilcrea.”

<sup>2</sup> Baile Mh̄úirne Ballyvourney, the ancient patrimony of the O’Herlihis, a prime resort of the Munster beggars.

րեաճ, ծաճողոճ, քրեանոճ; աշտ բալայն  
 քաճա մար քէլիւն—սիւօր, լշիւն, աշտ արտիւն;  
 յօ մած ծօլէ լէյ յօ մ-իւած արշիւօճ արտիւն ծա  
 քալած ծի արտ յաճ արտ մարտած ար քեճ ու  
 ք-Արտիւնն.

Եւ ք սիւօճ ար լշիւն—նի ք-քալար մար ծէլիւն—աճ  
 քալարքաճ քէլ—յօ ուծարտ քէ լէյ :—

Ա ծիւն-արտ, ծօլ-քարտ, միւնարտ,  
 ար ծօլէ քաճ յար ծօլի ծիւն քէլ քէլ-արտ,  
 ու ծօլ, 'ք ար ուծօլէ ծա մ'քալար լիւն,  
 ծօ քարտիւն ու ծօլիւն յօ քարտիւն.

Ա արտ ար տիւն արտիւն քարտած քարտ,  
 ծօ քիւօճ քարտիւն 'ք քարտ ծօ քար,  
 մարտ լշարքաճ քիւ ծօճ 'քարտած յօ քար,  
 քարտ մէ ծօ քէլ քէլ.

Ծօ քիւ քարտիւն—քա ուն ար լշիւն ք,  
 աճ քարտ ծա քալար արտիւն քարտիւն,  
 ծօ քարտիւն ք ուն ք լշիւն 'քա ծօլիւն,  
 'ք մէ քիւօճ քարտիւն քարտիւն քարտիւն.

Ու քիւ քարտիւն քարտիւն քարտիւն քարտիւն,  
 ու քարտիւն քարտիւն քարտիւն քարտիւն;  
 ու քարտիւն քարտիւն քարտիւն քարտիւն,  
 ու քարտիւն քարտիւն քարտիւն քարտիւն.

Ու քարտիւն քարտիւն քարտիւն, քարտիւն,  
 քարտիւն, քարտիւն, քարտիւն, քարտիւն.

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

Ní airt liom cam-floird caillíže canmánaç ari a  
 cnom-muaçari,  
 da b-fuirl ríon cúmanz cam-çíocraç, 'r beal  
 diabluiže plaržanaç,  
 lomlan d'fíaclað bun-ðžma bari-ðeariža idi a  
 ða dmanðal  
 mala clúmaç, pur mañari, mōri-mañetaç  
 žo ðearbča diðri i r eaçt meara i, na mari bi a  
 tuairiž.

Ní airt liom muc mña, na cmaoban, na caž ínaide  
 caol-rpažac a leabuih,  
 ní airt liom ruiðih fuçalaç, façalaç, faç-leðžac,  
 mōri-çíocraç, lobarinaç, plubarinaç, ržreä-  
 çðžac,  
 ða m-biað bun-riž mañari, méaduirl tanuiðe lom,  
 ažur toll rliožanaç žorim.

Ní airt liom bean fíonh çalaoi reaç çlearaç,  
 na fōr bean ruad mañi reaç meañžac,  
 biñh bean ruad mari çuaç idi ða ržairt,  
 ažur bean ðan, ðari mo laim, ní maç a rún na  
 reairc, [žeal,  
 i r amlað biñh an bean donh mari rōr a ž-copāh  
 'r an bean ðub mari çrōñanaç reah.

Qob' airt liom caillih mñh méinneamuih,—caoih  
 cēilleamuih,—ðž aonçumail—lan do réarún—  
 ðeijž-bíðe, ðeijž-çíže, ðeijžmúhete; ruižeaç, rú-  
 žac, mliir cúðarča éaðalaç; ažñaijreaç, réim-  
 žneahnaç; ažur ðžanaç žlúnlaidi r mionh-áluhñh,  
 caol-maillížeac, réim-maíðteaç, žlar-íúleac,  
 bož úrlaç, biñh-ríðnaç; lúçñíðe maçte cor, ažur  
 bmañhnaoi breaž bmažad; an ðiir rñh a ðeijç  
 rōrða aža çeile—an tðžanaç ažur an ðž-mñaoi  
 çéaðha.



## RANNA EAZNUJÐHE.

Dha d-crian zalaín an oíðce,  
 Dha d-crian baolre az an oíze;  
 Dha d-crian raíute az luét raíðbúir,  
 A' r dá d-crian caíute az luét póite.

Dha d-crian zaoíte a z-criannaib,  
 Dha d-crian rneácta an íléibctib;  
 Dha d-crian uirze an móirctib,  
 A' r dá d-crian cónac az luét céille,

Aíthííítear an éoréab na z-criann,  
 Uairleáct na b-préam ó b-paraib;  
 Zac zéaz leir an nzeaz ó d-tiz,  
 Az dul leir an d-criéad ó d-táiriz.

Ir maíuz aza m-bíð caíaid zann,  
 'Sir maíuz aza m-bíð clann nac maíe;  
 Ir maíuz aza m-bíð boéan boét,  
 'Sir maíuz do bíon zan ole nō maíe!

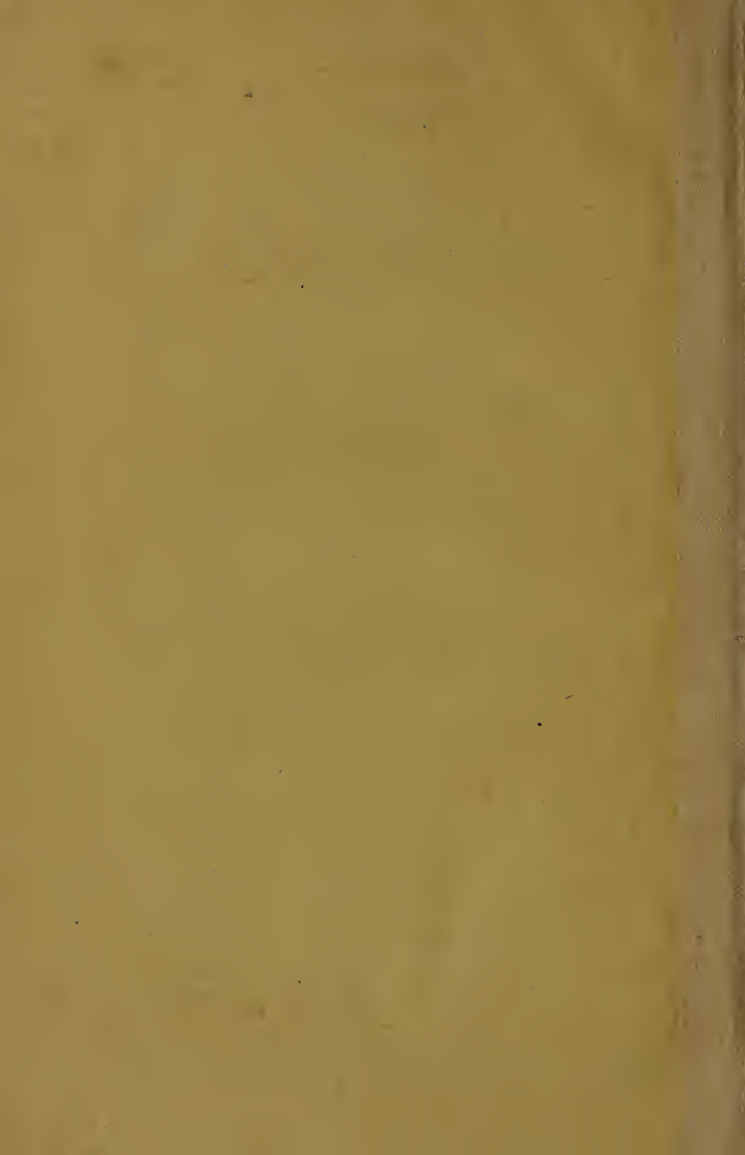
Ir zlic do réir an t-reanac,  
 Zac naon a táctur a bmaíria;  
 D'eazla na n-dán-focal,  
 Ir bínn beal ó beir íadta.

Líonac a n-ionac an íolmíííte,  
 Ba leóir do córíam ó íora;  
 Do beir Dia do éiríde zan doéma,  
 Níð na dóirí nac íílean.

THE END.







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